

# CURRENT OPINION

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## A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

### THE ELECTIONS LAST MONTH AND THEIR BEARING ON THE WAR

FOR an off year, the elections last month had a peculiar interest. They were the first elections that have taken place since the United States entered the war. The claim has been made repeatedly by the Pacifists and Socialists that public sentiment, if a referendum had been held, would not have endorsed our entrance into the war. What degree of truth is in that claim there has been no way of determining except indirectly through the way the Liberty bonds were subscribed for and the draft law was submitted to. The elections cast some light on the subject, but not much. The only party that has set itself openly against the war is the Socialist party. Only by voting for its candidates could one register a fairly unmistakable mandate against the war. While the Socialist vote increased in many places and notably in New York City, there was no such increase as would indicate a widespread revolt against our participation in the war. Hillquit's vote for mayor of New York City was a little short of 150,000, or about four and a half times as large as the party polled four years ago. Yet, even so, this was less than one vote out of four. The Socialists elected ten members of the assembly and seven aldermen (out of sixty-seven).

#### Significance of the Increased Socialist Vote.

ELSEWHERE the Socialists increased their vote but nowhere did they grasp the reins of power or come dangerously near to doing so. In the judicial elections in Cook County, Illinois, the Republicans and Democrats combined against the Socialists and beat them by three to one in most cases, the war issue being as clearly raised as in New York City, and the Socialists receiving the whole Pacifist and pro-German support apparently. The Socialists claim heavy increases in

Cleveland, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Boston, Toledo, Newark, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Dayton, Utica, Bridgeport and other lesser cities. "So far as we can find out," says the New York *Call* (Socialist), "there is not a single city in the United States in which elections were held that the Socialists did not gain over their vote at the previous election, and most of them very heavily—200, 300, 400 and in some cases 500 per cent." But in no case did this increase attain such proportions as to warrant the conclusion that more than a small minority is disposed to repudiate the policy of the administration in taking us into the war. "One can see," says the Springfield *Republican*, "nothing in the state and local elections to support the view that the popular will would have been against the war declaration." The Detroit *Free Press* takes the same view. "The voting," it says, "removes any lingering doubt that our people approve the government's course in entering the great conflict and from this time those in control may go forward with their plans in full reliance on the support of the great majority of the nation so long as the present lines of policy are followed."

#### Tammany Makes a Clean Sweep.

IN New York City the election resulted in giving Hylan, the Tammany candidate for Mayor, the largest plurality by which a mayor of that city was ever elected. Hylan's vote (297,292) was larger than that of Mitchel (149,307) and that of Hillquit (142,178) combined. (These figures do not include the soldier vote.) Bennett, the straight Republican candidate, ran a bad fourth (53,678). Tammany not only elected its candidate for mayor but made a clean sweep, electing all its other city candidates and obtaining a large majority in the Board of Aldermen. For four



SUDDENLY FRIENDLY

—Kirby in N.Y. *World*

years it will have undisputed possession of the government of New York City, and it has secured this victory after having been for four years without any municipal patronage to speak of, or state patronage or federal patronage. Its victory was not a surprise, tho the size of it was. It takes a solid fusion of opposing elements to beat Tammany, and the fusion this year was far from solid. Then New York City voters never vote to elect anybody, so to speak; they just vote to defeat somebody, and the man they almost invariably vote to defeat is the man who has been holding the office. Mitchel's administration has been considered by leading men in both parties the best the city has ever had; yet he failed even to get a renomination from either of the old-party organizations and had to run as an independent candidate. He made an exceptionally vigorous campaign and Hylan made an exceptionally weak one; yet the latter won by two votes to Mitchel's one. Evidently the old phrase, "the cohesive power of public plunder," no longer adequately explains—if it ever did adequately explain—the secret of Tammany's strength.

#### Bearing of Hylan's Election on the War.

THE issue of loyalty was brought prominently into the New York campaign. Hylan was forced upon the defensive on this issue almost at the start. His election raises the question whether the result was a rebuke to the Wilson administration and a token of disapproval of the war. While Hylan, who is Irish, was shown to have been in apparently close association with certain groups that have been actively hostile to Great Britain and averse to our entering the war against Germany, this association seems to have occurred before we declared war. He has been strenuous in asserting, both before and since his election, that he supports the Wilson administration in every one of its acts in prosecution of the war. Governor Whitman, a Republican and a supporter of Mitchel for Mayor, yet publicly disparaged the latter's effort to link Hylan and Tammany with Hohenzollernism. Ex-President Roosevelt, who made an active campaign for Mitchel,

has since admitted that Hylan's vote was not an anti-administration vote, but his victory "in actual fact turned directly on local issues." The *New York Times* does not seem so sure of this. It says:

"While it would be wide of the mark to assume that Mr. Mitchel's defeat is evidence that the majority of the people of New York are not loyal to the Government of the United States or are opposed to its policy in the prosecution of the war against Germany, it would be a still greater mistake to ignore the evidence that causes related to the prosecution of the war did materially influence the vote."

In a special dispatch the same paper quotes the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, of Berlin, and the *Neueste Nachrichten*, of Munich, to the effect that Mitchel's defeat was a "moral defeat" for President Wilson and an evidence of lack of enthusiasm for the war. The *New York World* contributes an acute explanation of its own. In an editorial entitled "Tammany's Republican Victory," it shows that the combined vote of Mitchel and Bennett was 100,000 less than the vote in New York City last year for Whitman for governor. It figures that 130,000 Republican votes went to Hylan and Hillquit—most of them to the former. "Tammany won," says the *World*, "because two-thirds of the Republican voters in New York City preferred Tammany to Fusion." It ironically hails Murphy as "the peerless leader of the Republican party in New York City." Ex-Judge Seabury, Democratic candidate for Governor last year, takes the same view and asserts that the result is due to a bargain made last year by which (as was often charged in the days of Platt) Tammany turned over the state government to the Republicans and this year the Republicans turn over the city government to Tammany.



NEW YORK'S GIFT TO THE NATION

—Carter in Philadelphia *Press*

## WOMEN CAPTURE THE EMPIRE STATE

**W**HAT the *New Republic* calls "one of the most extraordinary and decisive achievements in the history of American politics" came to pass last month when the voters of New York state, by a majority of about 100,000, struck one little word of four letters from the state constitution. In consequence of that change, "every citizen" instead of "every male citizen" will, under the usual provisos as to residence, etc., be able to vote at all elections and for all offices after the first of next January. By this change the number of Congressional districts in which women vote is nearly doubled. The number of electors in the electoral college who hail from states where women vote for President is increased by 45, making 169 out of a total of 531. In the state of New York, according to the census of 1910, there were 2,757,521 women of voting age. If they register and vote in the same ratio as the men, the capture of New York state means an increase of about 2,000,000 names on the registry lists in a general election and an increase in the actual vote by about 1,700,000. The *N. Y. Times*, however, makes an elaborate analysis of the votes cast in other suffrage states, showing that the ratio of women who actually vote is far less than that of men, so that we may look for a ratio in this state of about 17 men to 10 women who actually vote. This would have meant in the presidential election of last year 1,700,000 votes cast by men and 1,000,000 cast by women. At once, after the election, delegates were sent to President Wilson to renew their appeal for his aid in behalf of the federal amendment. The scene of conflict shifts again this month to Washington.

**War Turns the Tide in Favor of Woman Suffrage.**

**T**HIS victory for woman suffrage comes pretty close on the heels of a smashing defeat only two years ago. Then the majority against suffrage in the state was 188,313. In Greater New York the majority against it in 1915 was 89,000; this year the majority for it is over 92,000. The tide had been running strongly against woman suffrage, prior to this year. In 1914, Nebraska defeated it by 90,000, North Dakota by 40,000, South Dakota by 11,000, Missouri by 140,000, Ohio by 183,000. In 1915, Massachusetts gave an adverse majority of 162,000, New Jersey one of 133,000, Pennsylvania one of 284,000. In 1916, Iowa, South Dakota and West Virginia defeated the cause. Then came the declaration of war in April, 1917, and either because of that or because of a change in tactics a succession of victories has this year followed a succession of defeats in the three preceding years. Appeals this year have been made to state legislatures for the ballot by legislative enactment. In North Dakota, Indiana, Rhode Island, Nebraska and Michigan, the legislatures have passed bills giving women the right to vote in presidential elections, tho the right in Indiana has since been declared unconstitutional. Now comes the victory in New York, only partially counterbalanced by a defeat at the same time in Ohio by a majority well over 100,000. In the latter state, however, the woman suffragists claim that the campaign was inflicted upon them by fraud at the primaries and that they had no adequate time to marshal their forces.



THE NEW FLAGSTAFF  
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



A MEAL TICKET  
—Cesare in N.Y. Evening Post

**Triumphs of the Women in  
Two Hemispheres.**

**W**ITH complete woman suffrage now in twelve states and woman suffrage in presidential elections in five other states, there is a general disposition to concede that the fight begun seventy years ago for equal suffrage is almost as good as won not in this nation alone but in Great Britain, France and Russia as well. A woman suffrage bill has already been passed in the House of Commons and the government is behind the bill. A bill for municipal woman suffrage has been favorably reported in the French Chamber of Deputies and the result in New York State is thought certain to have a marked effect in favor of its adoption. Six provinces in Canada have bestowed suffrage upon women and a federal bill is on its way in the Canadian parliament. "Woman's work for the war," says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "has brought about a new form of unity of interest and of effort between men and women and has placed woman by the side of man in the promotion of their most earnest endeavor. Under these circumstances such appeal as she makes under the suffrage banner reaches him with peculiar force." The Atlanta *Constitution* considers that a complete victory is not only inevitable but "close at hand" and foresees "a general crumbling of woman suffrage opposition" as the result of the New York vote. The N. Y. *Times* keeps up its fight against the cause, and asserts that the victory in this state is "a gift from Socialism, from pacifism, from those who, unconsciously or with intent, serve Germany"; but its news columns announce that the "anti" organization of the state—the strongest one in the nation—will either disband or form into an organization to uphold war measures, giving up its crusade against equal suffrage.

**Now for a Federal Amendment Drive.**

**M**OST of the comment is favorable to the quick passage, by Congress, of a bill submitting a woman suffrage amendment to the federal Constitution and by this means ending the struggle once for all. The Des Moines *Register* thinks there would now be no effective opposition to such a bill: "The debate over the matter is now ended." The *Times-Union* of Jacksonville, Fla., heretofore and now rather indifferent on the subject, thinks it is only a question of a short time when equal suffrage "will become universal." The Chicago *Herald* is one of many prominent journals to concede that the work women have done in war, as well as in peace, has "proved beyond all quibble the political appropriateness as well as the inherent justice of the extension of the ballot." The Sioux City *Tribune* sees a deep significance in the New York victory: "It is an expression of the feelings of democracy throughout the world which has been set boiling by our entrance into the great war." The silent appeal of the procession of Red Cross nurses down Fifth Avenue a few weeks ago, the same journal thinks, "could not be passed by without an affirmative answer." The N. Y. *American* spreads an editorial in large type over half a page which concludes as follows:

"These women of ours have not only won their wonderful fight, but—God bless them!—they have deserved it. They have demonstrated upon a thousand fields of industry and service and duty, in peace and, but just now, in war, their right to stand shoulder to shoulder with the

tallest of our race. They are the indispensable complements to every great work of brain and hand and heart in which this terrible war has summoned the highest energies of men.

"In the name of all justice and all humanity, what more can we ask?

"Shall we give them a grudging, growling, unwilling victory?

"Or shall we, like men and gentlemen and patriots, acclaim them with full hearts and rising hands for the magnificent battle they have fought and won over the ignorance and prejudice of our sex, and bear them upon our willing and grateful ballots to the last coveted height of the Constitutional Amendment which crowns their work?

**"GENTLEMEN OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, HERE'S TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT WHICH WILL MAKE WOMAN NOT ONLY AN EQUAL CITIZEN IN HER OWN STATE, BUT ALSO AN EQUAL CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES."**

**A LETTER THAT SPEAKS  
FOR ITSELF**

UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 14, 1917.

MR. EDWARD J. WHEELER,  
Editor *Current Opinion*.

My dear Mr. Wheeler:

I am appealing to you for aid in solving a serious national problem.

One hundred million tons of coal more than is normally produced in the United States is needed this year for war purposes. The possible increase of production is fifty million tons. The remaining gap of fifty million tons can only be filled by the most unusual measures of conservation on the part of the American people.

Only frugality in the use of coal in homes and factories will prevent a serious shortage.

The Fuel Administration is dependent in a large degree upon the magazines of the country for help in arousing the people to the seriousness of the situation and to the need for conservation.

*Current Opinion* reaches a large group of the class of people who are coal consumers and who are accustomed to receive and act upon suggestions. Will you, in the earliest number still open, urge your readers to do what they can toward saving coal? It is a matter of the most vital concern to all of us.

The Publicity staff of the Fuel Administration will be placed at your disposal in any capacity in which it can best serve you. I am sure I can depend upon you for hearty cooperation in this work which is of such vital and immediate importance. Your readers can help, and I believe they will help if they can be shown the necessity for conservation and the ways in which it can be done. Incidentally, the consumer can be shown how to cut his coal bill, which will be a distinct service to him.

Very sincerely yours,

H. A. GARFIELD,  
Fuel Administrator.

## UNITED STATES AND JAPAN "MUTUALLY DECLARE" CERTAIN THINGS

FROM two sources come protests against the new "agreement" between Japan and the United States. One source is China, whose protest is treated in another article. The other source is California. The Chinese protest is generally regarded by the press of this country as merely formal and perfunctory. "Her statesmen," says the *New York Evening Post*, "no doubt feel that her dignity as an independent power was clouded when her right to be consulted was ignored"; but it regards her grievance as "to a certain extent merely platonic, formally placed on record for future reference." The *New York World* also terms the protest "a matter of form," to save China's face. The protest from California may not be perfunctory, but it is certainly a very mild one as far as we have seen. The *Sacramento Bee* protests, but does so in behalf of China rather than of California. "It would look to a man up a tree," it says, "as tho this 'mutual understanding' with Japan is conceding to that nation about all she wants—practical suzerainty over China." The *San Francisco Chronicle* says that "in return for something for which Japan cares nothing"—the "open door"—"we have acknowledged that Japan has interests in China before which we must give way." On the other hand, the press of the country in general hail the agreement as one of the big achievements of modern diplomacy and a distinct victory over Teutonic intrigue.

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### "Desires and Intentions" of America and Japan.

THE agreement with Japan is not in the form of a treaty or alliance. It does not, apparently, have to go to the Senate for ratification. It is in the form of a letter written by Secretary Lansing to Viscount Ishii and a reply from the latter confirming the statements of the letter. The letter sets forth "the desires and intentions"—not pledges or promises—"shared by our two Governments with regard to China." Both Governments recognize that "territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries." Japan, therefore, so we admit, "has special interests in China"; but "the territorial sovereignty of China remains unimpaired," and Japan has "no desire to discriminate against the trade of other nations or to disregard the commercial rights granted by China in treaties with other powers." Both Governments declare their adhesion "to the principle of the so-called 'open door,' or equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China." They "mutually declare," moreover, their opposition "to the acquisition by any Government of any special rights or privileges that would affect the independence or territorial integrity of China." In a supplementary statement issued by Secretary Lansing it is made clear that this agreement is made as a counter to German intrigue. He admits that "there had unquestionably been growing up between the peoples of the two countries a feeling of suspicion as to the motives inducing the activities of the other in the far East." He goes on to lay this, in large part, at the door of Germany:

"The attitude of constraint and doubt thus created was fostered and encouraged by the campaign of falsehood which for a long time had been adroitly and secretly carried on by the Germans." Now, according to the Secretary, "in a few days the propaganda of years has been undone and both nations are now able to see how near they came to being led into the trap which had been skilfully set for them."

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### A Blow to German Intrigue and Falsehood.

AS we have said, the American press in general receive the announcement with a nearly unanimous chorus of approval. The effects, in the opinion of the *Topeka Capital*, may be as far-reaching as those flowing from Commodore Perry's opening up of Japan in 1852. The *Chicago Evening Post* thinks that the agreement will be viewed "as an historic landmark completing the acceptance of Japan as one of the great Powers." The *New York World* thinks the new compact must prove even more momentous for Asia than the Monroe Doctrine has proved for America. It adds: "In this matter we have done more than reassure and regain a friend. We have defeated a powerful and unscrupulous enemy who with money and falsehood has exhausted every art to embroil the United States and Japan." The *New York Journal of Commerce* notes that the agreement "inferentially involves a formal recognition on the part of Japan of the binding character and international significance of our Monroe Doctrine." The *Brooklyn Eagle* inserts a discord into the chorus of praise. It recalls the recent series of stiff demands made upon China by Japan and in the light of these finds it "a little hard to grasp what the Japanese understand by 'independence.'" It discerns in the agreement "the camouflage of diplomacy," but "not in a form to create any grave future trouble." The *Rochester Post-Express* sees in the pact "a new tie in the cohesive force working the world around against German war power." The *Springfield Republican* speaks of the "momentous importance" of the agreement; the *Charleston News and Courier* speaks of its "mighty significance" in disposing of the menace to the good relations between the two countries; the *Chicago Evening Post* views it as an "occasion for unmeasured satisfaction," and one that "sounds the doom of German intrigue in the Orient." The *Des Moines Register* thinks nobody can magnify the importance of the agreement. Referring to the alliance between Japan and Great Britain, it remarks that America, Great Britain and Japan could dominate the world even against a coalition of all the others. "It is to be hoped," says the *Philadelphia Press*, "that the bugaboo of the Japanese peril has now been obliterated beyond the possibility of recall." The *New York Tribune* foresees a "great decline" eventually of our prestige and influence in China as a result of the agreement; but there will be compensations "in the creation of far more logical and workable relations with Japan."

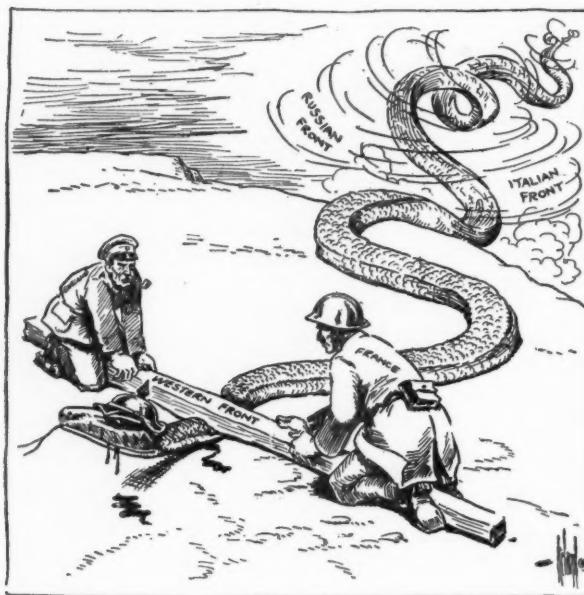
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**It is no paradox to say that the sweets of victory will be won sooner by conserving the sugar.—Newark News.**

If the pen were really mightier than the sword Germany would have been whipped long, long ago.—Jacksonville *Times-Union*.

## CHINA'S PERPLEXITY BETWEEN JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

THE most exciting event to the Chinese government since the arrival in Peking of Feng Kuochang and his assumption of the Presidency is the negotiation of the Ishii-Lansing understanding. Not even the entry of China into the war stirred official Peking so profoundly. A prediction of complications to come was



—Ireland in *Columbus Dispatch*

hazarded weeks ago by Viscount Chinda, now ambassador of Japan in London. The German foreign office is confident that the relations between this country and Peking can be made "difficult," and the work has begun. There have been audacious rumors within the past two months of a secret treaty between Germany and Japan, observes the *London Times*, rumors which are part of a Berlin plan to sow dissension between Washington, Peking and Tokyo. Viscount Chinda admitted that Wilhelmstrasse had poisoned large sections of the European mind, as well as the American mind, by the circulation of rumors of this sort. The protest of the Chinese may be deemed, perhaps, a logical stage of the intrigue. Its next phase is to be the circulation of reports that Japan is preparing to stab America in the back by means of an expedition to our Pacific coast. The Ishii-Lansing understanding goes no further than recognition of the propinquity of Japan to China; but it has afforded the Wilhelmstrasse a fine opening. The *London Mail* thinks Berlin will not neglect its opportunity. There will be many sensational rumors.

### German Ideas of Our Coming Troubles With Japan.

HOW the German press comes to be so well informed regarding the progress of recent Chinese negotiations between Washington and Tokyo is a puzzle to the newspapers of London. In the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* (Berlin) there has been much comment of late regarding the efforts of the United States government to pla-

cate Japan with reference to China, and at the same time avoid ruffling the sensibilities of the men about President Feng. The German daily has speculated upon a coming war between Japan and ourselves, based upon the hatred for this country in influential circles at Tokyo. There is a hopeless conflict of interests between Japan and the Anglo-Saxon powers, this daily feels confident, and no amount of negotiating, no reaching of agreements, will effect any reconciliation. The idea is typically elaborated in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, a Bismarckian organ, which has been warning the German government lest Washington steal a march upon it in the far East!

"It will not occur to the United States to send half a million men or more, with aircraft and material of war, to Europe, if the Americans are not completely sure of Japan. How can such security be obtained, since the sending of American troops to Europe and the simultaneous participation of the American war fleet constitute for Japan exactly the favorable opportunity, which probably will never recur, to prevent a subsequent crushing of Japanese schemes by the united Anglo-Saxon powers? A similar calculation is probably made in Washington. The only solution of this conflict of duties seems to be a far-reaching settlement and agreement between Washington and Tokyo, such as has evidently now been initiated under British auspices. However, such agreements are notoriously elastic, and their permanence on either side is incalculable. We shall have to wait and see how matters develop."

"The course of the European war will naturally have very considerable influence. Most will depend upon the extent to which tonnage is still further reduced. Upon that depends very much indeed as regards the realization



—Morris in *N. Y. Evening Mail*

or the disappointment of American help for the Entente. It is said that Japan has assumed the whole responsibility for providing Russia with the actual material of war, while the United States assumes the task of financing the supply. This obviously would mean that gigantic advantages have once more been thrown into the lap of Japan in order to influence her favorably."

**Why Japanese Opinion is  
Favorable to America.**

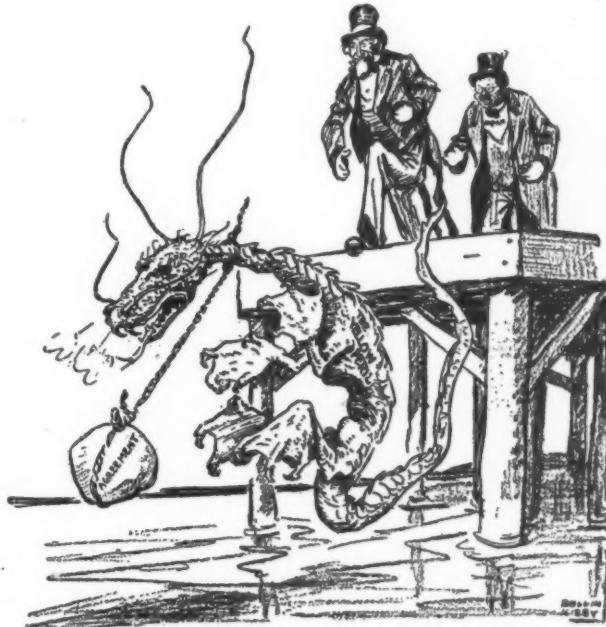
**T**HAT a change for the better has taken place in Japanese opinion on the subject of America is freely admitted in the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin), which warns Germans not to take much stock in reports that Washington and Tokyo are not loyally cooperating. It is pointed out in this organ of the conservatives that the war has brought enormous financial advantages to Japan, and these advantages are traced to the attitude of President Wilson. He is something of a hero even to such inveterately anti-American sheets—in the past—as the *Chuwo* (Tokyo). The ship-owners of Japan are proclaiming their admiration for America, a circumstance traced in the *Kreuz-Zeitung* to the vast profits they are making. These profits are guaranteed by American subsidies, if not directly to Japan herself, at least indirectly to Russia. While the war boom lasts in Japan, this daily fears, it will be useless to expect any development of anti-American feeling in Japan, especially in view of the latest diplomatic achievements of the Washington government. The influence of Japanese Liberals is likewise thrown into the scale in favor of a friendly attitude to America, for reasons which the London *Times* thus sets forth:

"At the outbreak of war all Japanese Liberals understood that the triumph of Prussian militarism would encourage militarist and reactionary tendencies in Japan, and might end by leaguing Japan with the Central European Powers in carrying out schemes of conquest. The Japanese people could not afford to see a militarist autocracy win the day in Europe. Its clear-sighted political leaders saw that if England, France, and their allies should fail to destroy Prussian militarism, their prestige as leaders of Liberal civilization would be at an end. Hence the deep satisfaction felt in Japan at the entry of the United States into the war. It was seen to assure the triumph of those ideals and moral interests for which the Allies have been fighting, and at the same time to ensure, by making the United States *de facto* an ally of Japan, broad harmony in American and Japanese relations. Against this harmony and against the strong moral and material ties that bind Japan to her allies, German intrigue and insinuation will be powerless."

**China Distrustful of  
Japanese Policy.**

**I**N the circumstance that President Feng Kuo-chang is a moderate reposes the hope of the British press generally in a solution of the problem presented by Chinese jealousy of Japanese influence in Washington. The influence of Prime Minister Tuan Chi-jui is not so easily calculated. His dramatic resignation last month may open a new chapter in Peking politics. His influence is immense, greater out of office than in, perhaps. Feng, explains the London *News*, is a soldier, not a politician, like Tuan. Feng is eager for the work of domestic pacification. He has to deal with an earnest band of radical republicans who allege that their country has been betrayed to the foreigner. He

may make some sort of protest to various nations as a means of saving his own face when allegations fly about that the Japanese have gained a footing through his weakness; but it is certain that he will commit himself to no revolutionary program, or so the British paper says, however furious the campaign may become



CHUCKING HIM OVERBOARD

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*

against him upon the basis of his subjection to the Japanese. He has a reasonably well-drilled army at his back and he is an old Manchu general. In force and in what is known of his character he seems to the British daily to bear some resemblance to the Yuan Shi-kai. Feng is a Constitutional and he will, we read, do his best to maintain the principle of cabinet rule with responsibility to the parliament. He is hampered by his alleged weakness in dealing with Japan. The Washington pact will certainly be represented by the radical Kuomintang party as a surrender to the foreigner. There may be reckless talk of a secession of the south, but such talk is not now taken seriously in the chancelleries of the Entente.

**China at Ease in the  
Allied Camp.**

**I**N one respect—finance—the situation of President Feng is happy. The Allied Powers conceded much to him in recognition of the declaration of war against the Central Powers. The principal concession, as the London *Times* points out, is the postponement of the Boxer indemnity payments for a period of five years, except on the part of Russia. She makes a proportional postponement, as her share of the indemnity is twice that of any other power. The Allies propose also to arrange a revision of the present fixed tariff. The Western Powers are likewise to exert influence—of a nature not precisely defined—towards the suppression of insurrectionary movements. The Kuomintang party is presumed to be included in these arrangements. There is no denial of the fact in European organs of the Allies that the domestic situation in China is

troubled. The provinces are profoundly restive, says the London *News*, after a recent careful examination of the state of affairs. The more distant provinces are in actual rebellion. Fierce fighting is in progress in Szechuan. Sun Yat-sen had at last accounts gone over to the pacifists. Charges are made right and left in British organs published at Kobe and in some of the treaty ports that German money supports the rebels of Kwangtung. There is every reason to believe, nevertheless, that the most radical elements in China themselves support the declaration of war against Germany, who is held responsible by the southern republicans for the effort to restore the Manchu dynasty. The London *Times* even says that the influence of Sun Yat-sen is diminishing. The Young China groups and the Canton "stalwarts" have been disarmed politically by the undoubtedly democratic policy of President Feng in

In one way, tho, the Kaiser is holding his own. He started in the war with six sons, and he's still got 'em alf.—Macon *Tele-*  
*gram.*

Typographical errors are generally excusable, but when the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* speaks of "General Perishing" it is a trifle too much.—Charleston *News and Courier*.

the matter of a responsible ministry. It is not likely, therefore, assuming the British dailies to be well informed, that an anti-Japanese movement can appreciably affect the course of events at Peking. But it would be fatuous to ignore, remarks a well-posted writer in the London *World*, that many Chinese high in the official life of their native land are pro-German. There is at work a mysterious press flooding the land with leaflets on the subject of Anglo-Saxon combinations with Japan for the betrayal of Chinese interests. There is a suspicion in London that these leaflets and other clandestine publications emanate from Germany. The London *World* is inclined to suspect that Berlin has plans of its own to use the Chinese agreement between Washington and Tokyo as a point of departure for a propaganda if not for a new rebellion in the south.

Russia has such a big crop of revolutions that she could easily spare one to send over to the empire of the Kaiser.—Jacksonville *Times-Union*.

The U-boats are not bringing England to her knees, but they are beginning to give Germany that sinking feeling.—Baltimore *American*.

## THE SOCIALIST PLAN TO DRIVE HERTLING FROM THE CHANCELLORSHIP

WHAT attitude Chancellor von Hertling will adopt when the Reichstag assembles within a week or two depends upon the Socialists. The Socialists, in turn, will be guided by the course of the ministerial crisis in France and the military events in Italy. It may be that Hertling will try to rid himself of the more ardent deputies by effecting a recess. In any

event his devices can scarcely prolong his tenure of power. Hertling must go. That is the well-nigh unanimous verdict of the closest students of the position in Berlin, nor is the fate of Italy, even if the Germans go much further there, a determining factor in the case. The essential factor, to the Socialists, is the elimination of what one of their leaders recently termed "the gang



WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY PEACE WITH RESTORATION?

—Thomas in *Detroit News*



CRACKING

—Morris in N. Y. Evening Mail

about the Emperor." William II. must become the agent of the will of the German people, said Herr David, a very prominent member of the party, at its recent congress. The idea afforded the *Vorwärts* its text for a protest of the usual kind against the practice of putting men into the chancellorship as "stop-gaps." And David was followed by Hoch, a member of the Reichstag who grows more and more important in Socialist circles, with the warning that if peace does not come speedily revolutionary convulsions must become inevitable among the German masses. Hoch is to arise in the Reichstag next month and urge that no more money be voted for the war—that is, if Hertling will allow matters to go so far.

#### The Anxieties of Hertling.

ALTHO the attitude of the Socialists will annoy Hertling, his real embarrassments, predicts the Paris *Débats*, are to proceed from the combination of industrialists who sway the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*. These men are in a sort of panic because President Wilson seems to be forcing the Scandinavian countries and Holland away from the German sphere of influence. The neutrals hitherto have been held in awe by a German army perilously close to their frontiers. Hence they have permitted Germany to get what she pleased through their dominions. The new Wilson policy is already, the French dailies believe, holding up exports to the small European neutrals to an extent that brings the end of the war appreciably nearer. In fact, this is now understood to be the heart of Mr. Wilson's plan for the termination of the war. American influence with the Central and South American nations is slowly but surely proving more powerful than any forces available to the diplomacy of the Wil-

helmstrasse. Hertling has been prodding Kühlmann on this subject ever since the change in the Chancellorship, and no solution is in sight. Germany is in no position to obtain what she needs from abroad. That became obvious last month even to the London *Statist*, which speaks for the conservative financial interests. There is little doubt that if German imports could be kept up on the scale familiar to the world prior to the entry of the United States, the war might go on indefinitely. It was affirmed in the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* that President Wilson could not prevent the importations against which his embargoes have been so persistently directed. The experience of the past six weeks has altered the ideas of the Hamburg and Frankfort banking magnates on this whole subject. Hertling is not the man to deal efficiently with a crisis of this nature when it gets into the discussions—always private—of important Reichstag committees.

#### Irrelevance of the Food Problem to Germany.

NO well-informed newspaper in Europe seems at present to take very seriously the suggestion that Germany can not solve her food problem; but the problem of raw materials has become urgent. It is conjectured in the Italian press to have had something to do with the offensive that cost Cadorna so dear. The *Giornale d'Italia* warned Signor Boselli that the unsupplied and unprepared state of the troops invited a catastrophe. "No shoes, no heavy artillery, no rifles, no blankets!" The military expert of the Manchester *Guardian* pointed out the temptation that besets the German general staff to continue the retirements in Belgium from a well-fed foe and to rush upon the disorganized and hungry Italians. Germany has been filled with reports of revolutionary movements in Italy, the *Vossische Zeitung* observing that the sympathies of

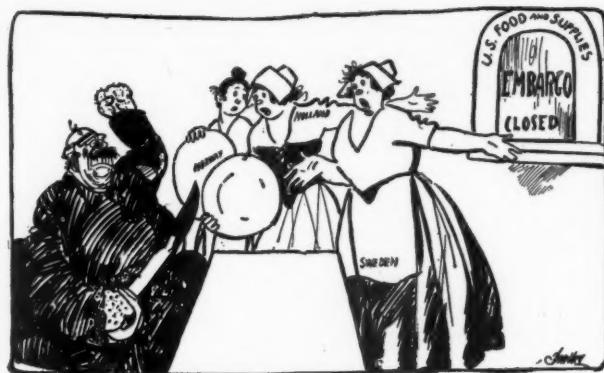


STRAINING HIS CREDIT

—Thurlby in Seattle Times



THE GERMAN APPETITE—



AND THE AMERICAN EMBARGO

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

the Italian masses were long since with the Russians in their pacifism. Italy is sick of the war, says the organ of the commercial interests, being kept in it only through the immense subsidies of Herr Wilson. A successful campaign in Italy would be the one thing most calculated to avert a crisis in the Reichstag, retorts the *Giornale*. The Germans can get nothing by way of Flanders. They try their luck elsewhere. Berlin had followed with wary eye the progress of the crisis that preceded the formation of the Orlando ministry, for if, says the Roman daily, President Wilson is waiting for a revolution in Germany, Germany is awaiting one in Rome.

#### Effect of the Campaign in Italy on Germany's Politics.

THE change in the German chancellorship came at a time when Austria's demands for aid could no longer be put off with evasions, when the whole press of Budapest seemed to be talking pacifism. The Börselli ministry had already fallen and Orlando was in power when the Germans reached the upper Isonzo. Hertling has been happy in his military accidents, notes the Paris *Figaro*, but luck alone will not save the Chancellor, because he can not satisfy the Socialists with a concession and he can not please the big barons of commerce with imports through Holland. Hertling's trouble will be greatest when the net result of the campaign in Italy appears. If the triumph should be "epical," a personage in the inner court circle will be put forth as Chancellor unless there is pressing need of a Bülow or a Kühlmann. The dread of the Socialists is that a great triumph for the militarists of Prussia in Italy will put fresh heart into the Junkers. Germans generally do not believe in making Italian conquests for the mere sake of strengthening the militarists and Pan-Germans of Berlin. The feud among German political parties is reacting upon the domestic situation, avers the French daily, and the operations in Italy are preparing the fall of Hertling as truly as are the demands of the masses for peace.

#### Responsibility of the "Westerners" for Germany's Italian Drive.

IN their anticipations of the fall of Hertling, the newspapers of the Allies do not overlook the question of responsibility for Germany's drive. How did it happen that she could achieve such a stroke? In reply the *Manchester Guardian* observes that it is necessary to speak quite plainly. The theory, it says, on which the

British war office has acted is that if the Entente only struck hard enough in the West, the Germans would be prevented from doing much damage in the East. This theory has broken down twice, insists the liberal organ —first with Serbia and then with Rumania. This past year the theory worked. The obvious policy of Germany, the one upon which she based her plan, was to attack Italy. The attack was to have come last January. It was postponed, evidently, owing to the vigor of the Haig offensive in the West. What the Italian offensive means, then, to the Manchester newspaper—the best-informed of all European dailies on such points—is that Germany now thinks she can hold the French and British until the winter is over. The British and the French have been waiting for the airships of the Americans. They have been waiting for the millions of Americans promised by President Wilson. Germany is not waiting:

"She is working double shift, in the hope of securing results before the attack in the West is renewed next spring with American assistance. In other words, she is acting on the assumption that the plan of the British general staff of concentration in the West has broken down for a third time, and that we are once more 'too late.' That we shall do what we can to help Italy goes without say-



THE NEW RIVER GANGES

—Johnson in Saturday Evening Post

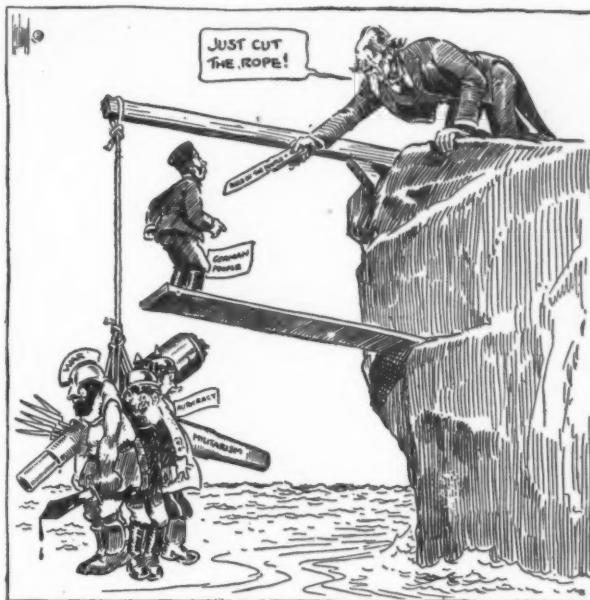
ing. But what we have to make up our mind about, and that in a very few days, is where this help can best be given. Russia should be our stand-by, but we cannot count on her assistance now. Can we keep up the pressure on the West? And is there any hope of securing decisive results in the next two months? If so, then the assistance to Italy is best rendered where we are. But if those in command on the West cannot guarantee decisive results in Flanders, clearly we must bolster up Italy and give up an offensive in Flanders which admittedly, on this view of the situation, is not going to yield decisive results soon enough. Time is of the heart of the business."

All accounts agree that Berlin has been an unusually gay capital for the past few weeks. The impending assembly of the Reichstag, unless present plans miscarry at the end, will be a demonstration to the world, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* feels, of German unity. The cables indicate, however, that if Russia has, for the time being, ceased to be a menace to Germany in a military sense, it may have become a menace in a political sense. The contagion of Bolshevik radicalism has not, apparently, been confined to Russian territories. Even the Socialists in Berlin seem to have been infected and to be stirred to new activity.

For an infant republic Russia is having more than its share of colic.—*Baltimore American*.

Instead of telling a young American now that he may become president he is told that he may capture the Kaiser.—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

Hindenburg claims Germany was forced into the war, and now here's General Haig slowly but surely forcing her out of it!—*Chicago Herald*.



OUR PEACE TERMS

—Ireland in *Columbus Dispatch*

Russia may be slow in its military movements, but its political movements lose no time.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

Nicholas Romanoff, in his pleasant, steam-heated Tobolsk flat, looks out over that comparatively peaceable town and murmurs, "Poor Kerensky!"—*Chicago Daily News*.

Sometime there will be a companion celebration to Columbus Day. This will be when the Kaiser discovers America.—*Newark Evening News*.

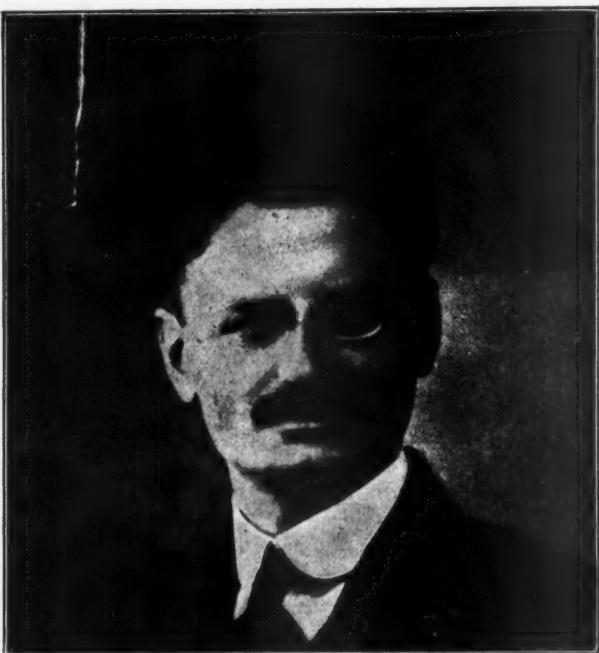
## A KEY TO THE MYSTERIES OF THE LATEST RUSSIAN UPHEAVAL

WHEN the Bolsheviks, under the guidance of Trotzky and Lenin, found themselves supreme at Petrograd, their first step was to summon the constituent assembly which Kerensky had postponed again and again. Here, to the Socialist press, is the essential fact in the situation. The mistake of Kerensky, as put forth in the Milan *Avanti* and its Socialist contemporaries, has been his unconcealed dread of the consequences of a gathering of the body whose mission it will be to frame the structure of the new government. The elections to this assembly are said to have proceeded after a fashion all over the land, even in Siberia. The bourgeois, noting the triumph of the advanced Socialist element in these elections, dreads the arrival of this new factor on the scene. The Bolsheviks go further than anyone in affirming that the revolution must be social in the proletarian sense. This delay gave the Trotzkys and the Lenins their opportunity, their provocation, in the opinion of the Socialist Paris *Humanité*. Kerensky lost his hold for the moment upon the Soviet, and the Bolsheviks proceeded to make the revolution "logical," as their phrase has it. These, of course, are Socialist European interpretations.

### Making the Russian Revolution "Logical."

THE influences in the Soviet, or council of workers and soldiers, are defined in the Petrograd *Den* as uncompromisingly socialist. The soldiers in particular

fear that the revolution may become bourgeois or capitalistic if caution be not exercised at every step. This dread, the *Avanti* reminds us, led to the overthrow of the original provisional government with its Milyukoffs and its Lvoffs. Kerensky was at first as ready as anyone to insure the socialistic character of the revolution. He inspired distrust not long after the "no annexations and no indemnities" manifesto by acting with certain bourgeois elements. He was accused by the Bolsheviks of lending himself to the capitalistic policies of the Anglo-Saxon world, to follow the comment in the organ of Italian socialism, which has on its staff more than one member of the Soviet. The refusal of the Anglo-Saxon world to listen to suggestions of peace has been made the subject of adverse comment in the *Izvestya*, the *Rabotchaya Gazeta* and other organs of the extremists at Petrograd. It was openly affirmed that the Anglo-Saxon powers are the enemies of the social revolution and the champions of those who wish to make Russia bourgeois. Here was a situation which facilitated the task of the Bolsheviks and rendered the temporary ascendancy of Trotzky and Lenin inevitable. They proclaimed themselves the true Russians, nor does their standing seem to be affected among their partisans by charges in the Anglo-Saxon press to the effect that these "true Russians" are Germans in disguise. They have extended their power for the moment to Moscow as well as to Petrograd.



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## EXIT KERENSKY; ENTER LEON TROTZKY

Trotzky, who seems to share with Lenin the leadership of the Bolsheviks, for the moment uppermost in Petrograd and Moscow, once lived in the United States. He is an idealist of the extreme type, a Jew and a vivid orator.

## Suspicion of the English Among Russian Proletarians.

SUCCESSFUL as were the first efforts of the Lloyd George ministry to create a favorable atmosphere for England in the Kerensky combinations, and liberal as was the policy of the Washington government in the matter of loans, the Anglo-Saxon powers became objects of suspicion to the Soviet when the Korniloff "counter revolution" took place. The German press, especially the *Kölnische Zeitung*, agrees with the Milan *Avanti* on this point. Care was taken to see that extracts from a certain Anglo-Saxon press, hailing Korniloff as the savior of the new Russia, should find circulation in Petrograd. The events of the past few months seemed to vindicate Lenin and Trotzky. The views of this pair on the international situation are not presented systematically anywhere, apparently, and must be gleaned from their speeches, their writings and their policies as reported in western European newspapers and periodicals. It seems clear, however, that the Bolsheviks preach among the soldiers and workers the theory that England and America are enemies of the new Russia. It will be recalled that the first anti-American demonstration in Petrograd centered about the Mooney case in California, and fostered the idea that American labor leaders were being hanged and imprisoned on perjured testimony. President Wilson is peculiarly distasteful to Trotzky, according to the Paris *Temps*. Great care has been taken by the Washington government, it is admitted by the Paris press, including the *Humanité*, to convince the Kerensky element and even the Bolsheviks that the United States is not interested in the controversy regarding the kind of revolution Russia ought to have—whether, that is, the revolution should be bourgeois or Marxian. The American government is interested solely as a belligerent. If the Russians think a Socialist system would facilitate the general movement for the overthrow of the imperial German government, that is their affair.

This detachment from the domestic crisis has, the *Temps* is convinced, characterized the Washington attitude from the beginning.

## Russian Workers Told America Is Unfriendly.

**T**ROTZKY has been for many weeks the guiding spirit of a Bolshevik press reaching every town and preaching the socialist revolution in opposition to that of the bourgeoisie. The refusal of the Anglo-Saxon powers to listen to the Stockholm proposition afforded the Bolshevik press its cue, as the utterances of the *Izvestya* indicate. The speeches of Lenin and of Trotzky gained enormous circulation through the new and ramifying provincial press. Trotzky made no concealment of his view that the United States was merely a tool of English policy. America, it was made to appear, dreaded a peace that would jeopardize the Monroe doctrine. England had threatened America with a new diplomatic combination, including western Europe as well as Germany. The latter would surrender Alsace and Lorraine, all Belgium, northern France, give up the African empire itself, for permission to secure the Germanized regions of southern Brazil and to deal with South America generally as the industrial magnates of the Rhenish provinces have been dealing in Asia Minor. The Bagdad railway would get its counterpart in Minas Geraes, railway projects being the first step in German plans of territorial penetration. Here are the real springs of American action. Mr. Wilson is looking out for America. Lloyd George is looking out for England. France is looking for Alsace and Lorraine. All this time Russia is generously giving up for humanity her place in Constantinople, her Polish dreams, even her Manchurian aspirations. She is the one truly democratic land in a world filled with sham democracies. Thus the Trotzky philosophy, blended with that of Lenin and Zinovieff. Lenin protests against the idea that the Bolsheviks favor a "separate" peace with Germany. "If we are opposed to the prolongation of the present war," he is reported to have said, "it is because it is being waged by two groups of Powers for purely imperialistic purposes. It is waged by capitalists anxious to increase their profits by extending their domination over the world, conquering new markets and subjugating small nations." How accurate it may all be as a summary of Bolshevik "Weltanschauung" or world view is immaterial, for, affirms the Paris *Temps*, the extremists at Petrograd are ever bringing forward some new theory of the international situation with which to discredit everything in the form of "capitalistic" government. The Soviet, says the London *Spectator*, puts a pistol to the head of the combination of the hour so that only Socialists of their own type can rule.

The Way Out of Chaos  
For Russia.

**A**TTENTIVE observers of the situation at Petrograd begin to think that the one solution of the general difficulty is a gathering of the constituent assembly which has been kept in the background so long. If the reports of the *Avanti* are correct, there is a profound discontent among the leaders of the peasantry at the manner in which this body has been thrust aside. Elections, direct and secret, have been held. The influences that would control are undoubtedly agrarian



WOMEN CAN'T FIGHT?—LOOK AT THIS "BATTALION OF DEATH."

This is a review of the battalion of girls and women, from fifteen to thirty years of age, whose courage and militant patriotism have so often figured in recent dispatches from Russia. Time and again this battalion has shamed the men into renewed fighting against the Germans by its advance against the enemy and its success in sustaining the shock of battle.

or radical. It is said the Bolsheviks would be able to effect an organization of the constituent assembly without trouble. It would authorize an instant partition of all the land under cultivation. The elections throughout Russia do not seem to be orderly affairs. The organ of the constitutional democrats, the Petrograd *Retch*, accuses the Bolsheviks and other extremists of invading polling-places, mobbing opposition candidates or resorting to violence whenever expedient. What wonder, then, if the moderates see little to encourage them in the political future? If they protest against the methods of the extremists at the polling-places, they are accused of having gone over to the "counter revolution." The last of the elections for the constituent assembly is understood to have been held about a fortnight ago.

#### Has the Provisional Council Collapsed?

THE crisis of last month in Petrograd came when Trotzky refused any longer to serve in the so-called preliminary parliament. Kerensky made one of his fervid speeches, in which he said the delegates must have secret sessions. He offended the Bolsheviks by his references to the "vast" ignorance of the Russian masses, and to "criminal and irresponsible propaganda" in the army. Trotzky, Lenin and the rest of the Maximalists were on their feet in a moment. Trotzky had by this time become President of the Petrograd Soviet. He made a violent attack upon Kerensky, describing his government as irresponsible. Trotzky heaped his scorn upon the bourgeois elements, "who, by their attitude, are causing insurrection among the peasants, increasing disorganization in the country generally and trying to render the constituent assembly abortive." This last detail led to a scene of turbulence which resulted in a dramatic departure of the whole Maximalist group. "I am leaving," cried Trotzky, "in order to say to the workmen, the soldiers and the peasants, that Petrograd, the revolution and the people are in danger." Skobelev, the uncompromising labor leader, is said to have upheld Trotzky in his attitude. The workers in the Soviet were infuriated by the refusal of the western allies to accept Skobelev as a delegate to the conference of the Allies, according to the Socialist organs, a procedure which, the *Humanité* fears, put a new weapon into the full arsenal of the Bolsheviks. Skobelev was strongly urging the Kerensky government to expedite the Paris meeting when word came that he would not be permitted to sit in it. The peace terms

that had been drawn up for him were very elaborate, including a comprehensive plan for the determination of all diplomatic problems. The *Novoye Vremya* (Petrograd) said it read as if it had been drawn up in Berlin; the *Otestchestvo*, radical democrat, thought it Germanophil; the *Narodni Slovo*, moderate socialist, thought it could not be taken seriously abroad. The Moscow *Russkiy Vedomosti*, moderate, described it as a plan "that could only be put forward by conquerors, supported by invincible power, moral and material, and most certainly not possessed by defeated agitators, who have brought their unhappy country to the verge of military, spiritual and economic ruin, to all the terrors accompanying a blind and savage cruelty and to the brink of anarchy."

#### Russian Ideas of the Russian Future.

A NEW despot must inevitably appear in Russia, declares the moderate liberal organ, the Petrograd *Retch*, supposed to speak for the constitutional democrats with authority. Korniloff, it says, was too good a soldier and too little of a political adventurer to play the part assigned him some months ago:

"General Korniloff conducted himself with honor and with candor. There is not a suggestion of the demagog



THE GIANT FRAME AND THE CHILD MIND

—Spencer in Omaha *World-Herald*



GUIDING HIM

—Kirby in N. Y. World

or of the knave in his proclamations to the troops he strove to make bold or to the people he would free. There is a principle, historically established, teaching that the internal power or strength and moral vigor of a revolution can be equal only to the strength and heroic qualities of the man who puts an end to that revolution. To illustrate what we mean, the Puritan revolution in England produced its Cromwell, the Jacobins in France had their Bonaparte. The Paris revolution of 1848 gave the world nothing better than a Louis Napoleon. The fall of Abdul Hamid in Turkey brought on the scene the comic-opera character known as Enver Bey. It is an Enver Bey in Russian uniform we must look for here in Petrograd."

Pessimism characterizes likewise the prophecies of

that former optimist, General Alexeieff, whose statement recently that the war is a struggle between two races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Germanic, created a sensation. The Russian, according to the General's words in the *Viedomosti* (Moscow), is only a lay figure in the war. England will never end the struggle without victory, he is made to say, and this points to the utter exhaustion of Germany. The entrance of America into the struggle has decided its issue independently of Russia. If Russia does not pull herself together, the General concludes, she will go to the wall under pressure of a victorious and energetic Japan. The Petrograd organs of conservatism, like the *Novoye Vremya*, say, when the censor permits, that these words

of Alexeieff's are prophetic. Russia, it says, has the kind of republic in which "everybody, everybody, everybody, is allowed to do everything, everything, every-

thing." It adds that "the difference between autocracy and a dictatorship of the so-called revolutionary democracy lies in the number of their Rasputins."

There is a growing theory that the surest way to keep Germany fully occupied is to let her take Russia.—*Emporia Gazette*.

If things are dull just now in Mexico, Francisco Villa might be able to get a job in Petrograd.—*Los Angeles Times*.

## EFFECT OF HUNGARIAN PEACE PRESSURE UPON BERLIN DIPLOMACY

**H**ERTLING had no sooner found himself seated in the Chancellor's chair at Berlin than his latest ally, Prince von Bülow, sent out a flock of fresh rumors. Credit for the latest peace reports is given to the Prince, at any rate, in French organs, which always attribute this propaganda to him. Alsace and Lorraine may be surrendered. Belgium will be "restored." Berlin will even pronounce the word "restoration," as Lloyd George insists. Thus runs the current of the month's somewhat intangible gossip. How the reports impress Hertling is less evident. The Hungarians are back of much talk of this kind, says the London *Post*, which is in very close touch with the Hungarian situation. They are all for peace in Budapest, and Count Karolyi, when he returned to the Hungarian capital recently from a mysterious visit to a German watering-place, is said to have called President Wilson a man of sense. There are even tales to the effect that Karolyi had a conference somewhere with that French champion of peace, Joseph Caillaux. There is talk in Hungarian papers, too, of an election, an appeal to the nation, which *Az Est*, long hostile to the idea, now deems timely. If the truth were known, says the London daily, the severity of the crisis involving Berlin and Budapest would amaze even the most hopeful of the Allies. The advent of a Wekerle cabinet in Hungary led to a veritable pacifist crusade.

### Hungarian Press Opinion on the Crisis Over Peace.

**I**N Hungary at this moment, according to the categorical assertions of the influential *Az Est*, echoing the language of the Socialist *Nepszava*, everyone wants peace. As for the *Magyarorszag*, it infuriates such organs of Berlin conservatism as the *Kreuz-Zeitung* by praising Wilson as the one and only one real pacifist. In the words of *Az Est*:

"We Hungarians do not want peace at any price but we want a peace that may be called peace with honor. We want a peace that will insure the development of our country as well as its territorial integrity. We greeted President Wilson's recent statements—especially his note to the Pope—with joy. We do not think his honesty and good faith can be doubted. We are criticized in Berlin. Yet we believe that the terms laid down by President Wilson will conduce to a world peace with practical permanence."

"There is talk of 'hostile' America. The fact is that the words of President Wilson guarantee us our territorial integrity. We understand President Wilson to be the opponent of all disintegration of peoples, of all crippling of nations for revenge. That is why his note has made a good impression in Hungary despite the Jingoes. Any-one who asserts the contrary does not speak the truth. Hungary, apart from the integrity of her own frontiers, has but one aim. That aim is the establishment of peace. It ought to be realized in Berlin as well as here that the

attitude of President Wilson points to a peace favorable to Hungary, since he guarantees us our political and geographical future. We look at the whole subject from the Hungarian point of view."

### The Quarrel Between Budapest and Berlin.

**T**HE industrial magnates of the Rhenish provinces are thought in the London *Post* to be using their influence with Hertling to suppress this Hungarian peace talk. Their organ, the *Kölnische Zeitung*, has been amazingly anti-Hungarian for some weeks, a circumstance which draws the Hungarian fire. The Socialist *Nepszava* declares that the capitalists of the Rhine are trembling for their war profits. The Socialist paper adds that all the Socialists of Hungary are in favor of peace along the lines laid down by President Wilson and that it is useless for "goulash barons" and "munition kings" to paint the American statesman in their worst colors. President Wilson, it says, has seen the situation from the true central European point of view. He doesn't wish to drench the world in blood, notwithstanding the tales to that effect spread in the organs of Prussian Junkers and Rhine millionaires. It is no secret to this Hungarian paper that these Junkers and these millionaires are having a quarrel among themselves regarding the proper attitude to be adopted toward President Wilson. It must not be thought, avers the organ of Hungarian Socialism, that there is enmity between the masses in Hungary and the masses in Germany:

"The truth is that we have neither liking nor respect for the German Junkers, the annexationist capitalists and the bureaucrats working together in Berlin under the guidance of the military. The Junkers, who at this very moment cast their longing eyes upon Belgium, and those diplomatic secret keepers who are responsible for the policy of the Wilhelmstrasse, must not look to Hungary for any sympathy in their quarrel with Mr. Wilson. The war aims of the militarists and territorial lords and millionaires in Berlin are not the war aims of the Hungarian people. . . .

"Hungarians have great sympathy with the people of Germany; but this does not imply that the Hungarians mean to drag out this world war indefinitely for alien aims such as the conquest of Belgium or the humiliation of Great Britain. The element to which we can but refer as the raving madmen of the war either in Germany or outside of Germany need not count upon the support of the Hungarian nation in their schemes of further butchery and blood. Neither the sentiment nor the action of the Hungarian nation will support them."

### Decline of Hungarian Enthusiasm for the War.

**B**UDAPEST has refused to go into ecstasies over the German successes in the vicinity of Riga, and there is little in the recent accessible comment upon the

Italian campaign to justify a belief that the Wekerle government hails it with joy. "There were times," to quote the *Pesti Naplo*, "when the fall of a town created enthusiasm everywhere and even enabled us for a time to forget our terrible losses. The idea then in every Hungarian mind was that victory afforded the shortest road to peace. Time went on. As soon as one country was put out of action, three new foes leaped up to take its place, like the heads of the hydra. And still peace lags." The victories are all won for German aims, this commentator observes. What is the nature of those aims? Here is a conjecture:

"We are believers in democracy with all our hearts and with all our souls; but we can not help asking ourselves whether the sword of our ally is striving to clear a way for democracy across this desert of human suffering or is hewing the dark and secret path of autocracy."

Such is the Hungarian press comment which has for several weeks past created a sort of newspaper war between Budapest and Berlin, the *Kölnische Zeitung* going so far as to accuse the Hungarian press of treason to the common cause. The latest tale from Berlin is to the effect that Chancellor von Hertling will put a stop, if he can, to these polemics as a danger to the diplomacy of the Central Powers.

#### Vienna Takes Budapest in Hand.

**A**LARMED at the intensity of the crisis in Hungary, Emperor Charles, as a story has it in the Paris *Gaulois*, instigated what the French consider the "latest peace trap." "Austria is called upon to play the active part in the events of the next few weeks, the events that will reach a climax by Christmas." Austria will play the part of gracious intermediary. The formula is to be a "peace of reconciliation." The Vienna *Fremdenblatt*, in closest touch with the Ball-

The people are in the saddle in Russia but they haven't yet learned to ride.—Charleston *News and Courier*.

platz, has been writing in this sense for more than a month. It adds a caution or two:

"In spite of our earnest wish to find some common ground upon which we can stand with our adversaries, we must solemnly reaffirm once more that our alliance with Germany, cemented in blood, will remain solid in the course of the negotiations for peace, whenever they come...."

"Lord Cecil declares that England will firmly support the pretensions of France as regards Alsace and Lorraine. The lost provinces can not be regained except from a Germany completely defeated. We are ready to do the utmost possible for the return of peace to the bleeding world; but we must state afresh that the peace must be one with honor for all."

This ultimatum was received with indignation in the Socialist organs of Hungary, which incline more and more to the acceptance of the Russian formulas on the subject of peace. The fact that the bolder Hungarian organs are not suppressed out of hand is said in the London *Post* to be fresh proof of the weakness of the Hungarian ministry, which dare not now risk the effect of high-handed measures. The readiness of the *Nepszava* to enter into details of the proposed peace shows the extent to which this censorship has been relaxed. In Vienna, the Socialist organ, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, is even allowed to say:

"It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that a definite word, spoken courageously and honestly at Berlin in this critical hour, would very materially hasten the approach of that peace for which the world sighs. At Berlin the idea is that the kind of peace suggested by the Entente Powers is to be taken as a misfortune, a humiliation to which time may force us all, a bitter draught to be drained at the extreme moment when it is impossible to do anything else. The word is not spoken at Berlin except in whispers or on the tip of closed lips. There is no sincerity at Berlin."

Bulgaria is beginning to see that she is playing on the wrong team to share in the gate receipts.—Detroit *Journal*.

## WHAT AMERICA IS FIGHTING AGAINST

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.

Member of a Diplomatic Mission to the French Front in Behalf of the United States Government

*In October Lord Northcliffe told in CURRENT OPINION what, in his belief, America is fighting for. Dr. Hillis, by reason of his two recent trips to the front as an authorized United States commissioner of investigation, is peculiarly well qualified to tell what America is fighting against. He was an eyewitness to what he reports in this illuminating article, and had access to French documentary evidence that gives abundant weight and authority to his important conclusions.—EDITORIAL NOTE.*

EVERY American who has passed through France and Belgium of late has returned home a permanently saddened man. German cruelty and French agony have cut a bloody gash in the heart, and there is no Dakin solution that can heal the wound. For three years German-Americans have protested that the stories of German atrocities were to be disbelieved as English inventions, Belgian lies and French hypocrisies; but that day has gone by. When the representatives of the nations assemble for the final settlement, there will be laid before the delegates of Germany affidavits, photographs, with other legal proofs that establish German atrocities more clearly

than were the scalpings of the Sioux Indians on the western frontiers, the murders in the Back Hole of Calcutta, or the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition. On a battle-line three hundred miles in length, in whatsoever village the retreating Germans passed, the following morning accredited men hurried to the scene to make the record against the day of judgment. The photographs of dead and mutilated girls, children and old men, tell no lies. Jurists rank high two forms of testimony: the testimony of what mature men have seen and heard, and the testimony of children too innocent to invent their statements, but old enough to tell what they saw. For the first time in history the Ger-

man has reduced savagery to a science, therefore this great war for peace must go on until the German cancer is cut clean out of the body.

The cold catalog of German atrocities now documented and in the government archives of the different nations makes the most sickening page in history. Days spent upon the records preserved in southern Belgium, northern France, or in and about Paris, days spent in the ruined villages of Alsace and Lorraine, leave one nauseated—physically and mentally. It is one long, black series of legally documented atrocities. Every solemn pledge that Germany signed at the Hague Convention a year and a half before the war, as to safeguarding the Red Cross, hospitals, cathedrals, libraries, women and children, and unarmed citizens, have been scoffed at as a "scrap of paper." These atrocities also were committed not in a mood of drunkenness, nor an hour of anger, but were organized by a so-called German efficiency, and perpetrated on a deliberate, cold, precise, scientific policy of German frightfulness. It is not simply that they looted factories, carried away machinery, robbed houses, bombed every farmhouse and granary, left no plow or reaper, chopped down every pear-tree and plum-tree with every grape-vine, and poisoned all wells! The Germans slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers; violated little girls until they were dead. Finding a calfskin nailed upon a barn-door to be dried, they nailed a babe beside it and wrote beneath the word, "Zwei"; they thrust women and children between themselves and soldiers coming up to defend their native land; bombed and looted hospitals, Red Cross buildings, violated the white flag—and the worst atrocities cannot even be named.

#### How and By Whom the War Was Started.

**N**O one understands the German people as well as the Kaiser. Knowing those people, the Kaiser called his soldiers before him and gave them this charge: "Make yourselves more frightful than the Huns under Attila. See that for a thousand years no enemy mentions the very name of Germany without shuddering." The Kaiser, Nietzsche, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Bissing and Plauss, still think and teach the theory of iron force, drill themselves in the belief that German right is the right of might, and that no questions will be asked by a just God on the Day of Judgment.

This war began in a conference in the Potsdam Palace in 1892. The pamphlet distributed by the Kaiser begins with these words: "The Pan-German Empire: From Hamburg on the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. Our immediate goal: 250,000,000 of people. Our ultimate goal: the Germanization of all the world." The explanation of the Kaiser contains these words: "From childhood I have been under the influence of five men, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Theodoric Second, Frederick the Great, Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of world empire. They failed. I am dreaming a dream of the German World Empire—and my mailed fist shall succeed." He printed one map headed, "The Roman Empire," with all the great states captured and their capitals—Athens, Ephesus, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Carthage—reduced to county-seat towns, paying tribute to Rome. The Kaiser printed side by side with that map another world map, with Berlin the capital, and by 1915

St. Petersburg, Paris and London were to be county-seat towns, subdued provinces of Germany—and Washington and Ottawa were to follow, with the word "Germania" stamped on the United States and Canada. That is why the Kaiser told Mr. Gerard: "After this war, I shall not stand any nonsense from the United States." America heard but did not tremble. The originator of this world war was the Kaiser; Treitschke was its historian; Nietzsche its philosopher; Von Bissing and Von Hindenburg its executives. The murder of Edith Cavell, hundreds of women and children on the *Lusitania*, the rape of Belgium, the assassination of northern France, were the outer exhibition in deeds of the inner philosophy of force.

In effect, this German philosophy has dehumanized German officers and men. Pulling out of his pocket his iron token that exhibits Deity as a destroying soldier, the German officer and private reads the words beneath: "Smite your enemy dead. The Day of Judgment will not ask you for your reasons." Having, therefore, full liberty to loot, these Germans became as wild beasts. The plan had been: "Brussels in one week; Paris in two weeks; London in two months"; and then two pockets filled with rings, bracelets and watches, from Paris or Nancy, for the sweethearts at home. When the German army in Lorraine was defeated by one-half its number, it fell northward, passing through French towns and villages where there were no Frenchmen, no guns, and where no shots were fired.

#### Some Dark and Sinister Documents in Evidence.

**D**URING July and August I went from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and the children, comparing the photographs and the full official records made at the time with the statements of the poor, wretched survivors who lived in cellars where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, vineyards, but now was only desolation. In Gerbeviller, standing beside their graves, I studied the photograph of the bodies of fifteen old men whom the Germans lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill; heard the detailed story of a woman whose son was first hung to a pear-tree in the garden, and who, when the officer and soldier had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, cut the rope and revived the strangled youth only to find the soldiers had returned. While the officer held her hands behind her back, his assistant poured petrol on the son's head and clothes, set fire to him, and as he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter. When they had burned all the houses and retreated, the next morning the prefect of Lorraine reached that Gethsemane and photographed the bodies of thirty aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain. In the next village stood the ruined square belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine-guns, then forced every woman and child, two hundred and seventy-five in number, into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine-guns they would kill their own women and children. After several days of hunger and thirst, at midnight these brave women slipped a little boy through the church window, and bade their husbands fire upon the Germans in the belfry, saying they preferred death to the indignities they were suf-

fering. And so these Frenchmen turned their guns, and in blowing the machine - gun out of the belfry killed twenty of their own wives and children. Proof overwhelming. There are records of more than a thousand individual atrocities that go with the original photographs, affidavits and documents resting in the archives of France against the day of reckoning. What is more important still, there are the letters taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers with their diaries. Out of the large number, note these: Photographs of the dead bodies of aged priests, some of whom were dead because they had been staked down and used as a lavatory until they perished. Dead girls, with breasts cut off—and for this reason: every German soldier is examined for syphilis by the surgeon of the regiment and only the healthy ones receive the card giving access to the camp women. If the syphilitic German contaminates the camp woman, his disease is handed on to his brother soldier, and that means he will be shot. This syphilitic soldier, therefore, finds his only chance with the captured French girls, but, having contaminated a girl, he fears that she in turn will contaminate the next German soldier, and, therefore, he mutilates her body to warn away Germans. The girl's life weighs nothing against a German soldier's lust or the possibility of the brute's handing his contamination to the next soldier. Take these extracts from affidavits on file with a French official:

In retreating from Malines eight drunken soldiers were marching through the street. A little child of two years came out and a soldier skewered the child on his bayonet, and carried it away while his comrades sang.—D. 10. 45.

Withdrawing from Hofstade, in addition to other atrocities, the Germans cut off both hands of a boy of sixteen. At the inquest affidavits were taken from twenty-five witnesses who saw the boy before he died or just afterwards. . . . Passing through Haecht, in addition to the young women whom they violated and killed, affidavits were taken and the photographs of a child three years old nailed to a door by its hands and feet.—D. 100-8.

**"Give No Quarter and  
Take No Prisoners."**

THESE records could be multiplied by thousands. Upon the retreat from one city alone inquests were held upon the bodies of over six hundred victims, including very aged men and women, and babes unborn, removed by the bayonet from their mothers. It is the logical result of the charge of the Kaiser to his army: "Give no quarter and take no prisoners. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy." The general staff of the German army published a manual several years before they began this war. They explicitly charged their soldiers to break the will of the enemy by cruelty. Witness this injunction to atrocity (page 35 of the War Manual): "By steeping himself in military history, an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarianism. It will teach him that certain severities are indispensable to war. Humanitarian claims, such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit." Therefore, each German soldier was given a token, large as a silver dollar, bidding the soldier, "Strike him dead. The Day of Judgment will ask you no questions."

For forty years the two great enemies of farms and

towns and cities have been fire, flood and earthquake. But nothing is adequate to explain or describe the desolation, the devastation, of France upon the retreat of the Germans. About forty miles north of Paris one enters the ruined region. Then hour after hour passes, while with slow movement and breaking heart one journeys one hundred miles to the north and zig-zags one hundred and twenty-five miles south again, through that black country of desolation. Gone are all the beautiful bridges—they have been dynamited. Gone are the lovely and majestic thirteenth - century churches. Gone all the galleries, for every city of five thousand people in France has its quarterly exhibition of paintings sent out from Paris, and some of the finest art treasures in the world have perished. The land has been put back to where it was when Julius Caesar described it two thousand years ago—a wild land, and waste, growing up with thorns and thistles.

**A Specimen Crime of the  
Hohenzollerns.**

ONE of the historic chateaux is that of Avricourt, rich in noble associations. It was one of the buildings specially covered by a clause in the international agreement between England, Germany, France, the United States, and all the civilized nations, safeguarding historic buildings. For many months it was the home of Prince Eitel. The aged French servants who had served Eitel during his occupancy, stated when the judge and jury held the trial at the ruins of the chateau that they heard the German officers telling this son of the Kaiser that he would disgrace the German name if he destroyed a building that had no relation to war and could be of practically no aid or comfort to the French army, and he would make his own name a name of shame and contempt, of obloquy and scorn. But the man would not yield. He ordered wagons and had moved to the freight-cars at the station absolutely every object that was in the splendid chateau. And, after having promised to leave the building uninjured, he stopped his car at the entrance and exit gates of the ground, ran back to the historic building with a can of oil that he had secreted, fired the building, and when the flames were well in progress ordered his men to light the fuse of a dynamite bomb. All the testimony was taken immediately afterward from aged servants and from the little children, and the degeneracy revealed has not been surpassed since the first chapter of Romans was written on the unnatural crimes of the ancient world. There are the copies of the affidavits. In the ruins, hard beside the black marble steps I picked up this firebrand with which Prince Eitel assassinated a building that belonged to the civilized world.

I hope to live long enough to see Germany forced to repay at least one debt, in addition to ten thousand others. . . . Conceived by the Gothic architects, after four hundred years of neglect, the Germans, about 1875, completed the Cathedral of Cologne. When this war is over every stone in that cathedral should be marked. German prisoners should be made to pull those stones apart. German cars should be made to transport every stone to Louvain and German hands made to set up the Cathedral of Cologne in Louvain or Arras. For a judgment-day is coming to Germany, and tho dull and heavy minds doubt it, men of vision perceive its incidents and outlines already taking shape.

# PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

## HIS RISE FROM POVERTY TO MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK IS LIKE A HORATIO ALGER ROMANCE

**H**ORATIO ALGER was a prolific producer of stories about boys and for boys at about the period when John F. Hylan was a regular farm-boy in Greene County, New York. That was back in the early '70s. Many Horatio Alger boys were reared on farms and boasted of poor but honest parents, and came to the city to make their fortunes and successfully resisted the blandishments of misguiding youths who tried to persuade them to drink sherry-flips at the old Astor House bar. The Alger boy always spurned the insidious sherry-flip and stuck to his business and became a successful man.

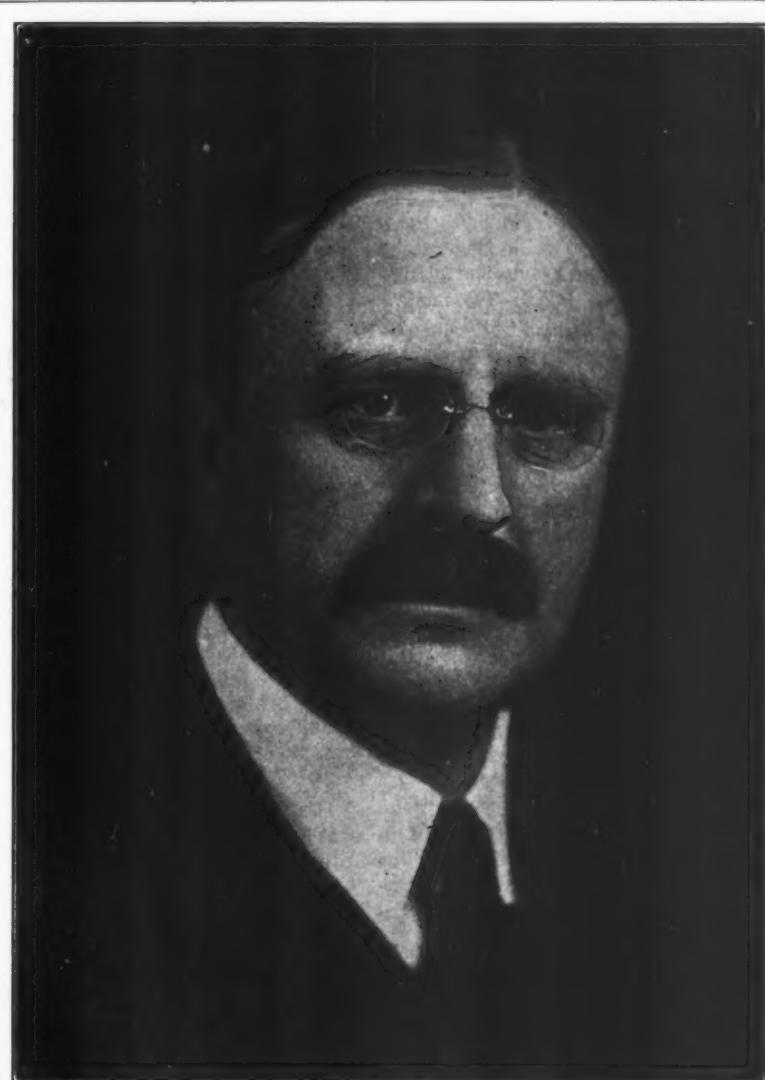
By reason of his election by the largest plurality ever given to any candidate for mayor of New York, there looms on the political horizon a big, enigmatic, red-headed man who is a Horatio Alger boy grown up. Witness the fact that Judge Hylan was born poor on a farm that was covered by a mortgage; was taken from school to help support the family; borrowed money for car-fare to the city; started his metropolitan career as a worker in a menial capacity; paid off the mortgage on the old farm; felt the spur of ambition as his circumstances improved; educated himself; never touched liquor or tobacco—in short, might have stepped out of an Alger story.

We read in the *New York Evening World* that his published photographs do him an injustice. They make him appear stodgy and pudgy, whereas Hylan is a big, well-proportioned, upstanding man, a fraction of an inch under six feet and weighing over two hundred pounds. He has a big, well-formed head and his profile has a striking resemblance to that of Grover Cleveland when Cleveland was of the same age—forty-nine years. His hair is unmistakably red, and there is a lot of it left. He has a mustach that is redder than his hair. Incidentally, it is his first mustach—that is, he started it when he was a lad and has never shaved it off. He wears it closely cropped and it fits well with his square, unimaginative visage, which, however, is expressive of self-confidence and determination in abundance. One does not have to be a physiognomist or a phrenologist to reach the conclusion that Mayor-elect Hylan is quite a stubborn individual.

His stubbornness was early developed in his determination to lift, or help lift, the mortgage from the little Greene County farm of his earliest recollections. The mortgage, as he recalls it, was bigger than the farm, and the man who held the mortgage was of the strictly business type. The day the interest was due he appeared punctually at the farmhouse and, like an ogre, was the terror of the little Hylan flock. When the children (three

brothers and a sister) went to bed at night they would hear their father and mother talking in whispers about the mortgage and the holder thereof. Under these circumstances the future mayor of New York went to work, minus much school education. He went to work for the mortgage.

It was at the age of twenty, we read, that he decided on the metropolis as offering a more promising future than did the little Catskill Mountain rail-



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**THE NEXT TAMMANY MAYOR OF NEW YORK DECLARES HE IS AS GOOD AN AMERICAN AS ANY MAN**

Not many years ago John F. Hylan went to the metropolis and was glad to get work as an elevated railroad track layer. He became an engineer at \$100 a month, got married, lost his job and took up the study of law in the city which he will govern for the next four years.

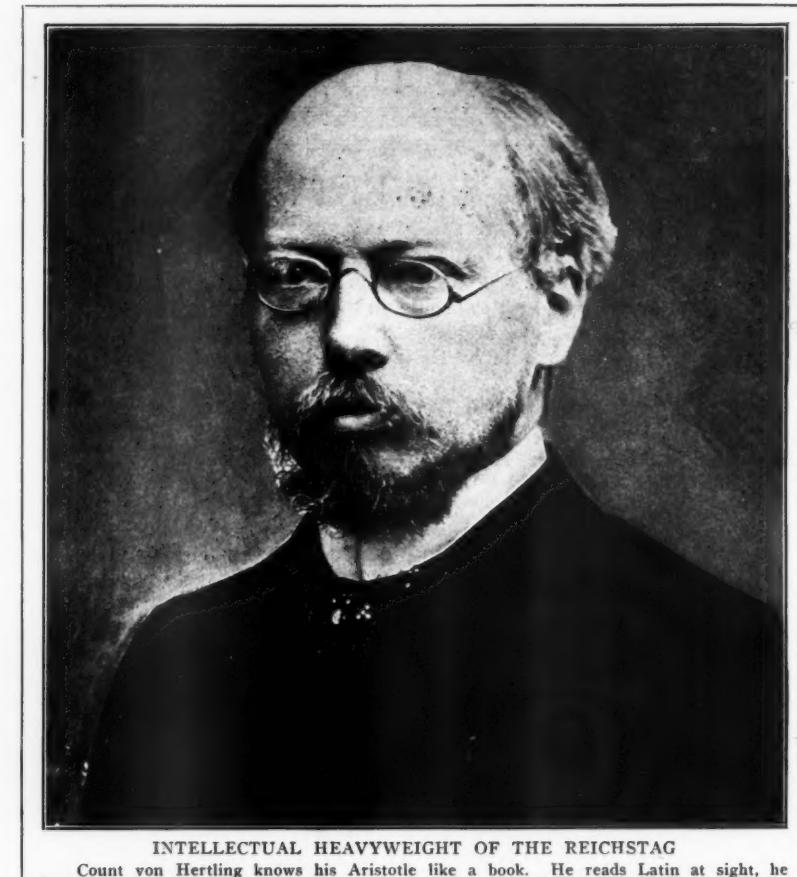
road on which he first obtained employment as a brakeman, subsequently being made a fireman. He had but \$2.50 in money, besides a borrowed trade-dollar worth, at the time, about eighty cents, when he reached New York and found employment as a track layer on the Kings County elevated railroad. Presently he was made a fireman, and two years later (in 1889) he became an elevated railroad engineer at a salary of \$100 a month. Then he decided to get married.

"Besides his family, he left up in the Catskill fastnesses a girl named Marian O'Hara, who had been his boyhood sweetheart. She lived on a farm near that of his father. Young Hylan felt opulent enough to support a wife so he went up to Hunter and married Marian O'Hara and soon established himself as the head of a family in a two-family house in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. He has lived in that section ever since, but now he occupies a house of his own."

Shortly after the marriage occurred the death of a younger brother who was embarking on a legal career. Hylan conceived the idea that he might take the place of his brother and represent the family at the bar. His wife agreed, and he took up the study of law at the Long Island Business College, working on the locomotive at night. It was not an easy undertaking:

"Five days each week he worked thirteen hours at a shift. Saturday he worked twelve hours, and on Sunday eleven. He went to college from 9 o'clock in the morning until 2.30 in the afternoon, and a half hour later would be on his engine, to remain with it until nearly 4 o'clock next morning. At college he even gave up his luncheon hour to take extra tuition. Between his work and his classes young Hylan had no time to study books. But his wife prepared his lessons by writing them on small slips of paper, which he read in the engine cab by the light of a small lamp. One night when he had put in nine years on the road Hylan paid so much attention to his study slips of paper that he took his train around a curve at a forbidden speed and the superintendent dismissed him in spite of his excellent record. And at this time he was preparing for his graduation from the law school."

The bar examinations were held in Syracuse. Hylan had exhausted his savings, but he had his card of membership in the Brotherhood of Loco-



INTELLECTUAL HEAVYWEIGHT OF THE REICHSTAG

Count von Hertling knows his Aristotle like a book. He reads Latin at sight, he knows the ups and downs of Bavarian politics and as Imperial German Chancellor he has the fight of his career to win.

motive Engineers—of which he is still a member in good standing—and this card enabled him to travel to and from Syracuse on the cabs of West Shore Railroad locomotives. He passed his bar examinations. Then:

"It was up to the ex-locomotive engineer to make a living as a lawyer. He put a mortgage of \$500 on the old homestead, returned to Brooklyn and opened a law office at Gates Avenue and Broadway, where he was known. His first month as a lawyer netted him \$26 in fees, his second month \$46 and his third month \$81. From then on his income steadily increased, but he didn't open a larger office until he had paid off the \$500 mortgage on the farm."

His entrance into politics in 1906 was marked by his appointment as a Brooklyn magistrate by Mayor McClellan, a position he held for eight consecutive years until he was ap-

pointed a county judge by Governor Glynn. Subsequently he was a candidate for reelection and carried the county by 27,000, running 7,000 ahead of the ticket.

Regarding the issues of the recent mayoralty campaign, Hylan declares emphatically that there was no question of Americanism or loyalty involved, so far as concerns himself. Furthermore, that he is "as good an American as any man, as loyal to the flag, as loyal to his country and as firm and determined in support of every act of the government in this war as any man." The next mayor of the metropolis has no hobbies. He has never had a golf club in his hands, belongs to no clubs, admits that he is not much of a student and that what reading he does is largely confined to history and the science of government. He does not drink or smoke.

## HERTLING: THE LATEST GERMAN PHILOSOPHER IN BISMARCK'S SHOES

**A**FLOOD of light is thrown upon the mentality of the latest Imperial German Chancellor, George, Count von Hertling, by the revelation in the *Figaro* that he deems Grillparzer

greater than Goethe. That stamps him, to French students of his temperament, as the kind of German who takes his cue from Vienna rather than from Berlin. He has long been a familiar figure to the cartoonists of German

comic sheets of the anticlerical type owing to his conspicuous career as a Bavarian statesman and Prime Minister with strong Roman Catholic convictions; but to the masses of Germans he remains, as the Paris *Gaulois* truly

observes, an unknown quantity personally. He is highly intellectual, a man of great wealth and aristocratic birth, whose leisure is spent in his library and in his gardens. He is one of the few living thinkers who could pass as good an examination in Aristotle in this seventy-fourth year of his age as he did in Munich over fifty years ago upon obtaining his degree from the university. Alone among German professors he does not affect to despise English philosophy as second rate. In fact, his lectures on Locke and the whole Cambridge school were received with delight by the British in the old days before the war. Another idol of Hertling's is Albertus Magnus, whose portrait hangs in the Chancellor's great library in Ruhpolding, where his estate lies. The splendid Munich home of the new Chancellor in the Franz-Josef-strasse has likewise its library of philosophical works, its bust of Aristotle.

Hertling, thus, is an "intellectual," as the writer in the *Gaulois* observes, the French monarchical and clerical daily being naturally more sympathetic in its interpretation of the man than are most of its contemporaries. The intellectuality of Hertling, we are assured, takes no form such as imparts something sinister to Nietzsche and the "superman" school. Hertling is a Christian of profound faith who argues that the founder of Christianity established a "city of God," a communion of all the saints, a union of the faithful, which the work of Luther destroyed. This is the great error of the Reformation, as Hertling sees it—the splitting of Christianity into sects from which countless evils flow. He has not hesitated to involve himself in all sorts of controversies in favor of his views upon the reconciliation of science with religion. He once entered the lists against Ritschl. He deplores the mechanistic theory of the human organism. In short, he would be called a mystic by many. The striking fact to a detached observer in considering this aspect of Hertling is the brilliance of the prose in which he couches his views. His style has in it none of the long and involved phrasing of the Berliners, who, according to him, never write German but always Prussian. His model is Grillparzer. Indeed, Hertling is quoted as saying that Schiller is greater than Goethe and one of his favorite plays is "Don Carlos."

In spite of his immense learning, which includes a remarkable facility in the use of colloquial Latin, and an ability to read Plato as well as Aristotle at sight, Hertling is more of an athlete, even in his old age, than of a wizened pedant. He wears false teeth and spectacles, his hair is white and he is bald; but he practises with

the foils regularly, he takes horse-back rides and he has been known to dance with one of his four daughters, the last recorded instance being on the attainment of his seventieth birthday. He has always been as much of an outdoor enthusiast as of a bookman, personally superintending the cultivation of the roses that delight him at Ruhpolding, the estate in upper Bavaria on which his summers are spent. The most striking of his personal traits, observes the French paper, is the flexibility and power of his voice despite his years. This of itself accounts for his long sway over the somewhat turbulent Bavarian parliament, in which the idea of ministerial responsibility is realized with more approach to Anglo-Saxon practice than in the other monarchies of the empire. The humblest member of the Abgeordnetenkammer at Munich falls under the spell of von Hertling's perfect charm, observes the French writer. He never loses a distinction of manner which, altho thoroly aristocratic, is perfectly gracious. In his speeches he can draw upon his wealth of learning without getting above the most ordinary head. He can illustrate any point with an anecdote drawn from history or biography. He has all the brilliance of Bülow without that statesman's sarcastic propensities. The German language from Hertling's lips is worthy of comparison, it seems, with the French of Gambetta or even the Italian of Boselli. There is little that is guttural in Hertling's German. One would surmise that he had infused into it something of the Latin blood he gets from his mother.

Hertling sustained an affliction not long after the outbreak of the war through the wounding of his son, who held high command under Crown Prince Rupprecht. The eldest daughter is now a nurse and the youngest is associated with one of the Catholic sisterhoods in a Munich hospital. Hertling's association with the affairs of the church has been so intimate that he was accused in the *Temps* of having instigated the Austrian veto of Cardinal Rampolla's election at the conclave from which emerged Pius X. This assertion was denied in the leading organ of Vienna; but the episode seriously compromised Hertling in the opinion of the French, now suspicious of Vatican diplomacy. An effort was made to procure the condemnation of Hertling's views of Saint Augustine as heretical and, while the project miscarried, his relations with French Roman Catholics were not improved, especially as he did not conceal his approval of the condemnation of the writings of the Abbé Loisy when that priest was found too bold in his views of the New Testament. For many years, in fact, Hertling has been

thought an adherent of the reactionary party in religious thought. His Utopia is affirmed to be a world ruled by priests.

Hertling has long been noted for his ascetic mode of life and, according to the *Débats*, he has lost favor with the brewers because of his abstemiousness in the consumption of Munich beer. He has always been a very early riser and he does not breakfast until after his devotions and the completion of a certain amount of reading. One of his fads is what he describes as intellectual exercize. He has a theory, say the journalists who know him, that if the faculties of the mind are not exercised they will grow stale, like the muscles of the body. Health is mental as much as physical. He entered upon the study of Russian when he was sixty and it is said that he can read the language with ease. He goes through the whole of Aristotle at least once a year. His handwriting is still firm and exquisite, all his notes being made by himself. His memory remains marvelous for one not far from eighty. He observes fast days or Lent with scrupulous regard for the pious principles he imbibed in his youth. It is said of him that no one in Germany feels less inconvenienced by the diminution of the food supply through the exigencies of war.

The two passions of Hertling apart from his beloved philosophy, are physics and architecture. He corresponded with that member of the famous Becquerel family whose discoveries led directly to the experiments of the Curies with radium. He contributed liberally to the foundation of the physics laboratory in Munich, a city too devoted, according to him, to music and painting. Hertling is said in the French daily last quoted to look upon recent tendencies in art with a certain suspicion. Architecture, on the other hand, is a sort of hobby of his. He is one of the leaders of a movement begun some years since to impart homogeneity to the street architecture of the Bavarian capital and to redeem it from a tendency to ugliness that set in with the industrial revival of the last century. He has also, it appears, one of the finest private collections of minerals in the empire and he is also a collector of coins.

It may be an exaggeration to affirm, as the French writer does, that Hertling never did or said an uncivil thing in his life; but the statement reflects a side of his nature which accounts for his marked personal influence over all with whom he comes into contact. He has the Bavarian sweetness, which is so like the Austrian charm, a wonderful self-command, as the *Gaulois* calls it, that enables him to traverse any crisis, personal or political, with unruffled dignity.

## A SECRETARY OF WAR WHO IS A PACIFIST AT HEART AND A LOVER OF FLOWERS

**A** DOZEN years or so ago a young lawyer practising in a little country town in Virginia was asked to become a member of a leading law firm in Cleveland, Ohio. His partner was sorry to see him go. "What do they want you to do, Newt?" he inquired curiously. "They want me to be the trial lawyer of the firm," answered he whom the big city had called. "The trial lawyer!" exclaimed his partner, "but, good heavens! the one thing that you are not is a trial lawyer, Newt!"

Nevertheless the young lawyer went to Cleveland, and, despite handicaps, became a trial lawyer. Later, as city solicitor, he entered the legal trenches for Tom Johnson, in the three-cent-fare fight. The strenuous campaign he waged won him such recognition that, ultimately, he succeeded Johnson as mayor of the city. Then there came another call, this time to Washington, to become Secretary of War. "But, good heavens!" exclaimed the country partner of earlier days, "that is the one thing he is not. That pacifist, that three-cent-fare man, a Secretary of War!" It was absurd. But Newt went to Washington. By way of introducing himself, he made some ingenuous remarks to the press about his love of flowers. There were more exclamations of incredulity, but Newton D. Baker was swept into the torrent of the greatest war in history.

Eight months of the war have gone by, and people formerly skeptical are beginning to concede their mistake in thinking that "the one thing he is not is a Secretary of War." So at least asserts C. W. Gilbert, in *Leslie's*. All sorts of opinions regarding Baker are expressed, from the confident eulogies of discoverers—for his "discoveries" in Washington are legion—to this cautious comment of many who are impressed but refuse to be carried away: "They tell me that Baker is making good." The rise of this country lawyer, this lover of flowers, this quiet domestic man, to the next biggest task in the war seems most typically American until one remembers "the little Welsh attorney" in England and the French professor of mathematics who are among the big men of the war abroad. Maneuvering for a close-range view of this young man who went to Washington a couple of years ago with no special equipment for the job of Secretary of War except an ability for clear thinking and a capacity for work, the biographer in *Leslie's* goes on to say:

"Most of our War Secretaries have had no more special fitness for their task

than he had. It is a part of the egotism of democracy that it thinks it can take any man of good intelligence and make him its fit servant in any capacity it chooses. Let us apply a yardstick to the job given to Baker. The war has turned the man whose ability Martinsburg, Va., doubted when the city of Cleveland reached out for him, into an \$8,000,000,000 man! We used to talk of a billion-dollar Congress and grow angry about it. Afterward it became a two-billion-dollar Congress and we cared less. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, by the transformation of war, we have a twenty-billion-dollar session and an eight-billion-dollar Secretary of War! Think what it means to command an eight-billion-dollar budget! It means that the man who will spend it is the most powerful man in Washington, with the exception of the President. And Baker fits the description."

A word about what our war organization is, so that we may see how Baker fits into the scheme of things. There are new and high-sounding names for things in Washington, such as The Council of National Defense and The War Industries Board, which fill the ears and occupy a lot of space in the press; but the fact remains, so we are reminded, that the said Council and said Board are merely advisory bodies. They have nothing to do with making war. They are the connecting link between the war organizations, represented by Baker and Daniels, and the industrial world. Furthermore, it has come about that Secretary Baker in himself "is to all practical intents the Council of National Defense and

the War Industries Board, and a few other things beside."

Day by day the country has become less painfully aware that the Secretary of War is a small man physically (not much of a Martian in appearance is Baker), that he succeeded a much-admired man because this much-admired man was insisting upon the degree of preparation which was later proved necessary, and that he had been and perhaps is still a pacifist and considerable of an idealist. Yet:

"On the practical side men bear witness to his quick decisions. It is this faculty in him more than anything else which is accountable for the rather favorable opinion now held of him. He has the swiftness, the economy of effort, the readiness of motion that generally go with the more compact bodies. Brightness is the most distinct quality of his face, which is rather youthful for his forty odd years. It is a face which lights up perpetually. Smiles are frequent; I should say they were intellectual in their origin rather than emotional, and express the pleasure of a mind in its own activities or in the activities of another mind in contact with it."

Like most of the Wilson Cabinet members, Secretary Baker is of the simple, democratic sort. Practically all his life in public service—he has not followed the road to wealth. Men used to be divided into those who rode in automobiles and those who did not, but there has come to be a third class, of those who ride in small cars. Baker belongs in this class.

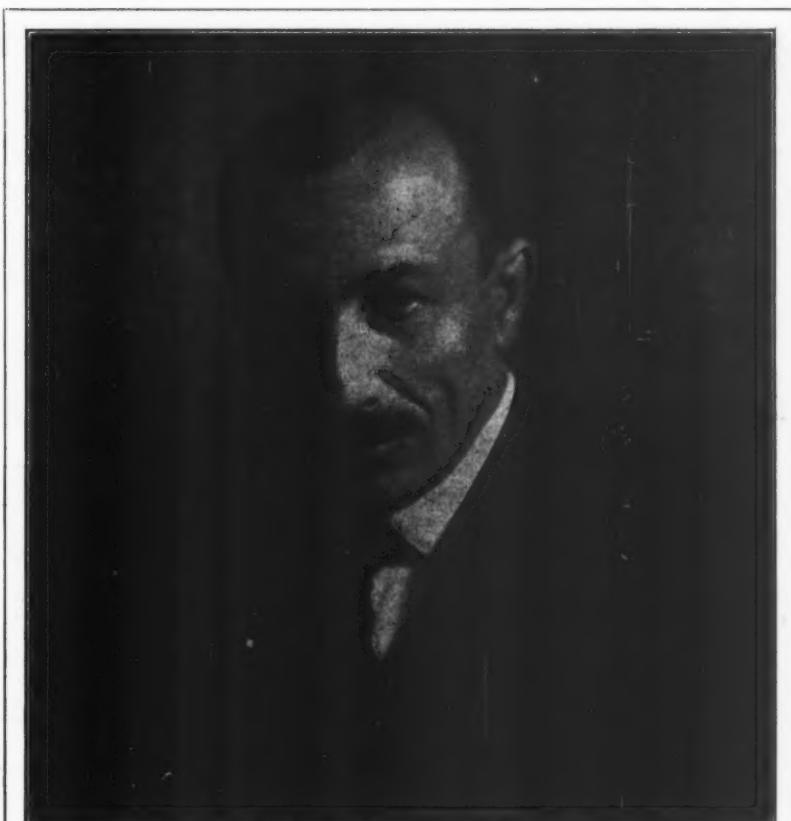


HE IS ABLY FILLING NEXT TO THE BIGGEST JOB IN THE COUNTRY  
Yet it was predicted that Newton D. Baker would be a failure as Secretary of War because he had declared himself to be an enemy of war and a pacifist at heart.

## SAVINKOFF: THE ONLY FRIEND OF EVERYBODY IN THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

**N**OTHING could be more characteristic of Boris Savinkoff than his entreaty to be enlisted as a private soldier in a company of shock troops—the Savinkoff who since the outbreak of the revolution at Petrograd has been everything but supreme. He served as a member of the directory of five that was thought to be ruling the land. He has been acting minister both of war and marine. He was heard of in recent despatches as governor of Petrograd. He has gone as high commissioner to the forces in the field. He acted as intermediary between Korniloff and Kerensky when that pair were disputing the executive power. Savinkoff, as an admirer declares in the London *News*, has been all that a political Russian refugee can be without being Kerensky. Savinkoff is something of everything—a bit of a soldier, something of a lawyer, a good deal of a politician, much of a journalist and author and he has a touch of the orator besides. His specialty is compromize. He makes no concealment of the fact that so far as he is personally concerned, liberty can be assured only through a powerful army and that a German victory would put an end to liberty in Russia. Never do these views of his conflict with his friendships. He adores Kerensky, whose ambassador from one faction to another he has become. He reveres Korniloff as a military genius. He argues with Lenin himself, the extreme revolutionist, and he fraternizes with Skoboleff, the uncompromising champion of the workingman. Yet Savinkoff prides himself upon his own moderation.

In their impressions of his personality, the correspondents of western European journals dwell upon his melodramatic emotionalism. He would make a fortune in the films, according to the Milan *Avanti*, an organ of Socialism. It, however, does not admire this son of a judge, who comes from Moscow and who is too conservative in his economic theories. Savinkoff makes all the tremendous speeches in tense moments, and he is most himself when the provisional government is crashing into its constituent elements or passing through one of its innumerable phases. His masterpiece was the oration to the Soviet just after Kerensky threatened to abandon power and retire to his cabin in the south. Nekrassof listened in tears and, turning to Tseretelli, exclaimed: "The ancient Greeks never heard such eloquence as his." The dialectic device of Savinkoff is to impress upon his hearers the historic nature of the mo-



LATEST MAN OF MYSTERY IN PETROGRAD

Savinkoff. He signs himself Ropshin. He has been at the head of the war department. He acted on the fatal last night of the reign of Nicholas II. He is the friend of Korniloff, the friend of Kerensky.

ment, a feeling he has most acutely. Yet his power does not depend primarily upon the oratorical gift, as does that of Kerensky. Savinkoff, the literary man, never takes the heavy part in any of the melodramatic episodes which together make up his revolutionary career. He is the born intermediary.

The genius of Savinkoff is for detection. He has a mysterious sense that leads him to the haunt of conspiracy. Thus the *Tribuna* (Rome) credits him with the discovery of the counter-revolution that so narrowly replaced Nicholas upon the throne of his ancestors. It was Savinkoff, again, who broke into Kerensky's bedroom one night with the cry: "Lukhomsky! He is betraying the republic." Lukhomsky was a commander on Korniloff's staff. Kerensky did not like being disturbed in the course of a much needed repose. "I declare, Savinkoff," he is reported in the chronicle of these events as having retorted, "this is the third time you have waked me out of my sleep with your eternal conspiracies." "I tell you," insisted the alarmed Savinkoff, "that the cause of liberty is lost." "In that event," replied Kerensky, turning over on his pillow, "I

would advise you to go to bed." The enthusiastic Savinkoff rushed in an automobile to the headquarters of Korniloff. That soldier was also aroused from a sound sleep and urged to make his peace while there was yet time. This seems to be the Savinkoff "touch." He is always waiting until someone is sound asleep in order that he may awaken the unfortunate with the news that freedom is no more. That melodramatic instinct!

There is a suggestion of his temperament in the romantic expression of Savinkoff's countenance, the Italian daily says. It is a long, thin, melon of a countenance, accentuated by a pointed chin with a tremendous dimple in it. The nose is long too, and shapely, coming down over a wide mouth, above which the mustach is close cropped. The forehead is high and wide, with brows that hang over the dark eyes. The hair is plentiful and black, Savinkoff being in his early forties, alert, slim, betraying in his light and graceful movements the Georgian blood he derives from his grandparents. His most effective device is silence, an expressive silence. The expression on his face is so eloquent, however!

# MUSIC AND DRAMA

## "TIGER ROSE"—THE PERFECT FLOWER OF MODERN MELODRAMAS

**F**RANKLY labeled as "melodrama," David Belasco's latest production, "Tiger Rose," a new play by Willard Mack, may be accepted as his definite and decisive answer to the champions of the new and quite self-conscious "art of the theater." To judge by the popularity of this play, a large part of the American public does want glamor, romance, plot, action, coincidence, scenic effects skilfully executed, primitive emotions, heroism in flat and vivid tones contrasted with villainy no less vivid—all prepared, however, by a master-hand of the theater. In most of its situations, "Tiger Rose" permits us the joy of recognizing old themes transmuted into the realm of what we may term super-melodrama. Yet throughout, the play is "gripping." It thrills efficiently.

"Tiger Rose" transports us to the Canadian Northwest—to Wutchi Wum on the Loon River, Alberta, to a picturesque world of hunters, of trappers, and of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. We are taken into the living-room of the house of the "Factor" there, a Scotchman named Hector MacCollins. It is here that the Hudson Bay trappers are paid off for their pelts. Looking out of the door of the house, we get a glimpse of the Loon River in the distance, with its shore heavily wooded with pine, spruce, white and silver birch. The first act opens at daybreak of a bright June morning. We are introduced in rapid succession to MacCollins, the Factor, his Indian servants, and then to the heroine, Rose Bocion, a French-Canadian orphan, 18 years old, wild, profane, sinuous, an atheist because her father was one, living with an inherited contempt for the Church and its priests. MacCollins explains her origin to Lantry, an American who is passing through the settlement:

"She's a French-Canadian girl born within twenty miles of here over near Fort Crispin. Her father was an infidel among a lot of good Catholics. Her mother was dead and the girl raised herself, and when her father died the folks around treated her as if she were the devil's child. She wouldn't go to the mission because she was afraid of the priest, so I went through the government regulations and adopted her. Oh! she's been a world of worry; but there are times when she's worth it, for she's a good girl—honest as

the day, but wild as a hawk and with a terrible proclivity for swearing, a trick she picked up from her infidel father. But she has a good decent mind; and I am hoping, in the name of God, she may grow up to be something."

Rose is described as the prettiest girl in Northwest Alberta. To the trading-post come many men to woo her—wistful, violin-playing Pierre La

American engineer in the woods. He warns her of the danger of these illicit meetings.

Presently Michael Devlin rides up to the Factor's house with the news of a murder, committed in the construction camp, "the other side of Pearl Ridge." We suspect, of course, that it is the young engineer. He has killed the company's surgeon on the latter's first official trip from Vancouver. Devlin rushes to the telephone and sends out the news of the murder. Overhearing him, Rose comes instinctively to the realization that her lover, Bruce Norton, is the guilty man. Matters are further complicated for the poor girl by the fact that Devlin has discovered in her possession a surveyor's tape measure which Norton had given to her. She tells him she has found it, which makes him suspect that the murderer has been in the neighborhood of the Factor's house:

DEVLIN. (*At phone inside.*) Hello, hello! Hudson Bay Post. Hudson Bay Post. With MacCollins. That you, Bramwell? Have you a man there? Put him at the mouth of Little Creek. Watch close for a man wanted for murder.

ROSE. Murder!

DEVLIN. Last night. At four o'clock this afternoon he was at Pierre La Bey's hut—struck out west towards the Loon. Have you a pencil there? Take this down. Five foot eight, slender, dark—the mark of a fresh wound over the left eye. An engineer.

ROSE. Oh, what he means?

DEVLIN. What? No—no—no!—a youngster. I have Haney here with me. He'll ride over and relieve the man on Little Creek. I'll stay here in case he back-tracks. You can call me here for two or three hours yet. Make record of this. I say, make a record of this. It's 8:30 now. By, by! (*Enters.*)

ROSE. Oh, tell me what it all is about?

DEVLIN. You heard?

HECTOR. We couldn't help it.

DEVLIN. The cute devil! If he dropped that tape measure around here last night that Rose found, then he back-tracked and went out the same way.

ROSE. What he looks like, you said?

DEVLIN. No, my dear, I'll not tell you that. From the description they gave me he's devilish good-looking and I would not like to have you meet him.

HECTOR. Michael, you think he went toward the Loon River?

DEVLIN. I know it? At four o'clock this afternoon he was at Pierre La Bey's hut talking to him—talking to him, do you mind; but it seems Pierre wasn't here



ROSE OF THE FOREST

In the rôle of the French-Canadian girl, Lenore Ulric proves herself the most alluring of our younger actresses. As Pierre La Bey, Pedro de Cordoba reveals his versatility.

Bey, a romantic young French-Canadian; Dan Cusick, the grim doctor of the post, who is also her slave; and the rollicking, boastful, hard-bitten mounted policeman, Michael Devlin. She is, in short, the idol of the scant male population. But Rose gives her heart to none. We are soon apprized of the fact that secretly she has a lover. Dr. Cusick, as he confesses to her, has discovered the girl with Wa Wa, her squaw companion, meeting an

this morning when we were talking and knew nothing about it. I trailed him west as far as I could, but you can't put a horn through the briars this time a year; but I figured he was after a canoe on Little Creek; and if he got it and down to the Loon, he might have a chance.

The man-hunt begins that day. Rose's love for the young American is aroused to its deepest. With the aid of her Indian friends and the sympathetic Doctor Cusick, she tries to help Norton in his escape. Cusick's sympathy for the outlaw is aroused because of the tragedy he harbors in his own heart, and which he confesses to the good MacCollins when he announces his plan to leave the Post:

CUSICK. I'm leaving the Post early tomorrow morning and I may not return.

HECTOR. You are? Leaving us!

CUSICK. I must. I thought once I should spend the rest of my life here, but I heard through the foreman of the construction camp across the ridge yesterday that a man—a man I have been looking for for years—is in Vancouver, and I have got to go!

HECTOR. A man—well?

CUSICK. That's why I say I may not return, MacCollins. If he is the man I want, *I am going to kill him!*

HECTOR. Great God! man, what are you saying?

CUSICK. Kill him for the hound he is.

HECTOR. But—

CUSICK. He took my hand and called me friend. A brother doctor stole my wife, Mac, and then threw her in the street to die. Poor Helen—damn him!

HECTOR. When was this?

CUSICK. Years ago! I trailed him from Boston to St. Paul—to Fargo—back to Butte—back to Duluth—Duluth to Winnipeg—Winnipeg to Regina—there I lost him. It was then I came up here to you. I tried to forget it, but I couldn't. Everything about me screamed out his name, Glendenning! Glendenning! Get him! Mac, you will never know how close I've been to hell!

HECTOR. But Dan, dear, what's the use in this mad idea? If you kill him you'll hang.

As the day wears on, Rose Bocion comes to the realization that if she is to make good her lover's escape she must throw Devlin off the track. He, too, is beginning to suspect her. Night comes on and with it a violent storm. Devlin, who suspects that the young engineer must be somewhere in the neighborhood of the trading-post, comes into MacCollins' house to question the girl, asking her first of all about the tape measure:

DEVLIN. Are you keeping anything from me, Rose?

ROSE. What you mean?

DEVLIN. If it were not lost last night some one would have found it before. Did you see this man or anything?

ROSE. See him?

DEVLIN. See him

ROSE. Oh, Mon Dieu! How I should know him?

DEVLIN. Right enough, dear. How would you know? But to get back to something more important—could you love me a little bit, Rose?

ROSE. Ask me again when I have think him over.

DEVLIN. Stop your fooling. I'm talking sense. You like all of us; you love none of us.

ROSE. Oh, very well—policeman I guess know everything.

DEVLIN. No, I don't, but I'm going to! See here, Rose, there isn't a man between here and the landing that wouldn't give his right arm for you, and you've paid no attention to any of them. I've seen a lot of the world, my girl, and I think I know women.

ROSE. Yes—maybe too many, I guess!

DEVLIN. And they're all very human. Now, then, you won't look at Pierre, or the doctor, or young Duff, that good-looking young cub at the Post, nor myself—

ROSE. Oh, I'm looking at you now, good Michael.

DEVLIN. Looking at me and laughing at me, and I don't mind telling you, I'm not used to it. I wasn't always a policeman, you know. I've had some pretty girls in my time—all the way from Egypt to Alberta; but the "colonel strikes me pink" if I ever saw one that I wanted like I do you.

ROSE. Oh, I am very vanity over that; but I thought the police were not to marry—

DEVLIN. Don't be silly, Rose; can't I love you without marrying you? (*Puts his arms around her.*)

ROSE. (*Throwing off arms.*) Take away your hand, Michael Devlin!

DEVLIN. Don't be silly! I'd give three months' pay for one little kiss.

ROSE. Oh no, friend. Not the kiss for you.

DEVLIN. No, I guess not; but, by God, there's some one, somewhere, that won't have to fight you for a kiss.

ROSE. Maybe so, Michael Devlin. What I give, I give; but before I let anyone take, I shoot him—you understand? I not make the joke, my friend. If I am not today so happy I tell you something 'bout gentle-men; but I care not for the fight with you, unless remember not again you say this to me, because if I feel not good, well—

DEVLIN. You'd let me see your claws, heh? You're a Tiger, Rose, and I'd like nothing better than clipping your claws.

ROSE. The claws, she shall not be cut by anyone.

DEVLIN. No?

ROSE. No. Besides I am through the talk about these things.

DEVLIN. (*Turning to her.*) All right—all right—some day—

ROSE. Some day you will say the same thing to nuzzler one. Oh, I know! You say to me, "you no like Pierre, you no like the doctor." No! No! Rose, she do not love anyone. Now I say to you, you do love some one very much—oh, very much, and that one you love is Michael Devlin. Ho, ho! I know!

DEVLIN. You think you do—

ROSE. I do! Tell me about your girls. You are what Mr. Duff at the landing say—stuck on myself.

DEVLIN. Oh, the hell he did! All right, let it go at that. (*Starts for door.*)

ROSE. (*Following him.*) No, you are angry.

DEVLIN. Well!

ROSE. Come, shake hands and make all forget, Michael Devlin, eh?

DEVLIN. Oh! you're the grandest little soft-soap-pedler in Alberta.

ROSE. Michael Devlin, Mr. Duff did not say you were stuck on yourself.

DEVLIN. No, I didn't think he would.

ROSE. I say you are stuck on yourself.

DEVLIN. No, I'm not yet, Rose, but if the fellow that lost that tape is the fellow I'm after and I hang him in Calgary Barracks, I am going to be stuck on myself.

The storm outside the house becomes fiercer. At first we hear the rain patterning softly outside. The lamp-lights flicker. The curtains blow with the increasing wind. The suspicious Michael Devlin has paused a moment at the house, and Dr. Cusick has not yet left. Once Devlin is out of the way, Rose steals out of her bedroom to the trap-door which leads to the cellar of the house. Then we learn that the fugitive has succeeded in making his way through the forty-mile gale, which is now raging, to the cellar of the house. Bruce Norton comes up through the trap-door into the room, now darkened by the violent storm. He talks with Rose in the flickering light. She tells him how he may escape:

ROSE. Good! Pretty soon you go. Crawl under house. Come out this side in shadow. Cross the lot. Crawl in the timber, go north—you come to Corduroy Road. Turn from road, big pine stump. She is burnt, straight back through brush. You will find little cabin. Wait, I have something for you. (*She exits quickly. Clock strikes eleven. Rose returns from door with package and gun.*) Here is something to eat, and gun. I steal him from cook.

BRUCE. I'll take the grub. I don't want the gun. I never want to see another one again as long as I live.

ROSE. But the police—they have gun!

BRUCE. I know; but they are right. If they get that close to me I'll give myself up. (*Rose hears sound down trap. She clutches Bruce's arm to silence him.*)

ROSE. Ssh!

BRUCE. What is it?

ROSE. Ssh—ssh! (*Rose kneels and quietly closes trap. She looks quickly about for a place to hide Bruce. Looks again at trap.*) Out this way! No! no! no!—some one comes—up there—up there—no! no! no!—here. (*Looks up at loft—goes up to door—opens it—sees someone coming.*) No, no, some one come! (*Finally leads Bruce to the old-fashioned "grandfather's" clock. She opens the door of the clock and he hides inside. She quietly closes the door. Goes out. The clock stops ticking.*)

(*As she closes door, Devlin opens trap and enters through trap. He is in his stocking feet, has gun and flashlight in his hand. Tip-toes to Rose's door—listens. Climbs on chair, flashes his light into loft. Comes down, listens at Hector's door. Suddenly he realizes that the clock has stopped. He steps upon chest under bracket lamp, which he turns up, looking*)

at his wrist-watch. Steps down, goes quietly over to clock, flashing his light on the face of it. Is just about to open clock door when he hears a sound outside door. Goes silently to door, which he quickly throws open, flashing his light into the face of Dan Cusick, who is just about to enter. Devlin covers Cusick with his gun.)

CUSICK. Devlin!

DEVLIN. Oh, it's you, Dan?

CUSICK. What's the matter, Michael? You seem nervous.

DEVLIN. I couldn't sleep, so I took another little walk around.

CUSICK. I woke up and missed you. I thought perhaps you might need me. See anything that made you suspicious?

DEVLIN. No, Dan, no. Just the red coat on my back that makes me naturally curious. It won't help our friend much, this rain. You can trail a man from here to Labrador in the morning.

(There is a great crash of thunder, followed by complete darkness. Bruce silently leaves clock, and goes quietly down trap. The clock starts ticking again.)

DEVLIN. (After big crash.) By God! that struck close.

CUSICK. The worst storm we've had this summer. Come on, Michael, what do you say? Let's make a run for it.

DEVLIN. Might as well, I suppose. Wait! Wait a minute. Now that's a damn funny thing! (Looking at clock.)

CUSICK. What?

DEVLIN. Ten minutes ago that clock was stopped.

CUSICK. Yes?

DEVLIN. I noticed it when I first came in.

CUSICK. The thunder started it.

DEVLIN. True enough—but what the hell stopped it? Come on, I can beat you to the door of the shack.

CUSICK. Can you—we'll see if you can.

(They dash out into the rain. As the door is closed, Rose quietly enters, carrying lighted candle. Crosses to clock and, seeing door open, utters a suppressed scream.)

ROSE. Bruce! Bruce!

BRUCE. (Quietly opens trap and appears for an instant.) Ssh, Rose!

ROSE. (Going down to trap and kneeling down beside it as it slowly closes.) Oh, by damn! Father Thibault's God she is begin to be good friend to me.

Norton escapes to the deserted cabin in the woods. The floor is covered with dead leaves and boughs. There he waits for Rose, who presently appears with Wa Wa. She tells him that Dr. Cusick has promised his aid in getting Norton away on Little Creek that night. He is to come unobserved to the deserted cabin to give the young American directions. Rose offers him the food Wa Wa and she have brought.

When Cusick finally appears, we learn from Bruce Norton's lips his reasons for shooting the company's surgeon:

CUSICK. Why did you kill this man? You did kill him, didn't you?

BRUCE. I don't think it would make any difference to you.

CUSICK. It would make this much dif-



THE QUINTESSENCE OF MELODRAM

Only the glamor David Belasco casts on such a situation as this, when Rose Bocion shoots the gun out of the red-coated policeman's hand, saves "Tiger Rose" from falling from the sublime to the ridiculous.

ference, if I am to help you further you mustn't keep me in the dark.

ROSE. Tell him, please, Bruce!

BRUCE. Just the minute I looked into his lying face and recognized him, I did what I knew I was going to do if I ever met him—I shot him!

CUSICK. Then if you are caught there are no extenuating circumstances?

ROSE. What is that?

CUSICK. I mean nothing to help him, Rose.

ROSE. Oh, yes, there must be.

BRUCE. I'm afraid not.

CUSICK. Did he have a gun on him?

BRUCE. I think he was reaching for one. I jumped for him. He struck me over the eyes with something. Then I fired.

CUSICK. You're not a western boy?

BRUCE. No, I am from Boston.

CUSICK. Boston?

BRUCE. Yes. Oh, I know you think I killed a man in cold blood; but he helped to kill my mother by making a common thing out of my sister.

CUSICK. Your sister?

BRUCE. Yes. She married a good fellow. She was very young, and he was forced to leave her alone a great deal. This man was his pal and, while my brother-in-law was away, Helen ran away with him. It nearly killed my brother-in-law, but he was game enough to let her have a divorce so that this man could marry her. But instead of that he deserted her and she shot herself. I was only ten years of age when it happened, and of course too young to appreciate how terrible it all was. But, young as I was, his face stamped itself on my memory as nothing else could. As I grew older I learned from my mother just what it had meant. I saw her wither and fade day by day and, when the full force of his crime was brought to me, I took solemn oath if I ever met him I'd kill him, and I did.

ROSE. You were right, you were right.

CUSICK. And the man you killed—his name?

BRUCE. Glendenning. Doctor Glendenning.

The murdered man, as we were beginning to suspect, was none other than the man Cusick himself was looking for. As they are congratulating themselves, a red-coated figure suddenly rises out of the upper bunk of that deserted cabin. It is Michael Devlin himself; and he covers both of them with a gun.

DEVLIN. Turn around, young fellow, and turn slow. Put up your hands; put them up, I say. Now, Rose, I think I'll be a little stuck on myself. Young fellow, you're under arrest.

ROSE. (Throwing her arms around Devlin.) Oh no, Michael Devlin. Please, please let him go! Please! Please!

DEVLIN. No, no, Rose, I can't do it. I can't, I tell you. Hold out your hands, young fellow; hold them out. (Brings out handcuffs.)

(Rose shoots the gun out of Devlin's hand.)

DEVLIN. You damn little cat!

ROSE. Put up the hands, Michael Devlin, or next time I kill you.

DEVLIN. Don't be a fool—you don't know what you're doing.

ROSE. Oh, I know very good. Go, my own—take another way out. He have hear what we say. Quick! I keep him here till daylight. Doctaire! Doctaire! Doctaire!

DEVLIN. Shut up, will you? You're crazy, Rose. I tell you you're crazy!

ROSE. Oh no, I am not. You think I am baby, huh? You think Rose will not do what she say. I tell you, Michael Devlin, as sure as you wear the red coat I shoot you like the crazy malamute, you do not do as I say.

CUSICK. (Entering.) Good God, Rose!

ROSE. He have try take my man, good Doctaire, and I have tell him I will shoot.

CUSICK. Michael!

DEVLIN. Keep out of this, will you?

You can't shoot a gun out of my hand and get away with it.

CUSICK. Wait, Rose.

ROSE. You think I am damn fool, huh? He hide there like dirty sneak Siwash to catch my man. I tell you, good Doctaire, what I tell him. This one of mine shall get away. No one shall stop. Now you know how much I love him, so much I go to hell for him—(Devlin kicks out the light.)

CUSICK. Run, Bruce, run!

DEVLIN. Get out of my way, Dan.

CUSICK. This is as much my fight as his.

ROSE. Michael Devlin, Doctaire!

DEVLIN. Take your hands off my throat. You won't? All right, then. If I have to fight all of you, I will. (*The sound of a struggle and two blows are heard.*)

DEVLIN. (In the dark.) There you are, young fellow. You will shoot a gun out of my hand and stick me up with another one! I told you I'd get you.

ROSE. (Slamming the door shut, facing Devlin with her back against the door, covering him with her gun.) And so we stay till daylight, good Michael.

DEVLIN. (Flashing his light on Rose.) By God! (Darkness.)

ROSE. There is only one way out, Michael Devlin. First time I hear you crawl this way, I shoot.

DEVLIN. You'll be sorry for this. Mark my words—you'll be sorry.

There is a long pause. The howl of a wolf is heard in the distance. After an interval the mournful howl is heard again. There is a sound of heavy breathing as of a man asleep. Devlin is heard to stir. His hat drops off. Gradually a faint gray light is seen in the sky as the dawn breaks. As the light gradually grows stronger, we discover that Rose has kept her long vigil. She does not mind the seriousness of her offense, since she has helped her lover to escape. Cusick pleads with Devlin:

DEVLIN. Oh, that's all right, Dan; she says she understands what she's done, and the next breath she's talking about joining this young cub wherever he happens to be. Now, that's all very pretty in a novel, but it happens that I'm still to be reckoned with. Last night she shoots a gun out of my hands—out of my hands—and takes this man away from me, and sends him on his way. Now then, Rose, just what do you think they are going to say to you when you stand in Edmundton Barracks?

ROSE. Well, first I shall hear what they say to you. The big Michael Devlin, the brave Irishman, go and tell the boss, this little girl make of me a damn fool. Oh, yes! I shall like to hear that first from your boss.

DEVLIN. My God, you're a fox!

CUSICK. Come, Rose, you're all worn out—you can hardly hold that gun now.

ROSE. I'm all right. You two mak talk all you like. I do not care to hear anything about the Edmundton jail, what you call. I don't care, you hear me? He is get away—my man is safe from him—so there is the gun—do what you want—I

care no more—he is get away. (Tossing gun to Devlin.) He is get away. (She falls on floor sobbing.)

CUSICK. Rose, Rose, dear, there! there! She's all in—poor little thing. See here, Michael, you and I have been friends a long time, but I tell you I'm more guilty in the eyes of God than that boy. Forget that red coat and ignore her part in this. I'll go to jail for you, or hang for you, if you wish, but you've got to leave this child out of it.

DEVLIN. I'm sorry, Dan; I see your point of view, and hers—but sentiment plays no part in my oath to the service. She goes back to Edmundton with me—both of you.

CUSICK. She's asleep. Tell me something, Michael. How long were you in that bunk?

DEVLIN. I left the Post about four o'clock yesterday morning and put me horse up at the supply camp. Then I came back on foot. I picked this fellow's trail up right where he crawled out from under the house, from under the house, and trailed him to within about a mile from here, where I lost him; and I figured, as you helped him once, you'd help him again, and this is the place he was making for, so I came around here by an opposite direction and there I was all the time. I don't mind telling you I was glad to hear your story. I had my suspicion of you for a long time, and that's why I waited so long up there. I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone.

Completely exhausted, Rose Bocion sleeps in one of the bunks. During her sleep, Bruce Norton returns and surrenders himself to Devlin. "They'll make her pay for my freedom," was the thought that had come to him. He had gone to Father Thibault, who had told him he was right. Presently Father Thibault himself, MacCollins, and Pierre La Bey find their way to the deserted cabin. The complicated difficulties which Rose and her lover face are unraveled finally:

ROSE. No, wait, please! Father Thibault, a long tam ago you say to me be Christian girl—get baptized—be Catholic.

FATHER THIBAULT. Yes.

ROSE. I say no, no—no!

FATHER THIBAULT. Well?

ROSE. Now I have changed the mind—will go to Mission School, even with damn Siwash—I will get baptized—I will do everything you wish, you do something for me.

FATHER THIBAULT. Yes, dear, I will do what I can.

ROSE. Vera good, then tell Michael Devlin you will put the curse of Church on him if he do not let my man go.

FATHER THIBAULT. What?

DEVLIN. What's all this?

ROSE. The curse of the Church is vera bad! I will be Christian girl for Father Thibault. Then, if you tak him away, Father Thibault will give you the curse.

HECTOR. Well, so help me God!

FATHER THIBAULT. No! no! my dear child—you do not understand. Michael cannot let him go—not even for all you promise could we ask him to do this.

ROSE. No—you will let him take my loved one away? Vera well—when we start for Edmundton?

HECTOR. What?

ROSE. When we start for Edmundton?

DEVLIN. What do you mean, when do we start?

ROSE. You think I let him go now wiz out me? Oh, you don't know Rose Bocion so good—no, where he shall go I shall go!

HECTOR. Preposterous! You cannot do such a thing. You think I'd let you go away like this—a girl that dinna know her own mind, go away with this man who is goin' to stand trial for his life? You're crazy, girl!

ROSE. No, I am not. I know my own mind. My mother go with her man when she find him. I am like her—I go with him.

BRUCE. (Starts to her.) No, Rose, my own, that couldn't be. You couldn't go with me because, after all, you are only my sweetheart.

ROSE. Then you go with him, good Father, and tak me.

FATHER THIBAULT. No, my dear, that could not be. Don't you see why you could not go away with him?

ROSE. You mean every one mak talk?

HECTOR. Ay.

ROSE. Well, then, now I do what Pierre La Bey say—play the last card. If I am his wife I go to Edmundton and no one can stop—not even MacCollins.

HECTOR. What!

ROSE. So now, Good Father, it is all settle—mak us marry.

FATHER THIBAULT. My dear child, do you understand what you are asking me? Here, this morning, without more ceremony than this, to make you this boy's wife?

ROSE. Oui!

HECTOR. Hold on now! Hold on! I'll not listen to any more. You have no right to even discuss it, Father. Why, it's the most outlandish thing I ever heard of.

FATHER THIBAULT. I grant you that, MacCollins. But if we can't control the situation, why—

DEVLIN. Has anyone stopped to consider that I've had nothing to eat since yesterday afternoon at three o'clock? I've got to put this young man under lock and key at the Landing, and when that is done you can settle your family affairs as you like.

FATHER THIBAULT. Wait, all of you, wait! Rose, my dear, you know what you are doing? You will marry him, go to Edmundton and wait until he is free?

ROSE. I will go wiz him wherever he shall say. I will go marry or not marry, so better it is we are marry.

BRUCE. Rose!

HECTOR. You mean to say, Rose, that in spite of anything we can say to you that you'd leave us all and go away with this man that you've only known a few weeks, whether you're married or not? You mean to tell me you'll go away with him?

ROSE. What I say, I do!

FATHER THIBAULT. And if I do this, will you go to a good Father I will send you to, go to school, and Church, stop swearing and learn something of your soul's salvation? Will you do this?

ROSE. Oh, sure as hell I will!

## JASCHA HEIFETZ, THE NEW GENIUS OF THE VIOLIN

**W**HAT appears to be the great sensation of the musical season is the American début of Jascha Heifetz, a young Russian violinist, which took place in New York on October 27th. If press superlatives count for anything, there has not been within the memory of living critics a musical success so immediate, so sweeping, unless it be the surprise sprung upon Chicago by the discoverers of Galli-Curci last season.

The element of surprise should, however, have been lacking in this instance, for Heifetz has been heralded through the press all summer long. A fortune is said to have been spent on his "advance publicity." Reviewers and public alike had their expectations keyed to the highest pitch. That there should not be the slightest note of disappointment in the comment is, under the circumstances, remarkable enough. But the unreserved eulogies penned by veteran critics, the blazing tributes paid by the younger reviewers, and the ecstatic response of the audience seems to leave no doubt as to the extraordinary significance of this artistic triumph.

H. F. Peyser, writing in *Musical America*, calls the event "historic." This discriminating critic does not hesitate to class Heifetz, notwithstanding his youth—for he is barely eighteen—with Kreisler. Paraphrasing Heine, he calls Kreisler the king, Heifetz the prophet, and all the rest violinists. Summing up Mr. Peyser says:

"With Heifetz the total impression is so complete, so overwhelming and indissoluble, that a reviewer must long rather to expatiate on the glorious artistic entity than to dissect and particularize. It may, however, be proper to point out that the newcomer plays with a tone so lustrous and silken, so fragrant, so intoxicating sweet, that only the molten gold of Fritz Kreisler can be conjured up in comparison. But tho it wrings the tears from the eyes by its lambent beauty, its vibrancy and infinite play of magical color, its nature bespeaks a singular aristocratic purity rather than an unrelieved sensuousness, tho its power of emotional conveyance and suggestion is unparalleled. And, however forcible the vigor of Mr. Heifetz's superb, sweeping bowing, not the smallest blemish of roughness nor the minutest impurity of any other sort mars its ceaseless enchantment. From the pitch the violinist never wavers by the breadth of even a hair. In his rhythm he is unfaltering, in his musicianship unchallengeable."

"A technique is his transcendent, illimitable. A technique, however, contemptuous of its own colossal, all-embracing prowess, spiritualized and addressed at

all times solely to idealistic ends. But if one barely notices it for its own sake, one is ever and anon reminded that nothing is impossible to it."

"Heretical as the assertion may seem, we greatly doubt if Ysaye, at the height of his powers, ever played the Vitali Chaconne with a greater breadth and elevation of style, a more sculpturesque, plastic quality or a firmer grasp of its import than did Mr. Heifetz last week."

While all the critics mention the young artist's extraordinary technique,

rhythm in fast as well as slow passages, and with a pure, musical tone, neither scratchy, nor shaky, neither lifeless nor maudlin. Until last Saturday afternoon he had never heard any one actually do it. Then a tall Russian boy with a mop of curly hair walked out on the stage of Carnegie Hall and made the ideal a reality. Jascha Heifetz plays the violin as it should be played, as every serious violinist must dream of playing it. That his greatness should have been instantly recognized by a New York audience is a credit to local intelligence and musical taste."

Perhaps no greater praise is possible from a veteran who has seen virtuosi come and go for a generation than Mr. Krehbiel's dictum (in the *New York Tribune*) that "he rose above his instrument and the music written for it," and that he compared favorably with "the best of his kind that we have listened to in twice twenty years." His interpretive ability is described by Mr. Pitts Sanborn:

"Anything he touches turns to gold. Ysaye can make a Vieuxtemps concerto sound as if Beethoven wrote it. Heifetz did the same for the Wieniawski D minor. One might point out that he played Vitali's Chaconne grandly, nobly; one might dwell on the grace, the hauteur, the aristocratic sentiment that sounded in Chopin's D major nocturne (arranged by Wilhelmj), and so ramble on about the Faubourg and twilight and countesses and George Sand; one might seek the unique word for the tenderness of Shubert's 'Ave Marie,' the chiseled delicacy of a minuet by Mozart, the yearning Slavic melancholy of Tschaikowsky's 'Melodie,' the jeweled splendor of two transcriptions by Professor Auer from Beethoven's 'Ruins of Athens' music and the same authority's arrangement of Paganini's twenty-fourth caprice; but to what avail?"

"What the grave-faced youth puts into it all another cannot say; to know you must hear his violin. At least Zarathustra has fiddled!"

Nothing about Heifetz was known, as far as the general public is concerned, before the present year, tho he is said to have made his début five years ago in Russia, the land of his birth. He was a pupil of the venerable Leopold Auer in Petrograd, and that dean of violin masters is said to have confessed that in forty-five years of teaching he had never come across Heifetz's equal. In his opinion, moreover, such a genius is born into the world only once in two hundred years. Of the eminent violinists now in this country, most of whom were present at the New York début, one of the oldest has declared him to be the greatest violinist that has ever lived.



"THE GREATEST VIOLINIST WHO EVER LIVED!"

So declared one critic. Jascha Heifetz plays without the slightest mannerism; his manner is charming, dignified and altogether modest.

they hasten to emphasize the greater qualities of his musicianship and interpretive powers. Mr. W. J. Henderson in the *New York Sun* epitomizes this judgment by saying: "It would be the grossest injustice to this young artist to represent him as a 'phenomenon' or a 'wizard.' He is a troubadour, not a jongleur, of the violin." But none can forego praise of the purity of his tone (Mr. Pitts Sanborn, of the *New York Globe*, calls it "a modern miracle") and his flawless intonation. Mr. Sigmund Spaeth, writing in the *New York Evening Mail*, characterizes Heifetz, because of these qualities, as "the perfect violinist," and amplifies this statement as follows:

"When Jascha Heifetz is called the perfect violinist, the words are used advisedly, and by no means in the first flush of hysterical enthusiasm. It has always seemed to the writer that it ought to be possible to play the violin with every note clear and in tune, with a correct

## THE GREATNESS OF THE LITTLE THEATER MOVEMENT EXPLAINED BY ITS CHAMPIONS

THE true greatness of the "little theater" movement which has sprung up in this country practically during the last five years is reflected in no small degree by the "literature" on the subject, which has grown almost to library size. Two or three magazines are devoted exclusively to this "amateur revolt." The *Theater Arts Magazine* (Detroit) announces itself as standing "for the creation of a new theater in America, a theater in which art and not business will be the first consideration." Experiment as opposed to commercialization and professionalism is the keynote of the new revolt. Three volumes have been published almost simultaneously dealing with the little theater: "The Little Theater in the United States," by Constance M. D'Arcy Mackay (Holt); "The Insurgent Theater," by Thomas H. Dickinson (Huebsch); and "The Art Theater," by Sheldon Cheney (Knopf). The movement is also discussed by Clayton Hamilton in his "Problems of the Playwright" (Holt), by Brander Matthews in the *North American Review*, and by an unnamed writer in the *Unpopular Review*.

Most of these writers interpret the huge proportions of this quick-growing crop of little theaters to the widespread dissatisfaction with the "regular" theater which is rooted and entrenched in the soil of Broadway, and which scorns the intelligence of the audiences of "the road," as the inferior quality of its traveling attractions attests. A revolt was inevitable, if we may believe the writer in the *Unpopular Review*:

"The taste of Broadway, which now dictates to our stage, is in no true sense a cosmopolitan taste, but rather a strange

mixture of provincial tastes, not one of them ordinarily operating under normal conditions. So far as Broadway taste represents New York, too often it is hectic and flashy and thoughtless, the taste of the scum of the melting-pot. What is sound and stable and truly cosmopolitan in New York taste will be found rather in the concert halls than the theaters, only occasionally coming to the rescue of a play like 'Peter Pan' or 'Magic' or 'Justice.' But far more than New York, Broadway taste represents 'the provinces,' in the persons of the 500,000 transients who are to be found every day in our vast city, here for twenty-four hours, or a week, transacting business by day, perhaps, and by night determined to 'have a good time.' They are in the mood of orgy, as the scientists would say; they spend money ridiculously, they throw off normal inhibitions, they are out for a spree. To such people, a seriously interpretative drama is not the one to give pleasure and satisfaction."

All of the little theaters—and there are now at least fifty of them, according to Miss Mackay's list—are in one way or another the expression of a revolt against the flashy and sentimental plays of Broadway, an attempt to throw off the yoke of this misrepresentative drama, which is sent to other American cities as well. The results, we read, are already considerable. The writer of the *Unpopular Review* concludes:

"All these amateur experiments, all this amateur effort, represents a disinterested and surprisingly spontaneous enthusiasm for the arts of the theater, and a widespread and profound discontent with present conditions. The enthusiasm is contagious, the discontent only too easy to share. More and more converts will be made every day, more and more, therefore, an audience will be assembling ready to welcome larger efforts at practical production. When those efforts are

large enough, the professional players (who are, of course, and must always remain, the backbone of the theater) will be drawn in to cooperate and guide, as many of them are already doing. The 'Provinces' will sign a declaration of theatrical independence, and the work of Herne and Fitch and Moody, the work of creating an interpretative American drama, will go on again."

Brander Matthews likewise sees in the unsatisfactory existing organization of the American theater the real reason for the astonishing growth of the little theater movement. He points this out in the *North American Review*:

"Many of the smaller cities and most of the larger towns have been deprived of all opportunity to see good plays well acted. The best they could hope for would be either an occasional visit from a star, filling in a week of one-night stands between two large cities, or a few performances of a recent metropolitan success by a 'number three company.' Many representative plays of American, British and foreign authors were available in print; but plays are never written primarily for reading, and they reveal their full dramatic force only when they are performed. To judge a play by the printed page only is like trying to judge a picture by a photograph only; and in neither case is it possible to enjoy the richness of color. The little theaters brought the acted play to many places where the interest in the drama had been kept alive only by the printed play. And even in the big cities, the commercial theater had neglected a host of pieces which true lovers of the drama longed to behold—those of Lord Dusany, for example, and those of Maeterlinck."

Professor Matthews does not think that the little theaters should be looked upon as actual rivals of the professional theater. He thinks their purpose should be (and often is) to serve as proving grounds and experiment stations; to capitalize the enthusiasm and initiative of youth; to allow full freedom to the amateur spirit, which plays the game for its own sake and not for the gate-money.

Sheldon Cheney, editor of the *Theater Arts Magazine*, stands for a clean cleavage between a purely commercial theater on the one hand and "a new professional art theater" on the other. He looks forward to a chain of local repertory art theaters, serving every art-loving community from Maine to California. As explained in his organ, the new theaters ought to stand for the "synthetic ideal." He explains it:

"The synthetic ideal has to do with the attainment of that elusive quality which makes for rounded-out, spiritually unified productions. It may be called rhythm, or style, or merely artistic unity. It finds its rise in the play, and it colors the act-



SILHOUETTES

Calling to their aid that brilliant young artist of the theater, Mr. Rollo Peters, the Provincetown Players of New York City were thus enabled to present a poetic drama with an effect almost professional.

ing, the lighting, the setting and all other elements of the staging. When fully realized, it goes further and creates an atmosphere which lies over the whole production as seen in the theater. It imparts an elusive something that evokes a definite *mood* over and above the spectator's usual reactions to drama.

"Certain periods in history have been known as the golden ages of playwriting, while others have been celebrated as the ages of great acting, and still others as eras of gorgeous and spectacular staging. To-day we excel in none of these contributive arts; but we have a new conception, a new ideal of a perfect harmony of them all. We have discovered that playwriting is an incomplete art, that acting properly exists not to glorify an actor's personality but only as a means to represent drama, and that the stage setting is rightly only a frame for the action. We are searching for a principle which will bring these incomplete arts into an artistic unity and give full scope to the drama as a theater-play, and not as a bit of dramatic poetry recited by a charming actor before a pleasing background. The capturing of this principle may well be modernity's most significant contribution to the art of the theater."



"COPY"

In Philip Moeller's new comedy, "Madame Sand," Mrs. Fiske reveals the most notorious woman novelist in an endless and persistent hunt for "copy."

## MRS. FISKE VITALIZES A DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE SAND

**T**O the long list of her important impersonations, ranging from Becky Sharp and Hedda Gabler to Salvation Nell and Erstwhile Susan, Mrs. Fiske is now adding a brilliant portrait of George Sand. In a new comedy by Philip Moeller, entitled "Madame Sand," our foremost American actress is said to vitalize a sort of dramatic biography in which the French novelist is revealed in the three most important amours of her career. In the strict sense of the word, so we read in the Baltimore *Sun*, Mr. Moeller's is not a play at all, for he has made no attempt to mold the various amatorial incidents of George Sand's career into a bit of closely-knit drama; but, instead, he presents the love affairs with Musset, Dr. Pagello and Chopin just as they happened—according to Mme. Sand's letters. Mrs. Fiske's portrait, to follow the critic in Baltimore, where this play was first presented, was an extremely interesting projection of the famous woman:

"It was a very carefully planned study, extremely witty always, and, in the De Musset episode, marked by a curious suggestion of effervescence that pictured clearly the youthfulness and restlessness of the character of that period. She expressed, too, and admirably, the disillusion that followed the failure, in Venice, of this first alliance; and so her later outburst, in which she asserts that she is master of her fate, comes a natural sequence to what has gone before. It paves the way for the serious note that she introduces with such skill in the final episode.

"Indeed, the entire scene with Chopin is a masterly piece of art; dignified, subtle, wonderfully intellectual and serious, but fraught at the same time with such a curious suggestion of physical allure that it is as noteworthy as anything which this fine artist has hitherto done. It is a fitting climax, too, to the somewhat bizarre episode which immediately precedes it, in which George Sand appears in her made habiliments and presents so strangely picturesque but so unfeminine a figure."

One critic suggests that Mr. Moeller has drawn upon the letters of the extraordinary woman herself rather than upon that stupendous biography of Madame Karenine's, which we now accept as the one monumental authority upon George Sand's life and amours, and which is so eloquently interpreted by Henry James in his "Notes on Novelists." In the hands of Mrs. Fiske, the critic of the Baltimore *Star* points out, the mental and cerebral note is emphasized:

"Played by Mrs. Fiske, Madame Sand assumes more the mental quality—a quality that characterizes all the work of this actress. Mr. Moeller has shown her as a woman with a great sexual lure, whose love affairs are deep and stirring, if episodic, whose every love is a 'love she has never loved before.' In her interpretation of the character Mrs. Fiske emphasizes the comedy of the rôle, but fails to bring to it the deep heart-throbs that would make it convincing and place Madame Sand upon a truly exalted plane. As it stands now, there are certain suggestions of the farcical element in a woman who lightly, easily, and almost with a laugh at herself, goes from

love to love. Mr. Moeller's lines indicate a deep, if fleeting, feeling; but at the conclusion of the play one leaves the theater with the feeling that Madame Sand must have been a good joke to herself. However, the comedy is delightful and the characterization has that great merit in which the modern rôle is usually lacking—it gives much opportunity for interesting discussion."

Both Mr. Moeller as dramatist and Mrs. Fiske as interpreter have satirically caught the extraordinary fanaticism of the French romantic movement, in the opinion of the critic of the *Sun*:

"On its literary side the Romantic Movement was, of course, a revolt against classical convention; but it was also a great battle for social, political and religious liberty, and the latter issue touched George Sand very nearly. She fought for the rights of her sex and their sentimental emancipation. She believed that love was a divine instinct and the act of loving a Heaven-sent virtue, and that she and all women should be free to love when and where they pleased.

"Everything that happened in her life George Sand regarded as 'copy.' She frankly discussed the progress of her love affairs with her editors and friends. She wrote letters about them and made novels out of them, writing for hours daily. The more ardently she loved, the more furiously she wrote pages and pages of manuscript. Truly her life was stranger than any fiction a dramatist might devise, and in presenting his picture of it Mr. Moeller has caught with a fine skill the atmosphere of the times, the spirit of the strange coterie that supplies the *dramatis personæ* of the little comedy."

## WHAT THE CAMERA IS DOING TO STIMULATE WAR AND TO PICTURE IT FOR POSTERITY

**I**T is no minor part that motion pictures are playing in the theater of war. They are, in fact, being recruited more and more and utilized as a highly important agency, by the Allies and by Germany, not only in keeping patriotism aroused but in keeping for posterity a pictorial record of every phase of the world-shaking struggle. The Imperial Film Office of the German Government, for instance, has just produced a colonial picture entitled "The Traitor," the scene of which is laid in German Southwest Africa. The object of this film, says the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger*, is less to show the Briton as a spy than to remind the German people that they still have a second great Germany across the sea, from which they are only temporarily cut off. With this object the picture is to be exhibited throughout Germany. The characters consist of a German farmer's family and an Englishman, the latter being the traitor. He has married the farmer's daughter and under the shelter of the German family roof tree conducts his espionage with the aid of a Morse telegraph apparatus; but he falls into the hands of the Germans after a series of thrilling adventures. Another product of the Imperial Film Office is a picture entitled "Jan Vermeulen, the Miller of Flanders," which is described as a touching story of German philanthropy among the stricken people of Belgium.

The Paris *Ciné Journal* gives fur-

ther details of the efforts being made by the German film manufacturers to capture the eyes of Switzerland. They are sending out labels, synopses and posters with English wording, having learned from experience that Swiss producers and the Swiss public have grown tired of the sensational criminal dramas imported from Germany, and show a preference for English and American subjects. The Swiss, however, are displaying no eagerness to be deceived. We read also that the Germans would have liked the Stockholm conference to be held, if only for the reason that they could have secured a film record of Germans, Americans and Englishmen in friendly converse. Such a film could have been shown throughout Germany not only as "proof" of the war-weariness of her enemies but as "proving" that the British workingman was not so embittered against Germany as the German public has been led to believe. As there is no prospect of British or American delegates ever reaching Stockholm, it follows that there is no likelihood of such a film being taken. But, says a London dispatch, "the Germans are quite capable of faking one if they have an idea that it would buck up the morale of the people."

It is with this idea of "bucking up" the morale of the Russians that an American film is being prepared by D. W. Griffith for presentation in Russia during the next few months. Its object is to bring before the Rus-

sian people (eighty per cent. of whom are illiterate, but few of whom are blind) a vivid picture of the industrial strength of America, the vast military preparations under way, of the gigantic munition factories and steel mills working at full blast. They will see the locomotives and freight cars being constructed for shipment to Russia, the loading of transports with troops for France, the enthusiasm of departure—a visual demonstration that America is in the war to win. As the film is being duplicated for presentation in fifty theaters simultaneously, it will be witnessed by a considerable portion of the Russian people before next spring, and may have a marked influence upon the final campaign of the war.

This American director, in addition, has been abroad for several months cooperating with the British War Office in securing film material for a mammoth spectacle of war as it actually is. Questioned by the *Moving Picture World* regarding his impressions of the French and Belgian battle-fields and as to the immediate purpose of filming them, this director, who has guided many mimic armies in his photo panoramas, said:

"One comes away from it all with an imperishable recollection of depths of mud and vermin, of decay and stench and horror piled on horror, but also inspired by deeds that attain such heights of bravery and fortitude and heroic devotion to a cause that one wishes everybody could know it and understand the



CLEOPATRA MOBILIZES THE HOSTS OF EGYPT TO MAKE WAR ON ROME

Another triumph of photodramatization is achieved by Theda Bara, the star, and William Fox, the producer, of "Cleopatra," the new cinema spectacle which represents the coordinated playing of thirty thousand people and is said to have cost \$500,000. It portrays the historic battle of Actium, the first great naval conflict ever filmed; and three thousand horses and camels were used in the battle and desert scenes.

spirit that is maintained behind those long lines. If this message could get through to every fireside there would be no question about the success of our Liberty Loans or our concerted efforts to see this war through to a finish.... Thanks to the assistance of the British officers at the front we caught actual scenes in the first-line trenches and the surrounding panorama which often covered a view forty miles long and from ten to fifteen miles in depth. This is where the motion-picture camera is going to be important in writing the history of this war. It is not within the limit of human possibility for a dozen pairs of eyes to grasp half of what takes place in a modern battle. No one man, not even the general in command, can see a tithe of it. But the camera has been perfected to such an extent that it possesses a thousand eyes and reaches out in every direction so that it can catch the grand panorama one instant and the next it can disclose a minute detail of the most illuminative and atmospheric 'close-up.'

The new French lenses, we read, with their fourteen-inch depths, are first among the modern improvements that have assisted most in this work. Then comes the gyroscope, a miniature combination of the aeroplane and box kite, controlled by an electric wire from the field and which can be sent up to a considerable height and get bird's-eye effects which a short time



FROM THIS PAINTING, DONE TO ORDER BY A CELEBRATED ARTIST, A SCENE IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS" WAS CONSTRUCTED

Lighting effects in the latest films are no less wonderful than are numerous other devices that deceive and please the eye. They mark an important stage in the evolution of the photoplay.

back would have escaped the most diligent camera. In this way it is possible to show a charge along a two or three-mile front and also, for the

first time, to picture the grim work in the trenches close enough to reveal men actually wounded and buried under bursting shells.

## LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photoplay in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

**CLEOPATRA.** Fox, 10 reels: A photodramatization of the Egyptian queen, founded on history, with which some liberties have been taken, and on the Shakespeare portrayal, together with other authoritative records. There have been many mimic Cleopatras in drama, but never has her story been given such a massive and artistic setting as in this picture in which Theda Bara is featured. The result of this literary patch-work is a lucid, if not authentic, account of the love affairs between Cleopatra and Julius Caesar, and her consuming passion for Mark Antony. The scenes shift from Alexandria to Rome, and several historic moments that have been immortalized by famous artists are reproduced with impressive fidelity. Miss Bara is always satisfactory to the eye, save that not a few spectators will criticize the very frank display of her physical equipment and some of the seductive wiles she uses to ensnare her lovers.

**THE PUBLIC DEFENDER.** Harry Raver, 6 reels: The story of an innocent man, convicted of murder and about to be electrocuted, who is saved when his case comes into the hands of a newly appointed public defender, portrayed by Robert Edeson. In its present form, the picture is an ordinary melodrama, but will no doubt be improved before it circulates generally. It is a plea for equal rights before the bar of justice for both rich and poor, and urges the need of a public defender as well as of a public prosecutor.

**FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD.** Goldwyn, 7 reels: A son of wealthy parents, suddenly aroused from his profligate habits by a manly young officer of the American Legion, enlists and finally receives a commission. There are some extremely interesting scenes which evidently were photographed at the training camps in Canada,

showing how the overseas forces are trained for the work ahead of them. A feature of the picture is the night photography, which has been very carefully done.

**LES MISERABLES.** Fox, 12 reels: This picturization of the Victor Hugo masterpiece is in many ways the most ambitious and artistic production thus far achieved in the Fox films. As Jean Valjean, William Farnum gives a notable characterization and, what is rare in the filming classics, one that is no distortion of the original Valjean as drawn by Hugo. It is a photodramatic triumph.

**THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT.** Arcraft, 6 reels: Geraldine Farrar, celebrity of both the opera and the screen, achieves a success in this cinema spectacle which is comparable to her *Joan of Arc*. The picture is based on a page of the history of America when Montezuma and his Aztecs were conquered by the Spaniards under Cortez. Miss Farrar, as the daughter of Montezuma, is the center of a stirring romance with a Spanish captain in the Cortez army—and establishes herself more securely as one of the leading emotional actresses of the film. The reproduction of the pyramid of Teotihuacan is the tallest setting ever built for a photodramatic production.

**SKINNER'S BABY.** Essanay, 5 reels: This comedy drama, based upon a story by Henry Irving Dodge, promises to rival the pronounced success of his "Skinner's Dress Suit." Instead of a dress suit, it is a baby that fills to overflowing the cup of joy from which Skinner and his wife drink. A somewhat delicate situation is handled in a most delicate manner. No detail is lacking, yet a subject is presented which might otherwise have come under the ban of the censor.

**THE DEFEAT OF THE CITY.** General Film, 4 reels: This first four-reel O. Henry story is not different from the two-reel stories we have had. It is simply an O. Henry story, of double length, of a country boy who comes or goes to the city, makes good as a lawyer, becomes a "prominent clubman," and marries a daughter of the four hundred. She plays golf well in the first reel. The story is not dramatic. It is an unvarnished narrative with two mild O. Henry surprises, the second coming at the end. After the husband has spent the day cutting capers on the old farm he is sure his wife is displeased. He nerves himself for her opinion. She says: "I thought I married a gentleman, but—I find I married a man."

**OVER THERE.** Select, 6 reels: An appeal to American manhood to do its bit in the present struggle, under which circumstances it is not necessary to inquire too closely into the skill with which the picture is assembled. Its chief merit is its timeliness.

**FLAMING OMEN.** Vitagraph, 5 reels: Cultured English life and existence among the sun-worshippers of Peru are thrown into sharp contrast in this highly-colored melodrama. The story is extremely improbable, but who cares about probability in this sort of romance, so long as there are love and thrills a-plenty, and the hero gets the girl?

**RETREAT OF THE GERMANS AT THE BATTLE OF ARRAS.** British Commission, 10 reels: An impressive panorama of what the British army is accomplishing at the front. The camera, sweeping the battle-fields, shows the Allies in action, life in the trenches and the big guns at work, the field hospitals and the Red Cross.

# SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

## A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING AGAINST THE URIC-ACID DELUSION

IT is high time the medical profession took action to check the growth of a popular delusion on the subject of uric acid which, in the opinion of Doctor J. B. Berkart, of the London Hospital, is working mischief among the laity. Many intelligent people talk of uric acid in the system as if this were some formula tolerated in the ranks of the experts who have subjected the whole theory to searching laboratory investigation. Through the medium of the daily newspapers, the public are reminded of the perils to which they are exposed from uric acid. Readers of newspapers are advised to escape the "perils" by means of a proprietary or other "remedy." It is amazing to Doctor Berkart, who writes in the London *Lancet*, that such gross error can gain any degree of credence at all in view of the scientifically established facts of the matter:

"When deposits of uric acid were detected in the joints which had previously been the seats of painful inflammatory swellings, that substance was at once assumed to be the cause of gout; and not only of the typical and so-called regular manifestations of that disease but also of all functional derangements and anatomical lesions which precede, accompany and follow that peculiar affection of the joints. This view has gained general and speedy acceptance owing to a favorable concurrence of circumstances. There was the belief which for centuries has been held—a belief so implicit that from its inception to this day it has never been questioned—that gout is essentially the consequence of excesses in eating and drinking, or of indulgence in particular articles of diet; and as uric acid was supposed to be an imperfect form of urea there was prima-facie evidence of its causality. . . . Here was a definite chemical body which as a derivative from food not only confirmed a doctrine held from the remotest antiquity but encouraged the hope that if its formation could not altogether be avoided, its consequences might at least be effectually averted.

"Uric acid was thus with one accord admitted as the specific cause of gout; and tho recently other substances have been suggested instead of it, it has hitherto lost none of the hold which it had gained at the moment of its discovery."

Nothing, however, was known of the manner in which that peculiar substance arose and how it exerted its alleged power to produce diseased con-

ditions. Presumably a toxic substance, it was impossible to overlook the fact that it is invariably formed in the course of normal metabolism and is generally discharged without producing any disturbance. It was obvious that here were peculiar circumstances which led to its conversion into an irritant and to its deposition into the joints. The fundamental doctrine supplied the key to the solution of the problem. Excesses in eating and drinking, it was argued, being the primary cause of the disease, it followed that their product would be correspondingly large, and such a mass of effete matter would suffice to account for the whole train of symptoms summed up under the too general name of gout:

"Thus the uric acid would contaminate the blood; and if it happened, as it often did, that other acids were generated within or introduced from without, they would render it insoluble. To avert the serious consequences that would ensue from the presence of that impurity, the system made efforts to get rid of it, and in favorable circumstances succeeded in doing so by depositing it into the articular cartilages as being parts of no great importance for the preservation of life.

"Since this theory was advanced it has been found that uric acid is derived not only from food but also from the disintegration of the nuclei of the tissues. Whether its origin is endogenous or exogenous, even the largest quantities that may be formed are excreted without any concomitant derangement so long as the renal filter is intact, and whatever the disturbances associated with its imperfect elimination they are not produced by it. All the symptoms that occur in these circumstances are coordinate phenomena, and are due to some pathological changes in the kidneys which lead to a retention not only of uric acid but also of urea, of water, and of other effete substances. That such retention is not indifferent to the organism need hardly be insisted upon, but that uric acid is the sole, or even the most potent, element in the causation of the ensuing consequences is a purely gratuitous assumption."

On this subject nothing at all has been definitely ascertained, altho an overproduction of uric acid in gout has been readily assumed. The current view on that point is merely an assumption from the fundamental doctrine upon which the pathology of the disease has been constructed. The authorities hold, however, now, as a result of the recent researches, that uric

acid is formed here in an abnormally small quantity—so small, indeed, that the presumably healthy kidneys are not sufficiently stimulated thereby to effect its removal. It is evidently retained in the blood, and allowed gradually to accumulate there until it has reached an amount sufficient to break the renal barrier. Nor is there evidence of any deficiency of alkalis in the blood whereby uric acid is rendered insoluble and thus becomes an impurity of which the organism can rid itself only by depositing it into the joints. Numerous hypotheses have been advanced to account for this supposed conversion, but none of them has been confirmed by actual examination.

All inquiries into this subject have shown that there is no deficiency of alkalis and that uric acid is perfectly soluble even in blood which is saturated with it:

"As the term 'gout' is generally used, both in theory and in practice, it is applied to all kinds of functional derangements and organic lesions, which are then described as visceral or irregular gout and are supposed to be due to uric acid in the blood. Oftener than not that substance is not then found where it is supposed to exist. If it happens to be present, there is not the least evidence that any of those symptoms are produced by it. . . .

"Thus the clinical data afford no proof whatever of any pathogenic property of uric acid. Nor do the results of experimental inquiries. Subcutaneous injections of that substance into rabbits and occasionally into guinea-pigs and dogs have in no case produced a gouty inflammation of a joint or a tendon; they have led merely to deposits in the skin outwardly resembling tophi; but even that effect was obtained only by quantities thirty times as large as occur in man. . . .

"There is consequently no indication for an exhibition of an uric-acid solvent, because that substance is readily soluble in the tissue juices and is not the cause of the symptoms observed. Even if those alleged solvents served to remove all the uric acid from the blood, even then the patient would not be benefited thereby; for in the experience of His an intense treatment with radium completely drove out all uric acid from the blood, yet the gouty attacks returned with the same frequency and the same intensity as before. Moreover, such of the alleged solvents of uric acid which contain salts of soda have the undesirable consequence of favoring a deposition of uratic crystals."

## HOW THE TECHNIQUE OF THE NEW PHILANTHROPY HAS TRANSFORMED IT INTO A SCIENCE

**T**HREE is much to affront the layman in a view of philanthropy that makes it out a science in exactly the sense that biology is a science. It seems kinder, more humane, to regard philanthropy in the traditional way as a "virtue." A few illustrations, however, will make the matter clearer. The science of philanthropy knows no "deserving poor." Scientifically speaking, nobody "deserves" anything. The scientific view of philanthropy tolerates no distinction between deserving and undeserving. In the next place scientific philanthropy "relieves" no one. It

recognizes only "cases." It performs only "case work." It does not "relieve" cases. It "reinstates." The reinstated are those put back into normal relations with their economic environment. Here is involved another departure from the traditional "charity." It was held in the old-fashioned time that gifts of money "degrade" the poor. The notion is probably based upon nineteenth-century sociological conditions and in any event is irrelevant. The question is whether a "case" makes "reinstatement" a possibility by means of money gifts.

The most striking departure of phi-

lanthropy the science from philanthropy the virtue is seen in the explosion of a theory still cherished by the nineteenth-century mind. It has been said that if all the money in the country were divided equally among all the inhabitants of the land, the traditional inequalities financially would reappear speedily. The assertion is unscientific. All the money in the land could be divided equally among its inhabitants only as the result of a revolution fraught with tremendous psychological as well as economic consequences. Now, such a division has never occurred. Were the experiment actually made, scientifically valid evidence would exist as to the effect of a tremendous social upheaval. In the absence of verified data we have only prophecy as to the consequences of a vast social reconstruction—prophecy made by people who are not experts on the subject and who merely express an opinion based upon sociological data long superseded. Scientific philanthropy encounters at every turn in this style exploded notions left over from nineteenth-century "organized charity." In her newly issued study of social diagnosis, Mary E. Richmond, director of the organization department of the Russell Sage foundation, to whom we are indebted for the above reflections, makes these remarks on the point of view of the new science:\*

"The problem may be one of childhood or old age, of sickness, of exploitation, or of wasted opportunity; but in so far as it concerns some one individual in his social relationships it is not alien to social work as here understood. The effort to get the essential facts bearing upon a man's social difficulties has commonly been called 'an investigation,' but the term here adopted as a substitute—social diagnosis—has the advantage that from the first step it fixes the mind of the case worker upon the end in view. . . .

"In this new discipline, as in each of the others, discoveries that were made with pain and difficulty by the pioneers of one generation have become commonplaces of our thinking in the next. There is a half century of hard social endeavor between Edward Denison's despairing exclamation—'Every shilling I give away does fourpence worth of good by helping to keep their [his beneficiaries'] miserable bodies alive, and eightpence worth of harm by helping to destroy their miserable souls'—and the request made by a physician in an American city a few years ago. This physician, who had seen in his hospital practice the excellent service given by the trained social workers of the hospital in unraveling the social complications of its patients, asked their leader to let him engage one of them to



THE HEROINE OF THE LATEST VARIETY OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Miss Mary E. Richmond, humanitarian, has mastered the technique of the most original form of philanthropy ever evolved, in which the dependent becomes a client and in which the benefaction becomes a scientific experiment.

\* *SOCIAL DIAGNOSIS.* By Mary E. Richmond. New York: Russell Sage Foundation.

render like service to a private patient of his—a patient abundantly able to pay, and unlikely to be benefited medically without social treatment. The social service department of the hospital was unable to spare a worker from its staff, but recommended one with the requisite qualifications from the staff of a relief society.

"The point to be noted is that the skilful methods which made this undertaking possible had been built up laboriously by those who had shared Denison's questionings and later by several case work groups which struggled forward independently."

The use of the word diagnosis is not restricted to medical case work, it will be noted. It means in zoology and in botany, for example, a brief, concise and exclusively pertinent definition. In social diagnosis there is the attempt to arrive at as exact a definition as possible of the social situation and personality of a given "client." In the science of philanthropy there can be but clients. The whole point of view is missed if we think in such

terms as "deserving" and "poor" and "unfortunate" and "thriftless." Investigation or the gathering of evidence begins the process, the critical examination of evidence follows, and last comes the interpretation or definition of the social difficulty. Here we must not be confused by the traditional talk about "facts" in the case:

"What do we mean by the word fact? It is not limited to the tangible, as James Bradley Thayer has pointed out. Thoughts and events are facts. The question whether a thing be fact or not is the question whether or not it can be affirmed with certainty. Social workers do not always bother to ask themselves whether the statements they make can be affirmed with certainty. It is no unusual thing, for example, to read in a social case record the entry, 'Gave the inquiring agency all the facts in this case,' or 'Asked the committee what they would advise in view of the facts in our possession,' when not a single fact or only a few irrelevant ones had been obtained. Records even show instances of letters having been sent to other states

or countries suggesting action on some family situation and presenting 'the following facts,' when the alleged facts are no more than unverified statements intermingled with the opinions and conjectures of the writer. . . .

"In social diagnosis, the kinds of evidence available, being largely testimonial in character, can of course never show a probative value equal to that of facts in the exact sciences. All that is possible for us is to obtain proof that amounts to a reasonable certainty. Social treatment is even more lacking in precision than the treatment of disease, of which Dr. Meltzer says that every treatment is an experiment. This is true partly because social work has as yet amassed but a small body of experience, partly because its treatment demands for success an understanding of 'characterology,' for which no satisfactory body of data yet exists, but most of all because, for the social case worker, the facts having a possible bearing upon diagnosis and treatment are so numerous that he can never be sure that some fact which he has failed to get would not alter the whole face of a situation."

## A NEW THEORY OF THE CAUSE AND CURE OF STAMMERING

**A**N officer whose slight stammering had never much incapacitated him happened one day to be marching his men towards a ditch at a good pace. Suddenly and inexplicably the idea occurred to him that he would not be able to give the order to halt. The idea was realized by the effect itself. When the ditch was reached he was barely able to bring his men to a halt by means of an inarticulate cry.

The record does not say further, observes Doctor Ernest Tompkins in *The American Journal of Public Health*, whether this same officer was incapacitated after that experience. He probably was incapacitated. Such an experience so intensifies the trouble that the utterance of any order whatever might in time become an impossibility. However it might have been subsequently with this officer, it is certainly so in quantities of recorded cases. The highly competent expert, Doctor Rudolf Denhardt, cites many cases of officers incapacitated by similar experiences.

Now, the loss to the service of a trained officer who has become useful in his field is far more serious than the civilian might imagine. Can nothing be done to remedy the conditions thus indicated? Yes, replies Doctor Tompkins:

"The entire disorder can be extirpated within a few years. Its existence at the present time is one of the saddest indictments of the human race that history has to record. All this will be evident from

consideration of the nature of the disorder.

"Why could not the officer call 'Halt' to his men? Simply because his fear of inability to issue the order prompted a frightened misdirected effort which blocked his normal speech. If the fear had not arisen in his mind he would have issued the order properly. Some time in his childhood an accident or incident had induced him to make a conscious effort to help his speech; but after speech is acquired it can not be directed consciously, so his effort hindered his speech and planted the fear of speech disability. But that fear was slight and did not induce enough continued interference with his speech to bother him much—a degree of stammering that is sometimes called 'sleeping stammering' because it is inactive. Its awakening under circumstances of deep humiliation undoubtedly kept it awake—and very much so—for the rest of the man's life.

"This explanation of stammering will undoubtedly be rejected by many authorities. They are not agreed as to what they think stammering is, but they seem to be almost a unit in rejecting what it really is. However, the truth needs only time for justification. Moreover, the extirpation of stammering is entirely independent of what it is. Call it anything you like; the remedy is indisputable, and has been known vaguely for thousands of years. All that is needed is to know it clearly and to apply it."

German statistics show at least two-thirds of the stammering school-girls to be free from the trouble in adult life. Scientific considerations, taken in conjunction with these statistics, indicate that of the girl babies who contract stammering, nine-tenths re-

cover before middle age. Moreover, every community contains several fluent adults who were once stammering boys. Stammering is intermittent. The stammerer's speech consists of correct talking done spontaneously and incorrect talking done when he is frightened. When he does much spontaneous talking and finds himself talking freely, the idea of disability fades. The general expression of the remedy is simple. It is nothing but the prevalence of correct talking over incorrect talking:

"No other remedy is known. The three-weeks alleged cures are principally temporary uplifts due not to the methods used, for they are generally harmful, but to the calmness and confidence instilled by the environment of the cure, as is demonstrated by the relapses away from the cure.

"The time of real correction—the removal of the idea of speech disability by correct talking—is inversely proportional to the rate at which that talking is done; doubling the rate of talking halves the time. The time of recovery is also inversely proportional to the age at which it is begun. At the inception of the disorder it can be stopped in no time; in old age it is generally considered incurable, but that is a mistaken impression due to the fact that the disorder is more tenacious than the application of the remedy. The mother's remedy, prohibition of stammering, is hastened outgrowth. The prohibition of stammering is equivalent to a great increase in the rate of correct talking. This method is wonderfully efficacious in the period between the acquisition of stammering and the beginning of schooling (stammering is generally acquired before schooling begins)."

## WHY GREAT AND ORIGINAL MEN ARE MISJUDGED AND DEFEATED BY MEDIOCRITIES

**O**NE of the commonest accusations brought against the genius, or, as that able psychologist and pathologist, Doctor F. H. Hayward, calls the type, the "living man," is that, however gifted in one direction, he is a failure in most others and particularly in practical affairs. The great Hogarth, we are assured, had no sense of beauty. Chopin was held effeminate in his music. Turner couldn't draw and Berlioz was unable to compose melody. Michelangelo was lacking in tenderness. Herbart overemphasized instruction. These examples could be multiplied indefinitely and come under the category of misjudgments of men who are really alive by men who are not quite alive. The "live" or "living" man is the genius. The man inadequately alive is the mediocrity. From this standpoint let us, then, he suggests, weigh these inferences:

Precocious children turn out failures in life. A good memory for concrete details goes with a bad memory for abstract principles. A quick memory is lacking in permanence. A rapid worker is inaccurate. Short men are cleverer than tall ones. Men with powerful visual images have feeble auditory images.

All these assertions are prejudice and nothing more, declares Doctor Hayward,\* who is a distinguished inspector of schools in England. There is no statistical basis for such assertions, which are passed on from one generation of little men to another as sound estimates of great men. These erroneous ideas are due in part to jealousy, in part to the noting of a few striking instances and in part to the "living" man's necessary limitations of time and training compared with the advantages often enjoyed by the ordinary man.

The error here may be fathered upon the so-called theory of compensation, for which Lombroso is mainly responsible. Lombroso has filled the literature of contemporary science with erroneous conclusions from inadequate data:

"Lombroso takes up the theme and exploits this principle of 'compensation'; excessive development in one direction means deficient development in another. 'The giants of thought expiate their intellectual force in degeneration and psychoses.' Altho, as he admits, 'there have been men of genius presenting a complete equilibrium of the intellectual faculties,' even these 'have presented defects of affectivity and feeling, tho no one may have perceived it, or, rather, recorded it.'

To be lacking in talent, or rather in good sense or common sense, is one of these characters of genius which witness to the presence of neurosis and indicate that hypertrophy of certain psychic centers is compensated by the partial atrophy of other centers." But Lombroso goes on to say that even men of talent, without genius, present various slight but real abnormalities; and as the same may be said of most mediocre men his argument loses much of its weight. Do ordinary men show perfection of 'affectivity and feeling'?

"Many of the most notorious allegations against able men can be disproved at once. Turner's early drawings are excellent; the fact that later his interest was in color is no proof that he was capable of nothing else. (It is generally admitted, however, that he was never strong on the human form.) Berlioz 'couldn't write melody'; yet in the *Benvenuto Cellini* there are four or five admirable melodies in the space of ten minutes!" Chopin, the 'effeminate,' was the composer of the intensely martial Polonaises.

"More recently the theory has been put to the test of statistics and has been found 'in gross error.' There are, of course, individual cases of inverse relationship; an individual artist or musician may have weak business habits; a physically very small man may have a great intellect. But when the question is treated statistically and on a large scale these inverse relationships are swallowed up by more numerous direct relationships. Strength in one direction more often goes with strength in another than with weakness."

If the doctrine of compensation is statistically false, how did it arise? Apparently from one fact, from one fallacy, from one human failing:

"The one fact is that the able man who makes himself master of one or more arts or sciences must, to some extent, neglect other arts and sciences. It is a matter of disposable time and of personal interest: The artist may be a 'poor business man' merely because he has not devoted time to learning the rules and methods of business. But his ignorance of business is no proof that he is incapable of business success. If he tried he might succeed. Bacon confessed to legal failure: 'Knowing myself to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes for which I was not very fit by nature and more unfit by preoccupation of my mind.' Is not the second explanation—'preoccupation of mind'—sufficient in itself? Darwin admitted that he gradually lost, owing to 'preoccupation' with science, his taste for poetry, music, and pictures; yet he once had that taste.

"The Living Man, engrossed in the work of research or creation, has no time or energy to devote to other things, which, therefore, he may let slip.

"This was so with James Watt. When in the throes of invention he was 'quite barren on every other subject.'

Now, the professional man rarely suffers from the ups and downs of the creative worker. His dullness is chronic, his love of routine invincible. Knowing himself incapable of original work and being jealous of it, he asserts that the original man is not business-like, and men like Watt may even admit as much about themselves. Yet that Watt was markedly defective in business ability is quite unproved. He concentrated on other things. The engrossing interest of these other things took him away from business, prevented him from learning or from wishing to learn all that could be learned about it. That is not incompetence. It is division of labor. The fallacy is to note striking cases of inverse relationship and to ignore the less striking cases of direct relationship. For example, if the scientist is a poor business man, the more eminent he is as a scientist the more we notice his failure as a business man. Half a dozen other scientists might be good business men and five hundred mediocrities may be poor business men. We fail to make allowance for all the cases and generalize from the few conspicuous ones.

"The professional man lacks passion. Now, the Living Man is full of passion, and this may appear at times in the form of 'excessiveness.' But this does not mean that a Living Man can never see two sides of a question; he is usually the only person who can see any side at all with such unclouded vision and intense conviction as to be willing to act upon it. The 'moderate' man, the professional man, sees and thinks in terms of formulas which may not fit the facts, and to which the facts themselves have to be fitted. The Living Man sees the facts themselves, discovers tragedy or comedy in them, and gives a powerful expression, in words or deeds, to what he sees; in consequence of this power to see clearly and express vigorously he is alleged to be 'extravagant' or 'excessive.' The fault is really with the men who can neither see nor express anything at all."

Another common charge, generally made after the living man has begun to win a measure of recognition, is that he is not original at all and may actually be a plagiarist—at any rate that others have invented or discovered the same things as he. This raises questions of great import. Originality is never absolute. It stands in some relation to the thought of the age and to the eternal needs of human nature. Hence a discovery or invention may be made almost simultaneously by two or more men or may even have been anticipated centuries before by an earlier investigator. The duplication, triplication or multiplication of many

\* PROFESSIONALISM AND ORIGINALITY. By T. H. Hayward. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

discoveries and inventions springs from the fact that at any given moment in history certain needs or problems are urgent and may set original minds to work along definite lines, from the fact that at this moment there is a given mass of accumulated knowledge and technique to suggest hypotheses or inventions. In short, there are the same felt needs and the same means to satisfy those needs. It is possible on this basis, to divide men into distinct groups:

"1. The most original are the absolute pioneers—so far as absolute pioneering is possible—those who anticipate, at a considerable distance of time, the more abundant inventions and discoveries that follow decades or centuries later.

"The fate of such men is usually a sad

one; the world, not having realized the problem or the need which stimulated them, fails to realize the import of the corresponding inventions. Even the belated honor of a monument or statue rarely comes to men of this type.

"2. The next most original group consists of those who appear at the 'psychological moment' and make almost simultaneous discoveries. The fate of these men depends largely on their physique and longevity; if they live to a good age they may see contempt, ridicule, and animosity die down and give place to adulation. Meanwhile there are probabilities of controversy as to the real 'discoverer' of this or that, and rivalry may arise. . . .

"3. The third group consists of men of mere ability (so far as this is distinguishable from originality), who follow in the steps of the last group and develop certain well-marked sides of their work. The fate of such men is usually for-

tunate: they come at a time when the world's mind is made up and the importance of the inventions and discoveries is seen. The persecution of men of Group 1, and the equivocal treatment of men of Group 2 is now compensated for by the assignment of high position and large rewards to Group 3. Statues, tho occasionally put up in honor of these men, are not frequent; 'they have their reward'—in salaries, positions, and pensions. Statesmen and officials belong almost wholly to this class. They never legislate in advance of public opinion."

"4. A fourth and huge group may be made out of those men who have neither originality nor ability. But even in their case there is always the question whether, with improved social arrangements for the circulation of ideas, vigorous Life might not spring up among them and 'all the Lord's people be prophets' in a small way."

## DISCLOSURE OF A SECRET OF THE NEW ATOM BY A YOUTH OF TWENTY-SIX

**S**TUDY of the chemical and physical properties of matter has produced our present atomic theory and furnished most of the information which is available about the way in which the myriad molecular structures are built up out of their atomic constituents. But it has been chiefly the facts of radiation which have provided reliable information about the inner structure of the atom itself. During all the years in which the dogma of the indestructible and indivisible atom was upon the stage of science, says the physicist, Prof. Robert L. Milliken, it was the complexity of the spectra even of simple gases which kept the physicist in the path of truth and caused him continually to question whether the atom could be an ultimate thing, or whether it did not have a structure and a very intricate one at that—as intricate, in Rowland's phrase, as a grand piano. Yet the evidence of spectroscopy, tho tremendously suggestive in the series of relationships brought to light between the frequencies of the different lines of a given substance, was, after all, most disappointing in that it remained wholly uninterpreted in terms of any mechanical model.\*

The discovery and study in the late nineties of corpuscular radiations of the alpha and beta type, with the changes in chemical properties accompanying them merely served to confirm the century-old evidence of the spectroscope as to the fact of the complexity of the atom and to educate the public into a readiness to accept it, without at first adding much information as to its nature. These studies did reveal, however, two types of body—the alpha and beta particles—as

atomic constituents, tho they said nothing at first as to their number, their arrangement or their condition within the atom. It was the study, by Barkla, of the problem of the secondary X-radiations scattered by atoms, which furnished the first important evidence as to the number of electronic constituents within an atom. He found that the number of electrons which can act as scattering centers for X-rays is about half the atomic weight. Out of his researches and those of the Manchester laboratory, there emerged the Rutherford nucleus atom, consisting of a central, positively charged body of extraordinarily minute dimensions, its diameter being not over a ten thousandth of the diameter of the atom, surrounded in the outer regions of the latter by a number of negative electrons equal to about half the atomic weight. Unquestionable information as to the exact value of this number, and as to the general correctness of the conception of the nucleus atom was, however, yet to be furnished. Says Professor Milliken:

"In a research which is destined to rank as one of the dozen most brilliant in conception, skilful in execution, and illuminating in results in the history of science, a young man but twenty-six years old threw open the windows through which we can now glimpse the subatomic world with a definiteness and certainty never even dreamed of before. Had the European war had no other result than the snuffing out of his young life, that alone would make it one of the most hideous and most irreparable crimes in history.

"For the proof that there exist but 92 elements, from the lightest known one, hydrogen, to the heaviest known one, uranium, and that these are built up one from the other by the successive addition of one and the same electrical element to the nucleus, this proof comes alone from

Moseley's discovery (checked and extended as it has been by de Broglie clear up to uranium) that the square roots of the characteristic X-ray frequencies of the elements progress by almost exactly equal steps from the lightest observable one to the heaviest."

Moseley proved this in a general way for both the alpha and the beta emission lines of the hardest characteristic X-ray of the elements, the so-called K-rays, and also for the alpha and the beta lines of the next softest series, the L series. De Broglie and Hull have recently shown that Moseley's law holds for other series.

"It is true that a series of atomic numbers coinciding with the series of atomic weights was suggested earlier, indeed 100 years earlier, by Prout, and by many others since then, and it is true, too, that changes in the chemical properties of radioactive substances accompanying the loss of alpha and beta particles led van den Broek, just before Moseley's work appeared, to suggest that position in the periodic table might be a more fundamental property than atomic weight; but since this position is in some instances uncertain, and since the number of elements was wholly unknown, no definite numbers were or could be assigned to all the elements until Moseley's discovery was made, and the only evidence which we now have as to just how many elements there are between hydrogen and uranium, and as to just where each one belongs, is the evidence of the X-ray spectra. It is true that between helium, atomic number 2, and sodium, atomic number 11, we have no evidence other than the order of atomic weights, the progression of chemical properties and the number of known elements in this region to guide us in completing the table; but since in the region of low atomic weights the progression in the Moseley table is always in agreement with the progression in the periodic table there can be little doubt about the correct number."

\* PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN PHYSICAL SOCIETY. New York, 1917.

## FORMIDABLE NATURE OF THE LATEST GERMAN BIPLANE

**T**HE unusual attention given of late to the Gotha biplane prompts an aviation expert to set forth some facts regarding the device so that it may be seen in its true perspective. Otherwise, he declares, there is danger that to the uninformed it may become a sort of "bogey" machine and be credited with all sorts of qualities it does not really possess.

"Since the outbreak of war the Gotha firm have made a variety of types of aeroplanes. They have been quite successful in making seaplanes of ordinary pattern, and they also made a very useful single-seater scout biplane known as the Falke (or Falcon). The big twin-engined bombing machine is a fairly recent development. The firm runs its own flying school, known as the Duke Carl Edward School, at Gotha."

The early German twin-engined machines, made by the Aviatik concern and others, were not a success. Several of various types were seen about the western front over two years ago. Not until about ten months ago did the first twin-engined bombing squadron of Gothsas appear. This squadron was sent to the Balkans where it was used apparently for the bombing of Bucharest. Its success there and elsewhere led to a further utilization of the device until it forms at present a feature of German operations on the western front:

"The Gotha bombing machine is a bi-plane with a span about 80 feet from tip

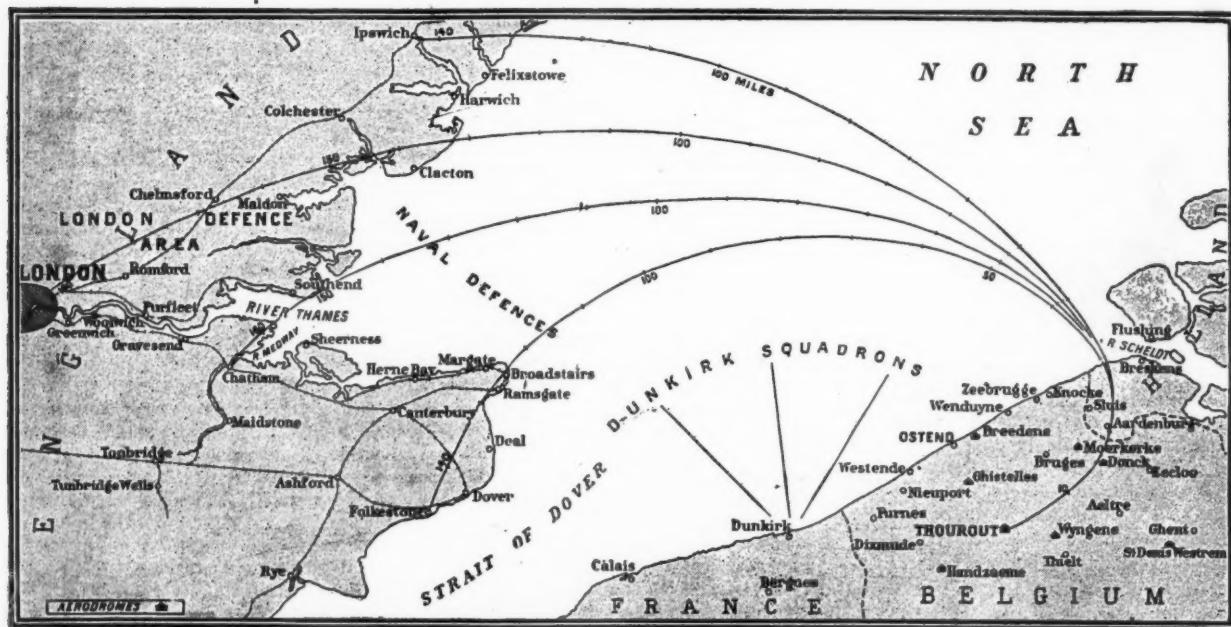
to tip of the wings and has a length of 40 feet from nose to tail-tip; the height of the machine is about 12 feet. The body, or fuselage, is similar to that of the ordinary tractor biplane, familiar to all, but instead of having an engine in the nose, this compartment is occupied by a gunner-observer, who also operates the bomb-dropping controls. The forward gun commands an arc of rather more than a semicircle horizontally and vertically, so that it can fire anywhere inside a sky area representing rather more than a hemisphere round the front of the machine. The bombs, twelve in number, are carried under the pilot's compartment, which is between the upper and lower wings and immediately behind the forward gunner. The reason for carrying the bombs thus is that since the bomb case is right under what is called the 'center of lift' of the machine, the balance is not affected whether the case is full or empty. Two extra bombs can be carried under the forward gunner's compartment if desired.

"Well aft of the pilot, behind the wings, is a large cockpit for the after gunner, who has a gun on the top of the fuselage which covers the whole after hemisphere of sky and rather more, so that any hostile machine attacking from above or from either side is subject to the fire of both the forward and after guns. Besides the top gun there is a third gun on the floor of the after cockpit, firing behind or downwards along a bottomless tunnel in the fuselage—as described recently,—and the fuselage is so arranged that in the event of an attack from the rear the forward gunner can come aft, past the pilot, and so two guns can be brought to bear on the pursuer."

It is this multiplication of guns and gunners which makes a formation of Gothas so difficult to attack. Pursuing machines need room in which to maneuver, and unless the pursuers carry two guns, each firing forward, and at the same time each attack a separate Gotha, they are certain to be outgunned. If one pursuer gets ahead of his fellows he becomes the target for the concentrated fire of several machines and unless the Gotha formation is broken up it is impossible for several pursuers to attack one Gotha at the same time and so bring a superiority of guns to bear. Despite this difficulty, the aviators of the Allies have succeeded in bringing down several of the formidable craft:

"The power plant of the Gotha consists of two Mercedes engines of 260 horse-power each, disposed one on each side of the fuselage, in between the wings, and each driving a 'pusher' air screw, which revolves close up to the rear edge of the wings.

"The workmanship in the Gothas is extremely rough, and distinctly reminds one that they were made in a wagon factory. Nevertheless their performance is good. They are capable of reaching great heights and of maintaining a high speed at an altitude at which most aeroplanes begin to lose speed badly. Those who have fought them say that when they have shed their bombs they reach the 18,000-foot level with apparent ease, and that when there they are little, if any, slower than the fast German fighting machines."



**THE ROAD TO ENGLAND BY AIR—A PROBABLE TRACK FOLLOWED BY THE GERMAN BOMBERS**

The above chart shows a probable route taken by invading Goths, says the London *Sphere*, from which we copy the diagram. We have presumed for the purposes of this diagram that the machines started from Thourout aerodrome, flew northeast towards the Dutch frontier, and then swung out across the North Sea, following the lines of flight here indicated. The routes are marked off in ten-mile stages. To reach the vicinity of Dover the aeroplane must travel 140 miles through the air, to reach the neighborhood of Chatham 100 miles, that of London nearly 200 miles, and finally Ipswich would be reached after a journey of 140 miles.

## COAL AS THE CAUSE OF AMERICA'S RISE, HER GREATNESS AND HER DECLINE

INTO a world of agriculture and pasture and little market towns with a few ports, there came, a trifle over a century ago, the beginnings of what is now known as the Industrial Revolution. Coal, which up till then had been used here and there merely for domestic purposes, came to be used to drive machines which would do far more work than the individual man or animal or even a number of men and animals could do. Man harnessed energy outside of himself to do the things which before then he had to do with his own hands. Here was a tremendous new store of energy, not food energy at all, by which things could be done that could not be done before. Man has been able to use energy on a far vaster scale. The materials for his food and clothing are brought from the ends of the earth—not the luxuries merely, like spices and tea, but what forms the great bulk of his food and dress. Coal, in short, is the key to world-history, world-politics and world-diplomacy in the last century and a half, an unheeded explanation of the existence of so many great powers side by side on a scale unprecedented in any other era of human history. It is essential to grasp this point, declares Professor James Fairgrieve, the eminent expert on physical geography, or the whole problem of what we call world-power will remain dark to us.\*

"By the discovery thus made Great Britain at once profited. It was natural that the discovery should be made in Britain. Newcastle coal—sea coal—had long been used for purely domestic purposes; there is evidence of its having been brought to London as early as the thirteenth century. Of all the coal-fields in the world none are nearer the sea, and nowhere else could coal be shipped in small vessels at so little expense. It came to be used in lime-burning, in smith's forges, in smelting copper and lead, in making pottery, in drying malt, but purely for its direct heating effect. The first apparently trivial steps by which the discovery was made were neither so likely to have been made elsewhere nor so likely to have led to great results, for where the first discoveries were made, there it was more probable that men should make also the later.

"By the employment of coal to generate steam, things were moved that it was not possible to move before, and things were moved at rates never before dreamed of."

From the long struggle for sea-power which ended with the defeat of Napoleon, Great Britain emerged able to profit by the enormously increased ability to control energy thus made

possible. Other European states, with organizations of all kinds disturbed, were not yet able to reap the advantages of the discovery. In Great Britain, speaking of the energy obtainable from coal, every family has the equivalent of more than twenty helots to supply energy, requiring no food and feeling nothing of the wear and tear and hopelessness of servile life, whereas in ancient Greece each family depended for energy upon five living human helots.

"The inanimate helots grind our corn, make our clothes, fetch our food from the ends of the earth, carry us hither and thither to work and play, print our news and our books of wisdom, and perform numberless services of which the Greeks never dreamed.

"Later, the coal in other lands has gradually come to be used. Through France, Germany, Austria and Russia runs the European coal belt, where ages ago, to be reckoned by hundreds of millions of years, on the hot, swampy, slowly-sinking shore of an ancient continent, great reedy trees grew in rank profusion, whose remains, sealed undecayed between layers of mud and sand brought by river or ocean, are now called on to give up that energy which the chemistry of life stored within their growing tissues."

According to varying circumstances, these states have in varying degrees been able to utilize the energy thus provided. In China and India the past geological history has not been such as to make it possible for the coal they possess to be utilized quickly. The coal supplies of the other continents, with one exception, need scarcely be considered. That exception is North America:

"No land has benefited more than this from the discovery of coal power. It has been estimated that the coal resources of the world amount to 7,397,533 million tons. Of this Canada is estimated to have reserves of 1,234,269 million tons, the United States 3,214,174 million tons. Whether this is exactly true or not, it is evident that an extraordinary proportion of the coal of the world is in North America. And, if we examine the position of the coal-fields, we see that three-quarters of the states united under the central government at Washington have coal, while the greatest amount lies right in the track of the great natural advance by way of the Hudson and the Mohawk. Thus North America differs from all other lands, in that the greater part of it has been developed from the first by the use of new methods."

Advance was made not alone by using the immense store of energy locked up in coal. The very fact that advance was thus made stimulated advance in other directions. It had been necessary to make new tools to suit

altered conditions, so new tools came to be made to utilize such energy as man and his domestic animals possessed more profitably than had been possible previously. Tools had been made more and more efficient all through the ages. After the industrial revolution the process was immensely extended; but in no land has the process been so marked as in the United States. We are thus afforded a very striking key to the history of the United States in the last century and a half and a no less striking key to the future history of our country. Its rise, its greatness and its fall—assuming that last detail to be set forth in the book of destiny—must be bound up with its coal supply or with the discovery of a supply of energy capable of replacing it. When coal is used it cannot be replenished. There is only a certain definite amount and when that is gone there is no more. The survey of the world, altho not complete and detailed, is yet so accurately known that there can not be any great undiscovered source of coal. On this basis it has been estimated that at the present rate of consumption coal in Britain and Germany may last from five hundred to a thousand years and in the United States for six thousand years. Unfortunately, the rate of coal consumption tends ever to increase. If the consumption continues to increase at its accelerating rate, all the coal that can be worked in the United States under existing conditions will be exhausted in a century and a half, perhaps sooner:

"This may not be altogether a bad thing; it may merely be a stimulus to further saving, to making further advance. The stimulus to save is indeed already acting to bring about the employment of such engines as will really use the most energy in the coal: a good steam-engine uses only about 12 per cent. of the energy in the fuel. This is about the percentage of his food energy that a man can use in doing work. But a turbine uses 30 per cent. and a good gas-engine probably a little more, but even this is wasteful compared with the energy which the firefly uses to produce its light. However this may be, and even supposing that all the energy locked up in all the coal of all the world were employed for useful work, it is obvious that there will be a dearth after a period which, however long when judged by ordinary standards, yet, when measured by the time which we call historic, is certainly short. As the coal-fields are worked out, the lands containing them must become of less account; those lands which can mine coal longest will, other things being equal, obtain a corresponding importance. The very extensive coal-fields in China must thus have a peculiar interest for the future."

\* GEOGRAPHY AND WORLD-POWER. By James Fairgrieve. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

# RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

## LUTHER HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WORLD-WAR

**A**N unexpected and significant development in connection with the celebration in this country of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Protestant Reformation has been the charge, made by a Roman Catholic paper, that Martin Luther is responsible for the present world-war. The paper that makes the charge is *The Sacred Heart Review* (Boston), and the language in which the indictment is framed is that "the revolt of the sixteenth century led inevitably to the dread catastrophe of the twentieth; the religious upheaval, started under the apostate Luther, sowed the seeds from which developed the pan-European conflict." In years to come, the *Review* foresees, "historians will find for the present tragedy inciting causes more proximate to the event," feeling that "for them, no doubt, as for our contemporaries, the intervening three hundred years will free Luther from even the remotest responsibility for the devastating war." But the *Review* is confident that serious students will not be misled by such arguments. It says:

"The fifteen centuries prior to Luther's revolt were characterized by the gradual assimilation of the doctrine of universal brotherhood and by the rapid sequence of events calculated to establish permanently the gospel of arbitration. The Prince of Peace had entered in among men, preaching a message of love where heretofore the doctrine of force was held in honor. To the Church which he founded he gave the sacred commission to teach as he had taught, and as this teaching permeated society the nations gradually turned to the Church to settle the difficulties in which they were involved.

"She was the great peace tribunal of the world to which men appealed not merely because they deemed it expedient, but because prompted by a sense of duty. Her authority was respected, her orders were obeyed, and her pronouncements accepted by both the sovereign and his subjects. This was because society recognized that the Church, with the Pope at the head, was from God, and because the varied relations of public and private life were colored and controlled by religion.

"There were wars, it is true, in some of which even spiritual leaders engaged. There were differences between nations and disputes about national rights; but back of all this was an ever-growing

tendency to appeal to Christ's Vicar for arbitration, a tendency fostered by the teaching that nations should constitute a united family under the fatherhood of the Pope. These fifteen centuries were marked by the gradual triumph of authority over force as the controlling influence in society.

"The work of these centuries, however, was destroyed by the Reformation. The unity of faith which alone could secure a united world was broken. The Pope's authority was overthrown by the pride of self-seeking men who could brook no restraint. Civil rulers made themselves supreme. The masses assumed toward their sovereigns the same rebellious attitude these had taken toward the Church.

"Division, discord, and dissensions resulted, for when respect toward authority ceases force is the only court of appeal. Religion lost ground as a molding influence upon men, for men, assuming a lordship which was God's alone, rejected religious teaching and ruled God out of the world he had created. Such

was the 'Reformers' contribution to social disruption and discord. Their principles, we may affirm, are now revealing their true nature upon the battlefields of Europe."

The obvious retort to this argument is that Luther's rebellious idealism was the very antithesis of the spirit that inspires the Kaiser, and that if Luther's principles, rather than the gross materialism of the Junkers, had prevailed in the Germany of to-day, the history of that land would not in this century be written in letters of blood and fire. "Luther," said President John A. Singmaster, of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., speaking at a quadricentennial meeting held in Carnegie Hall, New York, "was a world-man, and his teachings are opposed to the imperial pretensions of the Kaiser." More than that, "Luther," declared Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, in an address made before the Boston Methodist Social Union, "was the colossal champion of those very principles of democracy for which America and her allies are now contending." Bishop Hughes continued:

"It does not state the case too sweepingly when it is declared that he was the premier founder of democracy. It is true that his principle was applied mainly to the church. He dealt the divine rights of popes and priests a terrible blow. But the moral logic and moral conviction that led him to deliver that blow could not possibly stop in any one realm. The same arguments that he used against papal autocracy could be employed with slight changes of phraseology against royal autocracy in the state. If there is to be no pope in Rome for free Christians, neither can there be any pope in Potsdam for free citizens. In the presence of Luther's essential conviction members of a Reichstag are in as much peril as are the cardinals of the Curia."

In a similar spirit, the Boston *Congregationalist* expresses the hope that the celebration of the Lutheran anniversary may become, "through prayer and exaltation of the great spiritual truths we hold in common," the foundation of a reconciliation with Germany "which, please God, shall be permanent"; while the Presbyterian *Continent*, of Chicago, calls attention to the fact that the Saxon blood from which Luther sprang is "much more nearly related to the ancestry of Americans (including the bulk of German im-



From a painting by O. Brausewetter  
Courtesy of N.Y. Reformation Quadrcentenary Committee  
**THE HERO OF THE REFORMATION**  
Martin Luther, after four hundred years, still holds the imagination of the world. His libertarian faith, a recent writer suggests, is what Germany most needs to-day.

migration) than to the ferocious Prussian tribe to whose barbarity the Germany of to-day is hopelessly enslaved." The same paper adds:

"The political world of the twentieth century is in revolt against autocracy. It was exactly the same revolt that Luther proclaimed in the sixteenth century in the domain of religion. And there never

was an age more appropriate than this for religious men to reassert what Luther staked his life on—that no human being can ever be invested with the right or power to rule over another human being's conscience."

America, as has frequently been pointed out, is the only land where the principles of Luther have penetrated

the entire social order. It may come to pass, a writer in the *New York Sun* suggests, that "when the iron rule of the Hohenzollerns is no more, we of this land, in which flourish institutions which might not have been except for the German monk, may take back to Germany those principles of liberty and democracy which he inspired."

## KARL LIEBKNECHT'S ANTI-MILITARIST CREED

**A**T a time when America has been acclaiming the rebellious idealism of Martin Luther, the German monk who sundered Christendom four hundred years ago, there has appeared appropriately, for the first time in English, the confession of faith\* of a modern German rebel, Karl Liebknecht, who is in prison at the present time and who has been called the boldest man in Europe because he stood up alone in the Reichstag in 1914 and refused to vote for his Government's war budget. Liebknecht's book is a remarkable document. It expresses the passionate faith of a man who could say, with Luther: "Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise." In years to come, it may be said of Liebknecht that he gave his life to the breaking of military absolutism just as Luther gave his life to the breaking of Roman Catholic absolutism.

"Militarism" is an extreme book. It is rooted in the author's conviction that not only the military machine, but also the capitalistic system of industry, must be overthrown. Liebknecht, like his father, the famous Wilhelm Liebknecht, is a Marxian Socialist. He sees in the "class struggle" between workingmen and capitalists the fundamental social fact, and he sees militarism ultimately submerged by a world-wide proletarian revolution.

"Militarism!" he explains in the first sentence of the book—"there are few catch-words which are so frequently used to-day. There is scarcely another one which signifies something so complex, many-sided, Protean, or expresses a phenomenon so interesting in its origin and nature, its means and effects—a phenomenon so deeply rooted in the very nature of societies divided in classes, and which yet can adopt such extraordinarily multifarious shapes in societies of equal structure, all according to the physical, political, social and economic conditions of states and territories." It is one of the most important and energetic manifestations of the life of most social orders, Liebknecht continues, because it exhibits in the strongest, most concentrated, exclusive manner the national, cultural and class instinct

of self-preservation, that most powerful of instincts.

The functions of militarism, as Liebknecht sees it, are fourfold. There is, first of all, the army which, as a national institution, is intended to protect the home country or to attack a foreign enemy. Under existing social



CALLED THE BOLDEST MAN IN EUROPE

Karl Liebknecht stood up alone in the German Reichstag in 1914 and refused to vote for his Government's war budget. He is now behind prison bars.

conditions such an army is, in Moltke's phrase, "a part of God's world order." It speedily breeds two other forms of militarism—navalism and colonial militarism. Navalism, militarism at sea, is characterized by Liebknecht as "the natural brother of land militarism," showing "all its repulsive and vicious traits." In even greater degree than land militarism, it foments trouble because it becomes linked with a policy of economic expansion.

"The Spanish-American War for Cuba, Italy's Abyssinian War, England's South African War, the Chinese-Japanese War, the Chinese adventure of the Great Powers, the Russian-Japanese War, all of them, however different their special causes and the conditions from which they sprung might have been, yet exhibit the one great common characteristic feature of wars of expansion. And if we

remember the strained relations between England and Russia on account of Thibet, Persia and Afghanistan, the disagreements between Japan and the United States in the winter of 1906, and finally the Morocco conflict of glorious memory with the Franco-Spanish cooperation of December, 1906, we must recognize that the capitalistic policy of colonization and expansion has placed numerous mines under the edifice of world peace, mines whose fuses are in many hands and which can explode very easily and unexpectedly."

The fourth function of the army—and in Liebknecht's view the most sinister—is that of protecting the existing state of society.

"Here it shows itself purely as a weapon in the class struggle, a weapon in the hands of the ruling classes, serving, in conjunction with the police and law-courts, school and church, the purpose of obstructing the development of class-consciousness and of securing, besides, at all costs, to a minority the dominating position in the state and the liberty of exploiting their fellow-men, even against the enlightened will of the majority of the people.

"This is modern militarism, which attempts nothing less than squaring the circle, which arms the people against the people itself; which, by trying with all means to force upon social division an artificial division according to ages, makes bold to turn the workman into an oppressor and an enemy, into a murderer of members of his own class and his friends, of his parents, sisters and brothers and children, into a murderer of his own past and future; which pretends to be democratic and despotic, enlightened and mechanical, popular and anti-popular at the same time."

In opposition to all the four functions of the present army, Liebknecht continues, the working class not only of Germany but of the entire world must present a resolute front. Its interests, he holds, are sharply opposed to such policies. Directly or indirectly these policies serve "the exploiting interests of the ruling classes of capitalism." They are policies which "prepare, more or less skilfully, the way for the world-wide expansion of the wildly anarchical mode of production and the senseless and murderous competition of capitalism, in which all the duties of civilized men toward the less developed peoples are ruthlessly

\* **MILITARISM.** By Dr. Karl Liebknecht. Huebsch.

flung aside." What the workers need to learn is their own class-interest, and when they become "class-conscious" what they need to do is to exert their power to overthrow the present capitalistic régime and to inaugurate a cooperative commonwealth. As Liebknecht puts it:

"The working class welcome the immense economic developments of our days. But they also know that this economic development could be carried on peacefully without the mailed fist, without militarism and navalism, without the trident being in our hand and without the barbarities of our colonial system, if only sensibly managed communities were to carry it on according to international understandings and in conformity with the duties and interests of civilization. They know that our world policy largely explains itself as an attempt to fight down and confuse forcibly and clumsily the social and political home problems confronting the ruling classes, in short,

as an attempt at a policy of deceptions and misleadings such as Napoleon III. was a master of. They know that the enemies of the working class love to make their pots boil over the fires of narrow-minded jingoism; that the fear of war in 1887, unscrupulously engineered by Bismarck, did excellent service to the most dangerous forces of reaction; that according to a nice little plan, lately revealed, and hatched by a number of highly placed personages, the Reichstag suffrage was to be filched from the German people in the excitement of jingoism, 'after the return of a victorious army.' They know that the advantages of the economic development which those policies attempt to exploit, especially all the advantages of our colonial policies, flow into the ample pockets of the exploiting class, of capitalism, the arch-enemy of the proletariat. They know that the wars the ruling classes engage in for their own purposes demand of the working class the most terrible sacrifice of blood and treasure, for which they are recompensed, after the work has

been done, by miserable pensions, beggarly grants to war invalids, street organs and kicks. They know that after every war a veritable mud-volcano of Hunnic brutality and baseness sends its floods over the nations participating in it, rebarbarizing all civilization for years. The worker knows that the fatherland for which he is to fight is not his fatherland; that there is only one real enemy for the proletariat of every country—the capitalist class who oppresses and exploits the proletariat; that the proletariat of every country is by its most vital interests closely bound to the proletariat of every other country; that all national interests recede before the common interests of the international proletariat; and that the international coalition of exploiters and oppressors must be opposed by the international coalition of the exploited and oppressed."

This is the creed for which Liebknecht endures martyrdom in a German prison. Will his fellow-countrymen ever accept it?

## CHESTERTON'S UTOPIA OF CAPITALISTS

**W**E are all familiar with the Utopias of idealists who picture a world that has banished poverty and crime. But G. K. Chesterton, the English writer, in a book\* entitled "Utopia of Usurers," that has just been published on this side of the water, writes of a new kind of Utopia—the kind that hard-headed business men and Capitalists are going to establish for themselves if they ever get a chance. That they *will* get a chance and that they may accomplish their aims is Chesterton's haunting fear. "We must hit Capitalism and hit it hard," he says, "for the plain and definite reason that it is growing stronger." As his contribution to an assault that he hopes will become general, Chesterton writes the present book.

Taking up one after another certain aspects and departments of modern life, Chesterton describes what he thinks they will be like in "this paradise of plutocrats, this Utopia of gold and brass in which the great story of England seems so likely to end." He proposes to say what he thinks "our new masters, the mere millionaires," will do with certain human interests and institutions, such as art, science, jurisprudence or religion—"unless we strike soon enough to prevent them." And he starts with the arts.

Most people, he observes, have seen a picture called "Bubbles," painted by Sir John Millais and used for the advertisement of a celebrated soap. This he holds up as an awful example. The first effect of the triumph of Capitalism will be that there will be

no more art that might not just as well be advertisement.

"I do not necessarily mean that there will be no good art; much of it might be, much of it already is, very good art. You may put it, if you please, in the form that there has been a vast improvement in advertisements. Certainly there would be nothing surprising if the head of a negro advertising Somebody's Blacking nowadays were finished with as careful and subtle colors as one of the old and superstitious painters would have wasted on the negro king who brought gifts to Christ. But the improvement of advertisements is the degradation of artists. It is their degradation for this clear and vital reason: that the artist will work, not only to please the rich, but only to increase their riches; which is a considerable step lower. After all, it was as a human being that a pope took pleasure in a cartoon by Raphael or a prince took pleasure in a statuette of Cellini. The prince paid for the statuette; but he did not expect the statuette to pay him. It is my impressi that no cake of soap can be found anywhere in the cartoons which the Pope ordered of Raphael. And no one who knows the small-minded cynicism of our plutocracy, its secrecy, its gambling spirit, its contempt of conscience, can doubt that the artist advertiser will often be assisting enterprises over which he will have no moral control, and of which he could feel no moral approval. He will be working to spread quack medicines, queer investments; and will work for Marconi instead of Medici."

In literature, a similar degradation is traced. Chesterton speaks of seeing in several magazines lately a new kind of article, the article praising the big business man as men used to praise a king. Tributes to Joseph Lyons, "the man who runs those tea-shop places," and to Mr. Selfridge, of

department store fame, are mentioned in this connection. Chesterton tells us incidentally:

"The big commercial concerns of today are quite exceptionally incompetent. They will be even more incompetent when they are omnipotent. Indeed, that is and always has been the whole point of a monopoly; the old and sound argument against a monopoly. It is only because it is incompetent that it has to be omnipotent. When one large shop occupies the whole of one side of a street (or sometimes both sides), it does so in order that men may be unable to get what they want; and may be forced to buy what they don't want. That the rapidly approaching kingdom of the Capitalists will ruin art and letters, I have already said. I say here that, in the only sense that can be called human, it will ruin trade, too."

Chesterton is sure that Capitalists will banish holidays from their Utopia; he has noted their "horror of holidays." He is equally sure that the new community that they have already begun to build will be a very complete and absolute community; and one which will tolerate nothing really independent of itself. "The Capitalist really depends on some religion of inequality."

"Take even the least attractive and popular side of the larger religions today; take the mere vetoes imposed by Islam on Atheism or Catholicism. The Moslem veto upon intoxicants cuts across all classes. But it is absolutely necessary for the Capitalist (who presides at a Licensing Committee, and also at a large dinner), it is absolutely necessary for *him* to make a distinction between gin and champagne. The Atheist veto upon all miracles cuts across all classes. But it is absolutely necessary for the Capitalist to make a distinction between his wife (who is an aristocrat and consults crystal-

\* UTOPIA OF USURERS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By G. K. Chesterton. Boni and Liveright.

gazers and star-gazers in the West End) and vulgar miracles claimed by gipsies or traveling showmen. The Catholic veto upon usury, as defined in dogmatic councils, cuts across all classes. But it is absolutely necessary to the Capitalist to distinguish more delicately between two kinds of usury: the kind he finds useful and the kind he does not find useful. The religion of the Servile State must have no dogmas or definitions. It cannot afford to have any definitions. For definitions are very dreadful things: they do the two things that most men, especially comfortable men, cannot endure. They fight; and they fight fair."

If the Capitalists are allowed to erect their constructive Capitalist community, Chesterton proceeds, prison will become an almost universal experience.

"It will not necessarily be a cruel or shameful experience: on these points (I concede certainly for the present purpose of debate) it may be a vastly improved experience. The conditions in the prison, very possibly, will be made more humane. But the prison will be made more humane only in order to contain more of humanity. I think little of the judgment and sense of humor of any man who can have watched recent police trials without realizing that it is no longer a question of whether the law has been broken by a crime; but, now, solely a question of whether the situation could be mended by an imprisonment. It was so with Tom Mann; it was so with Larkin; it was so with the poor atheist who was kept in gaol for saying something he had been acquitted of saying: it is so in such cases day by day. We no longer lock a man up for doing something; we lock him up in the hope of his doing nothing."

Even Socialism will not, in Chester-



HAILED AS THE ONE TRUTHFUL INTERPRETER OF THE AMERICAN SOUL

E. W. Howe, of Atchison, Kansas, voices the real, as distinguished from the professed, ideals of Americans, according to Henry L. Mencken.

ton's view, be able to save the world from the Capitalist Utopia. "It must be remembered," he says, "that a Socialist State, in any way resembling a modern State, must, however egalitarian it may be, have the handling of large sums, and the enjoyment of large conveniences; it is not improbable that the same man will handle and enjoy in the same manner, tho in theory they are doing it as instruments, and not as individuals." The argument concludes:

"Our wealthy rulers will be in the position which grumblers in the world of sport sometimes attribute to some of the 'gentlemen' players. They assert that some of these are paid like any professional; only their pay is called their expenses. This system might run side by side with a theory of equal wages, as absolute as that once laid down by Mr. Bernard Shaw. By the theory of the State, Mr. Herbert Samuel and Mr. Lloyd George might be humble citizens, drudging for their fourpence a day; and no better off than porters and coal-heavers. If there were presented to our mere senses what appeared to be the form of Mr. Herbert Samuel in an astrakhan coat and a motor-car, we should find the record of the expenditure (if we could find it at all) under the heading of 'Speed Limit Extension Enquiry Commission.' If it fell to our lot to behold (with the eye of flesh) what seemed to be Mr. Lloyd George lying in a hammock and smoking a costly cigar, we should know that the expenditure would be divided between the 'Condition of Rope and Netting Investigation Department,' and the 'State of Cuban Tobacco Trade: Imperial Inspector's Report.'

"Such is the society I think they will build unless we can knock it down as fast as they build it. Everything in it, tolerable or intolerable, will have but one use; and that use what our ancestors used to call usance or usury. Its art may be good or bad, but it will be an advertisement for usurers; its literature may be good or bad, but it will appeal to the patronage of usurers; its scientific selection will select according to the needs of usurers; its religion will be just charitable enough to pardon usurers; its penal system will be just cruel enough to crush all the critics of usurers; the truth of it will be Slavery; and the title of it may quite possibly be Socialism."

## TEARING THE MASK OF HYPOCRISY FROM AMERICAN MORALS

THE chief symbol and character of our national life, according to Henry L. Mencken, a Baltimore writer, is hypocrisy—"a hypocrisy which leads us habitually and upon almost all subjects that most intimately concern us, to formulate two distinct sets of doctrine, the one of which we mouth magnificently and the other of which we cherish and put into practice in secret." On the one hand, in almost any field you choose, says Mr. Mencken, there is the doctrine that is virtuous and sweet-sounding and hence official; and on the other hand there is the doctrine that is forthright and brutal and sound—in brief, the doctrine that works. Mr. Mencken elaborates his argument (in the *New York Evening Mail*):

"There is no need for me to pile up examples; our policy in all things, social or political, important or trivial,

fairly reeks with that dualism. We posture as advocates of fair play, as good sports, as square guys—and throw beer bottles at the umpire when he does his duty.

"We bawl about the crimes of Big Business—and every last man in Little Business is trying to horn into Big Business as fast as he can. We drive out the saloon to the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!'—and let in the blind pig. We profess a personal virtue that would do credit to the monks of Mt. Athos, and support it by laws of the utmost ferocity—and our cities swarm with prostitutes.

"Thus the two brands of national philosophy, the two kinds of Americanism—the public and the esoteric. No wonder foreigners can't understand us, and put us down as half-fabulous.

"No wonder they stand flabbergasted before the incredible contrast between our theory and our practice—men arrested for republishing parts of the Declaration of Independence, men jailed for republishing parts of the Bible, no-

torious drunkards advocating prohibition in our legislatures, bawdy judges slobbering piously over the Mann act, shyster lawyers lifted into office on reform waves, trust-busting politicians borrowing money from trust magnates, tax-dodgers exposing and denouncing tax-dodgers, uplifers screaming for the common people with their mouths and picking their pockets with their hands."

The discrepancy between the theory and the fact, Mr. Mencken continues, is not only too much for foreigners; it scatters our own wits whenever we give thought to it. Yet it can be explained. Our dualism, Mr. Mencken tells us, is in part a reaction from a Puritanism that has prescribed impossible rules of conduct, and in part derives from the timorousness which, as one of the fruits of Puritanism, shuts off that bold philosophical inquiry which should be investigating and formulating the principles at the bottom of our actual practice. Such

a deductive and realistic ethic, Mr. Mencken continues, was put into words by Nicolo Machiavelli; by it we understand the Italian Renaissance. In France the job has been done, and in Germany, too. But not in England and not in the United States until a recent writer appeared. That writer is E. W. Howe, of Kansas, "the first wholly realistic and deductive moralist" that, so far as Mr. Mencken knows, America has produced. Howe needs no introduction to eastern cognoscenti. He has written a dozen or more books, including a novel. He publishes (and writes unaided) a monthly of considerable circulation. Lately, under the title, "Success Easier Than Failure," he has printed a brief, well-considered and coherent statement of his personal philosophy.

That personal philosophy Mr. Mencken regards as the private and unadorned philosophy—the genuine moving doctrine and conviction—of the average reflective American. "It is beautifully national," he says; "it is not what any of us preaches, but it is precisely what nine-tenths of us believe." Mr. Mencken goes on to summarize the outstanding principles of the book:

"They are, in the first place (here, perhaps, the late Mark Twain antedated Howe), that the only real human motive is intelligent self-interest—that altruism is not only idiotic but downright impossible.

"Secondly, that the highest and most laudable self-interest is visible in the will to survive—*ergo*, it is virtuous to accumulate money, the surest means of survival.

"Thirdly, that the most useful citizen is the one who pursues that enterprise most intelligently and successfully, for the machinery that he creates for his own aggrandizement is machinery of general social value.

"Fourthly, that the reformer who advocates any system which works less well is, at best, a blundering ass, and, at worst, a dangerous enemy to society.

"Fifthly, that this system works so well that, given industry and common intelligence, it is easier to survive under it than to perish.

"Sixthly, that the man who is too lazy or too stupid to succeed under it is the legitimate prey of his betters, and has few rights that they are bound to respect, and gets only his just biological deserts when the lash is applied to him.

"Seventhly and lastly, that the chief abuses of our national life are due, not primarily to the selfishness and scoundrelism of a few men, but to the credulity, superstitiousness and emotionalism of the majority of men, who have the remedy for every abuse in their hands, and have no one save themselves to blame if they do not apply it.

"This, in outline, is the code set forth in 'Success Easier Than Failure,' a thin and unpretentious book, but in many ways the most revolutionary that has been printed in America since Paine's 'The Age of Reason.'

"Mark Twain, had he lived ten years longer, would have written such a book; he was moving toward it steadily. But he left the job to Howe, and Howe has performed it with the utmost honesty, simplicity and persuasiveness."

Mr. Mencken's personal philosophy is fundamentally different from that of Howe, but he says that Howe's plain statement of his position gives him exactly that stimulation of discovery and recognition which is the highest form of intellectual experience. He recommends Howe's book not because he thinks its doctrine is wholly sound but because he thinks its statement wholly truthful—and "because truth is the rarest thing that one ever encounters in an American book." The argument continues:

"It is too much to hope that his ex-

ample will be followed by other sages, but the mind may at least play pleasantly upon the possibility. Consider, for example, what a lot of instruction and stimulation we would get out of a perfectly honest statement of the private creed of any one of our leading public men—not a statement of what he believes officially—but a statement of what he believes actually.

"Mr. Taft, in his day, gave us a few glimpses of what was in his mind, but they were only glimpses. In the main he supported the popular fallacies and emitted the popular poppycock. Think of a book by Andrew Carnegie, telling the naked truth about the world as he has seen it! How vastly more interesting and how vastly more valuable than the rubber-stamp fustian in 'Triumphant Democracy'!"

Above all, Mr. Mencken exclaims, what a book Dr. Wilson could write if he would take fire by Howe's example.

"We have, in his published works and writings, perhaps the most ingratiating elucidation of the democratic theory ever penned—an argument which makes out the best conceivable case for the code that we accept officially. But who actually puts this code into execution, or even argues seriously that it is possible to put it into execution? Surely not Dr. Wilson.

"His practical political ethic is almost the exact antithesis of his theoretical political ethic. He is a Jeffersonian in his books, but the most extreme sort of Hamiltonian in his acts. Well, having heard his inductive theory, why not let us have his deductive theory? What enterprise could more profitably occupy the days that follow his retirement?

"What could be of greater value to American political doctrine than a plain statement of the ideas that survive his experience—the ideas that, in sheer necessity, he is driven to—the ideas that, under the fire of his disillusionment, have actually worked?"

## BILLY SUNDAY ANALYZED BY A PSYCHOLOGIST

**T**HE mind and methods of the Rev. William A. ("Billy") Sunday are subjected to a searching analysis in a recent article in *Harper's* by Dr. Joseph Collins, physician to the Neurological Institute of New York. Dr. Collins finds that the sort of revival for which Mr. Sunday is famous differs in three aspects from preceding ones, without differing in kind. In the first place, he says, it is accomplished by a definite organization, conducted on strictly business principles, and including for the first time in the history of revivals a definite provision for the entertainment of the audience. In the second place, there is a definite attempt to substitute familiarity for

fear; and, in the third place, there is a very modern effort to offset the neurotic worry that is bred of a mixture of sin and fear with a strong dose of cheerful and robust commonplaceness.

The entertainment, which is provided by Mr. Rodeheaver and "the choir" and which is intended to get the audience into a condition of emotional receptivity favorable to grace, appeals to Dr. Collins as more than usually effective.

"Mr. Rodeheaver himself deserves more than a paragraph. He is a host in himself. He radiates geniality. He is the personification of equanimity and self-possession. Good-fellowship and good cheer fall from him as the petals fall

from a full-blown rose without detracting from its indescribable beauty until it finally falls apart. His cheery 'Glad to see you fellows!' 'What hymn do you like?' 'Ah, yes, that's a good one; we will sing it for you soon,' please and cheer the particular delegation. It doesn't detract in any way from their happiness that fifty other delegations are welcomed in exactly the same way, nor do they seem to feel they have been misled when Mr. Rodeheaver does not have the choir sing the hymn which they testified they liked best. Mr. Rodeheaver would be a force for good in any sphere, but I like to think of him as director of a large institution to which the mentally unfortunate are taken, that his winning smile and rugged health and boisterous optimism might lift one after the other of them from the slough of despondency.

But he is an excellent choir-leader and he contributes materially to the success of Mr. Sunday's revivals."

Mr. Sunday, Dr. Collins notes, is an actor—even a great actor. "He has a technique founded in original adaptability and perfected probably before the mirror." He is a natural mimic and he has cultivated this accomplishment.

"Mr. Sunday amuses his audiences. They like to see him crouch on the platform, knock on the floor and shout out an invitation to the devil to come up and take the medicine the evangelist has ready for him. When the invitation is not accepted the audience shares with Mr. Sunday the delight and satisfaction that is manifest in his victorious smile and his conquering pose. Undoubtedly, many of the audience are convinced that the devil enhances his reputation for wiliness and cunning by not accepting the invitation. So many know in their hearts that they have essayed such encounter and have been vanquished. They cheer the pillar of physical strength and tower of spiritual righteousness who solicits the combat."

Passing on to speak of Sunday's peculiar appeal as a preacher, Dr. Collins declares:

"Unlike his great predecessors, Whitefield, McGready, and others, he cannot picture hell so as to make man shrink from it, or describe heaven so as to make one long for it. He has a faculty for winning the crowd while apparently disdaining to appeal for popularity. Like Bernard Shaw he has persuaded himself that it is necessary to hurt in order to heal; that the only way to encourage men is to discourage them, and that it is necessary to be thoroly disagreeable in order to persuade them to agree. He impresses his audience as being genuine, and he maintains it; he appears to be fearless, and he admits it. There is nothing in the world so uniformly approved and applauded as fearlessness. Fearlessness is courage, bravery, valor, confidence, trust, equanimity—all combined. Mr. Sunday's congregation sees in him the embodiment of this possession. They know that his campaign is supported by the rich and by the evangelistic churches, and yet Mr. Sunday assails these very classes and tells them of their shortcomings, and generally holds them up to scorn for their own good. They know that in each audience there is a large number of men and women who play cards, go to the theater, and to plays that are not of 'The Old Homestead' type, and yet Mr. Sunday doesn't fear to alienate their support.

"Mr. Sunday realizes that when a crowd is accused, those in it who are guilty convince themselves that he is referring to their neighbors and they exalt the accuser, admire his courage, applaud his effort, and regret that they also cannot be articulate. Not to applaud would be to accept guilt and stand convicted. They know that he has been accused of being mercenary, but he tells them of his benefactions, recounts them for their admiration, and his 'congrega-

tion' takes up the cudgels in his defense, refutes the charge, and apparently confuses his accusers."

Mr. Sunday, Dr. Collins observes, has a comprehensive understanding of the workings of the average mind, especially its working *en masse*. He realizes that one of the greatest motive powers in man is *desire*.

"The desires of man are bound up with his instincts—with self-preservation and the preservation of his kind, and with obtaining for himself and for them everything that will contribute to their pleasure, welfare, and esteem. Mr. Sunday does not preach suppression of physiological desires. He yearns for their regulation by law and by convention, and, as the vast majority of people agree with him, he rails against infraction of them to the manifest satisfaction of his audience. Indulgences that are pleasurable to him are proper for others. He likes golf, but tennis is 'too sissified.' He enjoys motoring, and baseball is a noble sport, but horse-racing is anathema. Dancing is kindergartening for hell. Card-playing and theater-going are but a prelude to permanent perdition. Those of his congregation who play cards or who go to the theater solace themselves with the assurance that he is mistaken about this. He is right in many of his contentions, and probably in any event he does not include an innocent game of hearts, or playing auction without a stake, and he can't include all actors and theaters in his denunciation, for he admits that a few of his personal acquaintances among stage people are, or were, 'all right.' This admission is sufficient refutation of the idea that Mr. Sunday is bigoted or narrow-minded, for 'every one' agrees that some plays are immoral and that the intimate life of some actors would not bear close scrutiny. Hence the broadsides of Mr. Sunday do not seriously offend, or, if they do, only a negligible few are moved to hostility by them."

Mr. Sunday, as Dr. Collins interprets him, has not only a remarkable understanding of the workings of the human mind but also remarkable mental adroitness. He watches out for the "psychological moment" to say something that will ingratiate himself with his audience, and he generally succeeds in striking it. In this connection, Dr. Collins tells two stories:

"During his campaign in New York he displayed his desire to stimulate interest in the Liberty Loan by such appeal as this in a sermon to 'women only': 'Now get down into your old socks, and drag out the money to buy a Liberty Bond and help Uncle Sam along.' When a burst of laughter greeted this intellectual output, he remarked, 'Oh, I know where the savings-banks are.'

"He is versatile and quick-witted. He shows it in innumerable ways. The evening of the day when the young men of this country were required to register for the draft, he suggested that every one who had registered that day should stand up. So few stood that no impression was made upon the audience, but he converted defeat into instant victory by

saying, 'Every one who would like to have registered but couldn't, stand up!' and the audience rose to its feet as one man."

Dr. Collins finds that Sunday is often inaccurate and illogical in his statements, and he also says that the most striking features of the evangelist's make-up intellectually, emotionally and spiritually spell what is technically called "infantilism."

"He is boastful of his strength, of his prowess, of his possessions, and while boasting disparages the possessions of others. He is extremely distractible. The slightest noise in the audience disturbs him. He is timorous and fearful of beginning a campaign in the enemy's country, but as soon as he finds the enemy is not critical or cruel he becomes as brave as a lion and he roars loudly. He is emotionally very unstable, and goes quickly from tears to laughter without indications of the ordinary affective accompaniments of either. He is irritable, petulant, vindictive, and strenuous or relaxed, reasonable, tractable, and submissive. He bears false witness, but without malice or forethought. He assumes to speak authoritatively about matters of which he has no real knowledge. He makes statements which are not founded in fact, and which are readily susceptible of disproof. He is submissive to discipline—when it is administered by Mrs. Sunday. He is credulous and readily believes what he is told, providing it is pleasing to him and he wants to believe it. He is at the same time predatory and generous. His reactions are of the simplest character. He is incapable of mental or emotional elaboration."

Yet despite all his strictures, Dr. Collins has to admit that Sunday is a genius, in his way. His audiences "get a feeling of life and reality." He is a genuine "revivalist" in the sense that "he has both the skill and the talent to give new life to old ideas." The most distinctive characteristics of Sunday's audiences, Dr. Collins finds, are like-mindedness and amiability.

"Amiability is the saving grace of mediocrity. Much of the stability of any free community is dependent upon the prevalence of natural good-will among the people. Mr. Sunday has had his greatest successes in big cities like New York and Boston because the number of amiable, like-minded people is proportionately larger in large cities.

"It may well be that the quality which we call goodness is increasing and becoming more widely disseminated with the distribution of wealth and knowledge and the increase of health. But the number of souls who are able to find God by their own search is perhaps not increasing so rapidly. Mr. Sunday regards it as a case of 'A free field and a fair count,' to reach this constituency of religiously disposed people, and psychologically speaking he is correct in the identification of his constituency and more correct in his method than most of those with whom he competes for the enrollment of those who are, on the whole, eager for enlistment."

## EVERY MAN'S NATURAL DESIRE TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE

**O**NE of the most persistent instincts in humanity, according to Samuel McChord Crothers, a writer in the *Atlantic*, is the desire to be somebody else. It is rooted, he thinks, in the nature of things, and explained by the fact that every man can remember the time when he was somebody else. "What we call personal identity is a very changeable thing, as all of us realize when we look over old photographs and read old letters."

The oldest man now living, Dr. Crothers reminds us, is but a few years removed from the undifferentiated germ-plasm, which might have developed into almost anything. In the beginning he was a bundle of possibilities. Every actuality developed means a decrease in the rich variety of possibilities. In becoming one thing it becomes impossible to be something else. Every man has to make his choice, but, in Dr. Crothers' opinion, it would be a great mistake to assume that a man's profession necessarily coincides with his natural aptitude or with his predominant desire.

The delight in being a boy, as Dr. Crothers points out, lies in the fact that the possibilities are still manifold. The boy feels that he can be anything that he desires. He is conscious that he has capacities that would make him a successful banker. On the other hand, there are attractions in a life of adventure in the South Seas. It would be pleasant to lie under a bread-fruit tree and let the fruit drop into his mouth, to the admiration of the gentle savages who would gather about him. Or he might be a saint—not a commonplace modern saint who does chores and attends tiresome committee meetings, but a saint such as one reads about, who gives away his rich robes and his purse of gold to the first beggar he meets, and then goes on his care-free way through the forest to convert interesting robbers. But by and by the boy becomes a man and learns that making a success in the banking business is not consistent with excursions to the South Sea or with the more picturesque and unusual forms of saintliness. He may acquiesce, but his dreams will torture him. There are sure to come moments in his life when he wants to be somebody else.

"The consequence is that, by the time he is forty, he has become one kind of a man, and is able to do one kind of work. He has acquired a stock of ideas true enough for his purposes, but not so transcendently true as to interfere with his business. His neighbors know where to find him, and they do not need to take a spiritual elevator. He does busi-

ness on the ground floor. He has gained in practicality, but has lost in the quality of interestingness."

The natural desire of every man to be somebody else explains, for Dr. Crothers, many of the minor irritations of life. He speaks of a serious-minded housemaid in his own home who is not content to do what she is told to do, and who insists on cleaning his desk and rearranging his papers when he doesn't want his desk cleaned and when he doesn't want his papers re-

a brush. A painter wants to be a musician and paint symphonies. A prose-writer gets tired of writing prose and wants to be a poet. You go to the theater with the simple-minded Shakespearean idea that the play's the thing. But the playwright wants to be a pathologist. You discover that you have dropped into a grawsome clinic. Or you take up a novel expecting it to be a work of fiction, and you find that the novelist wants to be your spiritual adviser.

The conclusion that Dr. Crothers draws is that "you do not know a man until you know his lost Atlantis, and his Utopia for which he still hopes to set sail." We are told further:

"As civilization advances and work becomes more specialized, it becomes impossible for any one to find free and full development for all his natural powers in any recognized occupation. What then becomes of the other selves? The answer must be that playgrounds must be provided for them outside the confines of daily business. As work becomes more engrossing and narrowing, the need is more urgent for recognized and carefully guarded periods of leisure.

"The old Hebrew sage declared, 'Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure.' It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves. If he cannot have a sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?"

There is even a moral in all this applicable to the Great War. Dr. Crothers says:

"The Prussian militarists had a pains-taking knowledge of facts, but they had a contempt for human nature. Their tactlessness was almost beyond belief. They treated persons as if they were things. They treated facts with deadly seriousness, but had no regard for feelings. They had spies all over the world to report all that could be seen, but they took no account of what could not be seen. So, while they were dealing scientifically with the obvious facts and forces, all the hidden powers of the human soul were being turned against them. Prussianism insists on highly specialized men who have no sympathies to interfere with their efficiency. Having adopted a standard, all variation must be suppressed. It is against this effort to suppress the human variations that we are fighting."



A NEW ENGLAND ESSAYIST  
Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, author of "The Gentle Reader" and of many essays on literary and theological themes, is preacher to Harvard University and pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Cambridge, Mass.

arranged. Then there is the manager of a street railway who is not content with the simple duty of transporting passengers cheaply and comfortably, and who insists on setting moral homilies before their eyes. A man enters a barber-shop with the simple desire of being shaved. The serious barber insists that his client shall be shampooed, manicured, massaged, steamed beneath boiling towels, cooled off by electric fans, and, while all this is going on, that he shall have his boots blacked.

The fact that every man desires to be somebody else throws light upon many of the aberrations of artists and literary men. Painters, dramatists, musicians, poets and novelists are just as human, Dr. Crothers observes, as housemaids and railway managers and barbers. A musician wants to be a painter and use his violin as if it were

# LITERATURE · AND · ART

## THE MOST BRILLIANT LIGHT YET THROWN ON THE GREAT HENRY JAMES QUESTION

**H**E is as cool as a cucumber, as collected and careful as a tight-rope man. His style, far from suggesting a breathless scrambling after nimble intuitions, treads life like a delicate household cat picking her devious way towards a strategic pounce thoroly well planned in advance." This is the opinion of the literary critic of the London *Saturday Review* on the great Henry James question—the problem of the obscurity of his last novels. The most valuable and illuminating light that has yet fallen upon the later literary methods of Henry James is to be found in the recent publication of two unfinished novels\* with the preliminary drafts or experimental scenarios in which the great novelist outlined for his own guidance the course and significance of his book.

These notes were the scaffolding, the ground plan, the scenarios of the novels, as Percy Lubbock, who is the literary executor of the author, explains:

"It was Henry James's constant practice, before beginning a novel, to test and explore, in a written or dictated sketch of this kind, the possibilities of the idea which he had in mind. Such a sketch was in no way a first draft of the novel. He used it simply as a means of close approach to his subject, in order that he might completely possess himself of it in all its bearings. The arrangements of the chapters and scenes would so be gradually evolved, but the details were generally left to be determined in the actual writing of the book. . . . The notes, having served their purpose, would not be referred to again, and were invariably destroyed when the book was finished.

"In the story of 'The Death of the Lion' Henry James has exactly described the manner of these notes, in speaking of 'the written scheme of another book' which is shown to the narrator by Neil Parady: 'Loose, liberal, confident, it might have passed for a great gossiping eloquent letter—the overflow into talk of an artist's amorous plan.' If justification were needed for the decision to publish this 'overflow,' it might be found in Parady's last injunction to his friend: 'Print it as it stands—beautifully.'

These notes, in the opinion of the appreciative critic of the *Saturday Re-*

*view*, show us sharply that the later obscurity of Henry James's style was in no way akin to obscurantism such as Browning's or Meredith's. The Meredithian page wrestles with an Angel of mystery who in the struggle may or may not allow us a sight of his countenance. But Henry James wrestles with no angel. Other critics are not so certain of that. The applause which has greeted the publication of these two unfinished novels is a confused one. Walter de la Mare

thing he can do well." Another ardent tribute is found in the London *Times*:

"They are things quite unique in literature, intimate glimpses into what Henry James has elsewhere called 'the closed chamber of an artist's mediations, the sacred back kitchen,' and as such they are unique documents for the study of the psychology of genius, for the history of that most mysterious and unexplored process of the human mind which we call the creative faculty. In them we see the poised, expectant mind of the artist as he watches his beautiful idea grow and bud and flower before him, with all its clustering aspects, its possibilities, its implications; we share his ecstasy in these developments, and the very jump and joy of mastership as he at last seizes his brush and stored palet and approaches his great canvas.

"Very illuminating, too, is the light which these letters throw on the material and method of Henry James's mature achievements—the great disputed volumes of his last period. We see more clearly than ever that there was a whole field of human experience which he was the first, perhaps, to note and explore—certainly the first to appropriate to artistic uses. . . . The world of strange adventures, of undiscovered islands and buried treasures, which other novelists seek so far afield in time and space, lies really close all about us, he seems to tell us, could we but have the eyes to see how the atmosphere in which we move is full of its gleams and intimations. We see also in these letters the conscious art, the fine and scrupulous logic, with which he ordered and informed the material of his discovery; what wonderful effects of chiaroscuro he derives from the shadowings and hushed conflicts, silences, dissemblings, guesses and forebodings, the moods of dazzlement with reserves and reflections, which were for him of the essence of life, and of his own personal and intimate sense of it. We understand at last his dramatic principle of grouping and arrangement; what he calls his law of successive aspects, each treated from its own center; and how, by the manipulation of these aspects, these mirrors and reflecting glasses, he prepares his planned effect, slowly and surely making some poignant impression of beauty, or pathos, or terror glimmer and loom and grow upon us, the embodied whole swimming into our ken like a great glimmering orb, dusky and resplendent, with yet at the center of its illumination a crystal clearness. In fine, we see in these documents the good old, homely, go-as-you-please English novel transformed into a work of high and conscious art, with a tech-



THE STRATEGIC POUNCE

Here is Henry James as we may well imagine he appeared as he soliloquized (for the benefit of his amanuensis) about his ideas for new fictions. He is said to have picked his devious way towards a strategic pounce upon his extraordinary ideas.

points out that these books demonstrate the trouble which James took to make his meaning ultimately accessible, if not immediately apparent. They reveal that fine gesture with which he renounced false lucidity for obscure truth. "What he put into the composition of his novels the ordinary scribbler must faint even to speculate upon. . . . There is no happier gift in these Notes, none more simple, curious and exhilarating, than the spectacle they convey of a man really and truly enraptured by the thought and by the effort of consummately purposing the

\* THE IVORY TOWER. THE SENSE OF THE PAST. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

nique beyond that of the subtlest French masters. No wonder lazy novel-readers are frightened out of their armchairs by such portents!"

James was often accused, particularly in the books of his last period, of extreme diffuseness. Critics declared that he spread the jam of action too thinly over the bread of his analysis. It is interesting, therefore, to learn that he constructed his work in terms of dramatic economy. Thus we find him soliloquizing:

"I seem to see already how my action, however tightly packed down, will strain my Ten Books, most blessedly, to cracking. That is exactly what I want, the tight packing and the beautifully audible cracking; the most magnificent masterly little vivid economy, with a beauty of its own equal to the beauty of the donnee itself, that ever was."

He speaks often of the dramatic principle by which he creates: he constructs his books in terms of "acts," "scenes," and "situations":

"By the blest operation this time of my Dramatic Principle, my law of successive Aspects, each treated from its own center—as, tho with qualifications, 'The Awkward Age'—I have the great help of flexibility and variety; my persons in turn, or at least the three or four foremost, having control, as it were, of the Act and Aspect, and so making it his or making it hers."

Elsewhere, in his notes for "The Ivory Tower," he speaks of the "whole mechanism . . . of this part of the action, the situation so created and its consequences. Enormous difficulty of

pretending to show various things here as with a business vision, in my total absence of business initiation; so that of course my idea has been from the first not to show them with a business vision but in some other way altogether." He reveals the manner in which an idea begins to form itself in his mind:

"What glimmers upon me, as I said just now, is the conception of an extreme frankness of understanding between the two young men on the question of Gray's inaptitudes, which at first are not at all disgusts—because he doesn't know; but which makes them, the two, have it out together at an early stage. Yes, there glimmers, there glimmers, something really more interesting, I think, than the mere nefarious act; something like a profoundly nefarious attitude, or even genius: I see, I really think I see, the real fine truth of the matter in that."

The theme of "The Ivory Tower" is based upon American wealth, materialism and philanthropy. He speaks of the scene in which Rosanna "puts to him that exactly her misery is in having come in for the resources that should enable her to do immense things, but that are so dishonored and stained and blackened at their very roots that it seems to her that they carry their curse with them, and that she asks herself what application to 'benevolence' as commonly understood can purge them, can make them anything but continuators, somehow or other, of the wrongs in which they had their origin."

Armed with these Notes—unique and invaluable documents, as the critic of the London *Times* believes—we are much closer to a solution of what he terms the great Henry James question. They will open to wider understanding those disputed later books. This enthusiast appears to be of those who find the most splendid gifts of Henry James in the later productions:

"Solitary among them but undismayed, the enthusiast takes up the theme, maintaining that it is precisely in these works, and only in these, that Henry James's genius found complete expression—an expression so new, so original, so personal, so surprising, that by comparison his earlier works all sink into insignificance. These late works are difficult, he maintains, only as everything new and original is at first difficult and displeasing; but this difficulty, he insists, with an emphasis which betrays perhaps who knows what dim misgiving, soon disappears for anyone who will take the trouble to make himself familiar with them; and he then comes into the possession of a marvelous harvest of experiment and beauty, of mature and mellow experience. To turn hastily aside from all this after a bored half-hour, to condemn it offhand, not to give it a tenth of the modest and careful study one would be ashamed if one didn't give before pretending to judge a high experiment in any other art—say, a new school of painting, a new and difficult piece of music—this, to his outwardly mocking (but inwardly often scared and perturbed) interlocutors, the enthusiast declares, is to show one's literary frivolity, to shut oneself out from remarkable initiations, to miss a great contemporary joy."

## ARTHUR MACHEN: MASTER OF ECSTASY, SIN, AND TERROR

**A**BOUT three years ago a London evening newspaper inconspicuously published a purely fictional description of the miraculous intervention of the English archers of Agincourt at a time, in the beginning of the present conflict, when the British forces were hard pressed by the Germans. This story was immediately seized upon as an authentic record. Churchmen, spiritualists, and a host of others took the recorded miracle as an omen. The author of the story (reprinted in *CURRENT OPINION*, November, 1915) was forced finally to write to the papers denying the actuality of "The Bowmen" story. Arthur Machen found himself a much-talked-of man. Popular fame had overtaken him after three decades of literary labor. Yet, if we may believe Vincent Starrett, who contributes a remarkable tribute to Arthur Machen in *Reedy's Mirror*, his first book, "The Chronicle of Clemency," published in 1885, was a veritable classic. Only one review

copy of this book was sent out. Octave Uzanne, into whose hands this fell, declared the young Englishman—he was only 22 at the time—the peer of Boccaccio and Rabelais. Now, however, with the publication of "The Terror" (McBride), Arthur Machen's power as a master of "sin, terror and ecstasy" is gradually being recognized.

For thirty years, Mr. Starrett informs us, Arthur Machen has been writing English prose of extraordinary quality. He has produced just ten books. There is no bid for cheap popularity in his strange tales. "His apotheosis will begin after his death. The insectial fame of the popular novelist is immediate; it is born at dawn and dies at sunset. The enduring fame of the artist too often is born at sunset, but it is immortal." The critic thus characterizes the fiction of Arthur Machen:

"More than Hawthorne or Tolstoy, Machen is a novelist of the soul. He writes of a strange borderland, lying somewhere between Dreams and Death,

peopled with shades, beings, spirits, ghosts, men, women, souls—what shall we call them?—the very notion of whom stops vaguely just short of thought. He writes of the life Satyr-ic. For him Pan is not dead; his votaries still whirl through woodland windings to the mad pipe that was Syrinx, and carouse fiercely in enchanted forest grottoes (hidden somewhere, perhaps, in the fourth dimension!). His meddling with the crucibles of science is appalling in its daring, its magnificence, and its horror. Even the greater works of fictional psychology—'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' if you like—shrink before his astounding inferences and suggestions.

"It is his theory that the fearful and shocking rites of the Bacchic cultus survive in this disillusioned age; that Panic lechery and wickedness did not cease with the Agony, as Mrs. Browning and others would have us believe.

"Of Hawthorne, Arthur Symons wrote: 'He is haunted by what is obscure, dangerous, and on the confines of good and evil.' Machen crosses those perilous frontiers. He all but lifts the veil; himself, indeed, passes behind it. But the curtain drops behind him, and we, hesitat-

ing to follow, see only dimly the phantasmagoria beyond; the ecstasies of vague shapes with a shining about them, on the one hand; or the other the writhings of animate gargoyles. And we experience, I think, a distinct sense of gratitude toward this terrible guide for that we are permitted no closer view of the mysteries that seem to him so clear."

Machen has sometimes been called the novelist of Sin. It is true, Vincent Starrett admits, that his books exhale all evil and all corruption. Yet, paradoxically, "they are as pure as the fabled waters of that crystal spring De Leon sought. They are pervaded by an ever-present, intoxicating sense of sin, ravishingly beautiful, furiously Pagan, frantically lovely; but Machen is a finer and truer mystic than the two-penny occultists who guide modern spiritualistic thought." What he means by Sin is explained in "The House of Souls," one of his two most important books, "The Hill of Dreams," is the other. Sorcery and sanctity—these for its hero are the only two realities. Each is an ecstasy, a withdrawal from the common life. Mr. Starrett quotes further:

"One gathers from a general vagueness on the subject that sin is not popular in these times. There are, of course, new sins and advanced sins and higher sins, all of which are intensely interesting. The chief puzzle to the lay mind is why they should bear these names, since they are usually neither new, advanced and high, nor particularly sinful. I am speaking of sin as an offense against the nature of things, and of evil in the soul, which has very little to do with the sins of the statute book. Sin, according to the same Ambrose I have quoted, is conceivable in the talking of animals. If a chair should walk across a room, that would be sinful, or if a tree sat down with us to afternoon tea. The savage who worships a conjurer is a far finer moralist than the *civilisé* who suspects him—and I use the name moralist for one who has an appreciation of sin. . . .

"There is something profoundly unnatural about sin . . . the essence of which really is in the taking of heaven by storm."

Arthur Machen is the champion of ecstasy in literature. "If ecstasy be present, then I say there is fine literature; if it is absent, then in spite of all the cleverness, all the talents, all the workmanship and observation and dexterity you may show me, then, I think, we have a product (possibly a very interesting one) which is not fine literature." "Pickwick," Arthur Machen claims, possesses it. "Vanity Fair" lacks it. "The Odyssey," "Oedipus," "Morte d'Arthur," "Kubla Khan," "Don Quixote," and Rabelais stand this test of fine literature. "Pantagruel" is a greater work than "Don Quixote," by this tenet. Great literature is born of ecstasy. Arthur Machen is as pronounced a Dionysiac as Nietzsche. The

eternal hunt for ecstasy is symbolized by the Vine. Writing of Rabelais, Arthur Machen asserts:

"We are to conclude that both the ancient people and the modern writers recognized ecstasy as the supreme gift and state of man, and that they chose the Vine and the juice of the Vine as the most beautiful and significant symbol of that Power which withdraws a man from the common life and the common consciousness, and taking him from the dust of earth, sets him in high places, in the eternal world of ideas. . . . Let us never forget that the essence of the book ('Pantagruel') is in its splendid celebration of ecstasy, under the figure of the Vine."

Mr. Machen, as the critic of the Los Angeles *Times* points out, has the faculty of plausibility even when dealing with the miraculous. The opening chapters of "The Terror," his newest



HIS FANTASIES SEEM REAL, HIS REALITY FANTASTIC

Arthur Machen is the last living worshipper of the great god Pan. Fame has captured him after a thirty years' search.

fiction, create the illusion of truth, and there is an uncanny touch of plausibility in the recital.

"An insidious terror spreads over the countryside and breeds in the cities. Men die in munitions factories so horribly and so mysteriously that their families are not allowed to view their bodies. Farmers and children are found dead in remote country places under the most curious and divergent circumstances. Even animals are somehow affected by this terror; they seem suddenly to go mad. Swarms of bees and farm-horses and peaceful sheep-dogs attack men fiercely and unaccountably. One woman is stung to death by a swarm of bees. Horses trample a sleeping garrison of soldiers. The terror is all-pervasive. It seeks its victims on sea and land and in the air. And there is a strange official silence about it all that points unmistakably to Germany. There is a theory that the Germans have, before the war, undermined

the earth and are using some hitherto undiscovered, deadly ray—a 'Z-ray'—to wreak destruction on the English. The theory turns out to be incorrect, however."

The mystery of the terror is never explained. Altho this extraordinary tale has been described by its author as a "shilling shocker," its ingenious dénouement is nevertheless fraught with philosophical significance. It may be suggested in these paragraphs from the tale, as originally published in *The Century*:

"Some friends of mine, for whose judgment I have very great respect, are inclined to think that there was a certain contagion of hate. They hold that the fury of the whole world at war, the great passion of death that seems driving all humanity to destruction, infected at last these lower creatures, and in place of their native instinct of submission gave them rage and wrath ravening."

A subtler explanation is offered. Spirituality signifies the royal prerogative of man, differentiating him from the beasts:

"For long ages he has been putting off this royal robe, he has been wiping the balm of consecration from his own breast. He has declared again and again that he is not spiritual, but rational; that is, the equal of the beasts over whom he was once sovereign. He has vowed that he is not Orpheus, but Caliban.

"But the beasts also have within them something which corresponds to the spiritual quality in men; we are content to call it instinct. They perceived that the throne was vacant; not even friendship was possible between them and the self-deposed monarch. If he was not king, he was a sham, an impostor, a thing to be destroyed.

"Hence, I think, the Terror. They have risen once; they may rise again."

From Mr. Starrett's essay we learn that Arthur Machen was born in 1863. He is the son of a Welsh clergyman. He is married and is the father of two children. He hates puritanism. He has been a strolling player. He is a medievalist. His style suggests that of Joris Karl Huysmans and Baudelaire. His philosophy is set forth in "Hieroglyphics." His name does not appear in "Who's Who." And yet, according to Vincent Starrett:

"We are going to be asked, *post mortem*, why we allowed Ambrose Bierce to vanish from our midst, unnoticed and unsought, after ignoring him shamefully throughout his career; why Stephen Crane, after a few flamboyant reviews, was so quickly forgotten at death; why Richard Middleton was permitted to swallow his poison at Brussels. . . . Among other things posterity is going to demand of us is why, when the opportunity was ours, we did not open our hearts to Arthur Machen and name him among the very great."

## THE STRONGEST AND GRIMMEST BOOK YET WRITTEN ABOUT THE WAR

**V**ERACITY seems to be the crowning characteristic of the novel which is acclaimed as the strongest and grimmest book yet written about the war—Henri Barbusse's “Le Feu.” It has recently been presented to English and American readers in a translation by Fitzwater Wray with the title of “Under Fire, The Story of a Squad” (E. P. Dutton). A critic in the *New Republic* declares that this book is epic in proportions and that it reduces “Mr. Britling” to insignificance. Another reviewer goes so far as to claim that “next to the Russian Revolution this book is the greatest event of the war.” To tell the truth of the war, in the manner in which M. Barbusse has told it, declares Francis Hackett in the *New Republic*, was to affront the conspiracy of a thousand conventions. “Where humanity is at grips with its own destiny it is the habit of men to lie. The great finalities are always concealed from us in their full gravity and terror—the finalities of birth, of love, of death.” But Henri Barbusse has dared to incorporate his whole experience as a *poilu* in this book:

“It is unnecessary to have been at the front to judge of M. Barbusse's veracity. One does not need to have killed a woman to accept ‘Crime and Punishment.’ ‘Under Fire,’ as the sensitive translation is called, impresses its veracity in revealing its saturation with the war. There are other experiences of the war, as there are other men, but this is invincibly complete. It is a book that is no more to be questioned than the diary of Captain Scott or the deathless pages of Tolstoy. It composes the war for our understanding, making us familiar at the beginning with the men who are going to die, initiating us into trench life before the charge is launched over the top, ending the book in a supreme symbolism. But the wise composition that unites ‘Under Fire’ is no more artificial than the due supervision of words as they stream from one's own brain to the pen-point. The facts have been disposed, even as a *pointilliste* disposes colors, only to keep them true.”

There are certain nobly painful pages in “Under Fire” which, in Francis Hackett's opinion, it would be sacrilege to quote. Even in translation, no description of bombardment surpasses Henri Barbusse's. No description of going forward equals his. Mr. Hackett quotes one passage which eloquently presents the total attitude of the author:

“We are ready. The men marshal themselves, still silently, their blankets cross-wise, the helmet-straps on the chin, leaning on their rifles. I look at their pale, contracted, and reflective faces. They

are not soldiers, they are men. They are not adventurers, or warriors, or made for human slaughter, neither butchers nor cattle. They are laborers and artisans whom one recognizes in their uniforms. They are civilians uprooted, and they are ready. They await the signal for death or murder; but you may see, looking at their faces between the vertical gleams of their bayonets, that they are simply men.

“Each one knows that he is going to take his head, his chest, his belly, his whole body, and all naked, up to the rifles pointed forward, to the shells, to the bombs piled and ready, and above all to the methodical and almost infallible machine-guns—to all that is waiting for him yonder and is now so frightfully silent—before he reaches the other soldiers that he must kill. They are not careless of their lives, like brigands, nor blinded by passion like savages. In spite of the doctrines with which they have been cultivated they are not inflamed. They are above instinctive excesses. They are not drunk, either physically or morally. It is in full consciousness, as in full health and full strength, that they are massed there to hurl themselves once more into that sort of madman's part imposed on all men by the madness of the human race. One sees the thought and the fear and the farewell that there is in their silence, their stillness, in the mask of tranquillity which unnaturally grips their faces. They are not the kind of hero one thinks of, but their sacrifice has greater worth than they who have not seen them will ever be able to understand.”

This book is great, concludes the critic of the *New Republic*, because it is able to encompass everything, even the necessity of living by dying. In his pages, so Herbert J. Seligmann writes in the *New York Evening Post*, Henri Barbusse has represented the most terrible ordeal that human beings can undergo and yet survive. It is in the mud that the men, foregathered after a night of wretchedness, talk of their beliefs:

“For those who still believe in the nobility of war, M. Barbusse tells how these ‘men whom fatigue had tormented, whom rain had scourged, whom night-long lightning had convulsed, these survivors of volcanoes and flood, began not only to see dimly how war, as hideous morally as physically, outrages common sense, debases noble ideas, and dictates all kind of crime, but they remembered how it had enlarged in them and about them every evil instinct save none, mischief developed into lustful cruelty, selfishness into ferocity, the hunger for enjoyment into a mania.’ As these men talk, their conviction emerges that it is they, the common people of the world, the exploited, that are the material of war, that social inequality is the first step toward the horror they have passed through. Against the common people and their great common interests, which, as

they ‘dimly saw, are the same thing in effect as justice, there are not only the swordwavers, the profiteers, and the intrigues.’ There are financiers ‘who live on war and live in peace during war’; there are the ‘dizzy-brained, the feeble-minded, the superstitious, the savages,’ intoxicated with the blare of martial music and the display of uniforms; there are the traditionalists for whom injustice has legal force because it is inherited from the past; ‘with them are all the parsons, who seek to excite you and to lull you to sleep with the morphine of their Paradise, so that nothing may change’; there are ‘the lawyers, the economists, the historians—and how many more?’—who befog you with the rigmarole of theory, who declare the inter-antagonism of nationalities at a time when the only unity possessed by each nation of to-day is in the arbitrary map-made lines of her frontiers, while she is inhabited by an artificial amalgam of races.”

“All these ‘nourish national vanity and the love of supremacy by force.’ While they are inveighing against war, they do all in their power to perpetuate it. Out of patriotism they make a disease. ‘They are,’ M. Barbusse concludes his burst of eloquence, ‘your enemies as much as those German soldiers are to-day who are prostrate here between you in the mud, who are only poor dupes hatefully deceived and brutalized, domestic beasts. They are your enemies, wherever they were born, however they pronounce their names, whatever the language in which they lie. Look at them in the heaven and on the earth. Look at them everywhere! Identify them once for all, and be mindful forever!’”

More than three hundred thousand copies of this book have been sold in France. It has been awarded the distinguished *prix Goncourt*. A Frenchman like Henri Barbusse who has fought so loyally for his country has the right, Mr. Hackett points out, to tell the truth—the bitter, cathartic truth. “When one has faced machine-guns, it appears, it is not impossible to face machine-minds.”

“One can feel in M. Barbusse a disdain for those feeble men of Europe who, within boundaries insisted upon by themselves, brought about a war that is the crashing bankruptcy of all their theories, all their pretensions, their idols, their sanctity. With demonology their last resource in order to strengthen once again the political boundaries that intensify differences in language and custom, they ask M. Barbusse to take his mind from the actuality he has experienced and disregard the war as a harvest of their statesmanship. But the author of ‘Under Fire’ is too sure of war not to be sure of something about peace/which is more than non-war. /He is for peace, not a peace that will save his own skin now but a peace that will be embodied in the plans of a society which takes full stock of its own bestiality, its own madness.”



THE GROSS CLINIC

Here, in the opinion of Henry McBride, we have the greatest picture ever painted by the late Thomas Eakins. This picture, according to Mr. McBride, is one of the three or four greatest pictures ever created in this country.



SALUTAT!

Thomas Eakins was one of the first American artists to depict all the picturesque color of American sports. "His quality was honesty," says Robert Henri. "Integrity is the word which seems best to fit him."

## THOMAS EAKINS: ANOTHER NEGLECTED MASTER OF AMERICAN ART

WITH the memorial exhibition of sixty pictures held in November by the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the art public of the present generation has been enabled to familiarize itself with the work of the late Thomas Eakins. Eakins was, in the opinion of Henry McBride, of the New York *Sun*, one of the three or four great artists this country has produced. Yet his work is practically unknown to the great collectors. His name is absent from the list of so-called honors meted out by artist juries at times of public exhibitions. The present exhibition is, says Mr. McBride, the posthumous crowning with honors of one of our most neglected geniuses. For Thomas Eakins's masterpiece, the "portrait" of Dr. Gross, "is not only one of the greatest pictures produced in America but one of the greatest pictures of modern times anywhere." Mr. McBride explains why:

"The picture is brutal, if you will, but it is brutal as nature sometimes is and science always is.

"It is a stupendous painting nevertheless. It is great from every point of view, impeccably composed, wonderfully drawn, vividly real and so intensely

charged with Eakins's sense of the majesty of modern science as personified by Dr. Gross that the elevation of the artist's spirit is communicated to the beholder, and the ghastly blood stains—for Dr. Gross is shown in the clinic, pausing in the midst of an operation—are forgotten. It is not the blood that makes the painting great any more than it is the blood that makes 'Macbeth' great. However, the public will probably wish to dilate upon this blood, and it is welcome to the theme, providing it does not allow itself to be hoodwinked into vulgarizing the painting. "I once knew a dear old lady who assured me that 'Macbeth' was a poor play, basing her contention upon the undoubtedly correct plea that *Lady Macbeth* was 'horrid.' . . . In the 'Dr. Gross,' every actor in the drama is first rate in his part, and every detail of the picture has the highest distinction as painting.

"There is a danger at this time with the question of surgery again so prominent in the public consciousness because of the war that there will be a difficulty in gaining public attention for the study of the style in these important pictures, so absorbed and perhaps so shocked will the layman be by the spectacle.

"It has been so many years, in fact, since any of our artists have thought it worth while to work over their pictures, or have had sufficient concentration to carry a complicated theme to

a conclusion that the vast canvases, with their many figures, will be in themselves a surprise. Add to that the realism of the operation, the businesslike haste of the surgeons, the intensity of the assistants, the spattering blood, the total lack of modern hygienic appliances—and one must be pardoned if one thinks more at first of subject than of manner. . . . The 'Dr. Gross' is one of the great pictures of modern times. It is the duty of every art lover to see it. But heaven grant that there be not too much silliness uttered upon the subject."

Thomas Eakins passed away without tasting any real public success. He was quite ignorant of our modern methods of self-exploitation. His great works of art remained hidden from public knowledge during his lifetime. The bulk of his painting still remains in the possession of his widow. "That is a startling fact," comments Mr. McBride, "—a sufficiently disturbing accusation against the taste of our collectors, both public and private." Most of his canvases were consistently rejected at the academical exhibitions to which they were sent. "The Portrait of Dr. Agnew" was rejected when it was submitted to the Pennsylvania Academy, but was finally reluctantly accepted. The Carnegie Institute refused for its international exhibition



THE AGNEW CLINIC

This picture is filled with the impassioned painting which characterized all of the work of Thomas Eakins. It is as terrifying in its own way as the celebrated painting of the Gross Clinic. The right-hand figure of the two behind the nurse is Mr. Eakins himself.

the portrait of Miss Coffin. Even such a recent exhibition as that of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco refused to honor the work of Eakins.

In his introduction to the catalog of the memorial exhibition, Bryson Burroughs interprets the consistent realism of Thomas Eakins's art:

"He was the most consistent of American realists, and throughout the forty-five years of his artistic career his point of view remained practically the same. His interest was in the people of his surroundings and in their work and recreations, and from these he chose his motives. His continual search was for character in all things. The purpose of his work seems at times akin to that of

a scientist—of a natural historian who sets down the salient traits of the subject he is studying; but in his case the scientific point of view was directed by a keen appreciation of the pictorial and frequently of the dramatic. The technical side of his painting partook also of the scientific with stress on the studies of anatomy and perspective, which, however, were kept in due subservience by his recognition of the higher elements of art. His pictures manifest always a contained and serious outlook; they are free from all vagueness in thought or form."

The bent of Eakins's mind was strongly scientific. Science and scientists held great sway over him all his life. His study of anatomy led him to the clinics of great surgeons. His two great pictures of Dr. Gross and Dr. Agnew were the outcome of this interest. He admired skill in all fields, in science, sports, and recreations, as many of his canvases attest. To quote the critic of the *New York Times*:

"Sixty pictures have been assembled and the subjects include all that especially appealed to the painter whose passion for technical competency did not stop with his own profession. Here are the portraits of surgeons and doctors, sculptors, painters and musicians, prize-fighters and wrestlers, fishers and spinners and oarsmen. Whoever did anything expertly seems to have aroused the interest of Eakins and suggested to him a picture."

## MR. HOWELLS'S TRIBUTE TO THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HAMLIN GARLAND

**O**NE of the greatest autobiographies in the literature of the world—such is William Dean Howells's estimate of "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan) by Hamlin Garland. Goldoni's, Alfieri's, Goethe's, Rousseau's, Madame Roland's, Marmontel's, Franklin's—all of these famous self-revelations are, in the opinion of our greatest living American novelist, of thinner and narrower interest than Mr. Garland's intensely American confession. It is a psychological synthesis, Mr. Howells writes in the *New York Times*, of personal and general conditions in a new country such as has not got into literature before. This alone would make it a precious contribution to human knowledge. Whoever would know conditions of the Middle West of fifty years ago must read Mr. Garland's book. But it is also abundantly rich in incident and character. The character of the old wife and mother, we are assured, is one of the most vital in the book; while the father is no less alive.

"She is in certain aspects not a more pathetic figure than he, tho we must give

her the greater pity because it was his will and not hers that prevailed. In the idyllic close his titanic struggle shows a long nightmare of defeat which the son, who tells the story, does not spare to show in squalid detail. Such a man could be the protagonist of a 'great American novel,' but I think the reader of the tale may well prefer him in this true history, which one of the children who dared and endured with him and then grew away from his rule without violence of revolt, has known how to tell. In great part the history is the tragedy of labor which, even when not ruled from above, but self-given in the hope of its own betterment, is still the victim of some force outside itself.

"From the outside, the country life has been seen by the poets who have never practically known it or have forgotten it, but here country life is shown as it is, or was, in the course of empire. The toil of it, early and late, in heat and cold; the filth of it among the cattle and horses; the helpless squalor and insult of it in the unwashed bodies of the men reeking with the sweat of the harvest fields, and served in their steam and stench at table where the hapless women wearily put their meat and drink before them, are the facts which have not been confessed, or even suggested before, except perhaps in the grawsome chapters of '*La Terre*,' but which are not allowed to escape our

senses in Mr. Garland's unsparing page.

"He makes us live the farm life of the Middle Border as he lived it, and not only its squalor and ugliness and misery, but also the wild glory and beauty of it which we feel as he felt it; and we exult, as if it were our own escape, when he escapes from it with his few carefully hoarded dollars to the hunger and cold of that uttermost East at Boston, where he goes to seek the reparation which he feels is due him from fate. He was always the poet his books have bidden us know him, and for the love of letters he was willing to suffer whatever the risks of his poverty implied; willing to shiver in a garret, and famish on fifteen cents a day, till somehow, improbably, impossibly, friends without his appeal were raised up for him among strangers and he began as author. He tells the story simply, bravely, with no wish to move his reader, or claim it a chapter of the world-old struggle of talent to find itself out and prove itself beyond denial."

It is Mr. Garland's quality of courageous and veracious humanity which appeals most of all to Mr. Howells. Of the recital of his return from Boston to Dakota, Mr. Howells declares that he knows no study of life which companions it or parallels it.

## NOVELISTS WHO HAVE SUCCUMBED TO THE LURE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

**A** NEW terror looms before writers of fiction; the psychoanalyst is on their trail. The New York *Evening Post* thus comments on the recent translation of Dr. Sigmund Freud's analysis of Wilhelm Jensen's novel, "Gradiva, a Pompeian Fancy" (Moffat Yard). This case, says the *Post*, is only a mild instance of the psychologist at work on literature. "In that new romantic exploration into the human soul which is now fascinating so many neurologists, modern people and literature as well as ancient seem destined to furnish grist for the psychoanalyst's mill. Within the last few years we have had a number of novels, not least among them those of D. H. Lawrence, which have been hailed as human documents in the field of abnormal psychology." But now, if we may place faith in the claims of certain critics, novelists are frankly entering the field of the psychoanalyst, presenting documents which rival the "case histories" that are bound in technical volumes which were never intended to be read by the general public. If the pathologists are invading the field of fiction, the novelists are retaliating. Edith Wharton's "Summer" (Appleton), John Galsworthy's "Beyond" (Scribner), Louis U. Wilkinson's "A Chaste Man" (Knopf), are instanced by critics in this country and England as overstepping the legitimate boundaries of fiction and of entering forbidden fields. Mrs. Wharton's book, it is reported, has been excluded from two public libraries in New England. Mr. Galsworthy's has stirred up a critical battle in the columns of the London *Saturday Review*. Mr. Wilkinson has quite consciously, it would seem, adopted the methods of Freud, Jung, and the psychoanalytic school in depicting the mental states of his hero—methods severely condemned by our more conservative critics.

"We are of course prepared," sarcastically asserts a critic of the *Saturday Review* in his ruthless condemnation of John Galsworthy's "Beyond," "in taking up any modern novel, to meet with the common mistake that the sexual act is the only interesting thing in life. But four hundred and thirty-eight pages devoted to an analytic description of how, when and where the said act was performed by four people, with a gloomy father and a lachrymose nurse looking on, were too much for our stomach." In dealing with such a work, this critic feels in duty bound not to mince words:

"The idea that because a father has in his youth broken the Seventh Commandment he should approve of his

daughter's following his example is, we fancy, quite modern. 'I was sorry you didn't tell me sooner,' was all this fine old English gentleman said, and set about getting a nice house near Marlow for the irregular couple, and installing himself at a neighboring inn. The billing and cooing of the young barrister and the fiddler's wife in what auctioneers call their 'riverside residence,' the jealousy of the adulteress and the death of Summerhay wind up this remarkable tale. We say remarkable because the omission of anything like plot, characterization, humor, incident, and the deliberate devotion of such a pen as Mr. Galsworthy's to the defiance of the social conventions and ideas of duty and morality are remarkable. We presume that Gyp is intended as a type and a heroine. The calm determination to gratify the sexual appetite at whatever cost to society or individuals because it means 'happiness' or 'living one's own life' or 'independence,' strikes us as depraved, and, if it be really typical, as dangerous. On laying down this book, we might say to Mr. Galsworthy what Johnson said to Boswell's apology for the infidelities of Lady Diana Beauclerk, 'Sir, I think your lady is very fit for a brothel.'"

It is high time to lodge a strong protest against the production of novels of this revolting type written not by hacks but by the most gifted pens of England and America, declares this outraged critic.

In "A Chaste Man," Louis Wilkinson enters the province of pathology, according to the critic of the New York *Evening Post*, who condemns this work much in the manner in which the London critic handles Mr. Galsworthy:

"Oliver Lawrence, Mr. Wilkinson's sorry hero, was the victim of nothing but his own fundamental unchastity, if by chastity we mean anything more than mere abstention from one particular indulgence. Oliver's claim to his title consists in the fact that, from motives partly practical and partly sentimental, he has refrained from consummating his intimacy with Olga Flynn, a sixteen-year-old girl, whose mind he had carelessly debauched. For three hundred pages or so we are invited to watch this drivelling Laodicean weigh the pros and cons of a problem that would seem to be the province of the pathologist rather than of the novelist. Mr. Wilkinson's first book, 'The Buffoon,' was not pleasant reading, but it was at least clever, with promise of better things when the author should find something better worth writing about. There can be no comparison, in point of interest and promise, between the breezy blackguardism of the galaxy whose vagaries enlivened the pages of the former book and the dreary introspection of Oliver Lawrence, hesitant between his under-sexed wife, his buxom chamber-maid, and poor little Olga, whose passions he had aroused and left unsatisfied, and for ever discussing his disgusting dilemma with his bosom friend, old Flynn, drunkard and derelict, but still capable of thinking straight under the influence of a second bottle of whiskey."

In her new book, "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" (Macmillan), Miss Amy Lowell sounds a note of warning to those modern writers who are, as she thinks, too much preoccupied with sex, who "see life through the medium of sex, and sex for the most part cruel, untamed, perverted, tragic."



THE SWIMMING-HOLE  
In this pleasing canvas Thomas Eakins was afforded the opportunity to exhibit his mastery of human anatomy.

## BEST BOOKS OF THE YEAR AS SELECTED BY A NATIONAL JURY OF CRITICS

**W**ITH democratic simplicity, the Joint Committee of the Literary Arts has been instrumental in arranging an exhibit, at the National Arts Club in New York, of a selected list of three hundred best books of the year that marks a radical departure from any previous exhibition of the kind hitherto given in this country. In former annual book exhibits at the National Arts Club no power of selection was exercised. This year, however, the leading American publishers were invited to send in a list of the books on art, biography, economics, education, essays and criticism, fiction, government, history, humor, international affairs, philosophy and religion, poetry and drama, science, sociology, the war and so on, which they regarded as the best of their 1917 publications. From these titles a final list was made up and sent to a jury of fifty representative critics, including literary editors of the principal daily papers, a dozen college professors of literature, an equal number of men of science in the leading universities, together with other specialists peculiarly fitted to pass upon scientific and historical volumes. Members of this jury were asked to check the three hundred

books considered to be most worthy of exhibition—and from these markings the Joint Committee, which represents the National Arts Club, the Authors League of America, the MacDowell Club, the Pen and Brush Club, the Society of American Dramatists, the Authors Club and the Poetry Society of America, made up this representative 1917 collection. As pointed out by Hamlin Garland, Chairman of the Joint Committee, the effect of this plan has been to show not the best sellers but the most important and significant works of the year, irrespective of popularity.

It is of interest to note that "The Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale," for which all but seven of the fifty jurors voted, received the largest number of ballots cast for any one of the three hundred books. It also is noteworthy that the voting on fiction was remarkably light, not more than half of the jurors voting for more than five in a list of a hundred and nineteen fiction candidates. First choice fell to Ernest Poole's "His Family," which received thirty-two votes, as compared with twenty-nine each for Kipling's "A Diversity of Creatures," Eden Phillpott's "The Banks of Colne" and Alice Cholmondeley's "Christine"—all of British authorship. Works of biography not only received first honor but second and third as well, thirty-nine ballots being cast for Mark Twain's "Letters" and thirty-eight for Viscount Morley's "Recollections." Other leaders in the balloting were Brander Matthews's "These Many Years" and Garland's "Son of the Middle Border," each getting thirty-six votes; Fabre's "Life of the Grasshopper," thirty-seven; Gosse's "Swinburne," thirty-eight, and Gorky's "In the World," thirty-five, while "Rodin: The Man and His Art" was voted for thirty-one times, as was Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany." The collected poems of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, with twenty-seven votes, was first choice in the poetry and drama classification. After the exhibition is concluded in New York it will be taken on a tour of the country and shown in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City and San Francisco. Following is a classified list of one hundred of the books which, in their respective departments, received the highest number of votes in this important and unique literary symposium:

### BIOGRAPHY.

MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS. Arranged, with comment, by Albert Bigelow Paine. 2 vols. Harper & Bros.

LETTERS ABOUT SHELLEY. Edited by R. S. Garnett. George H. Doran Co.



SHE TAKES RANK AS A PATRIOTIC AMERICAN COMPOSER

Mme. Signe Lund, a native of Norway, but who is an adopted American, with two sons in the United States army, has been awarded the \$500 prize for the best musical setting for "The Road to France," which received the National Arts Club \$250 prize in the competition for a patriotic poem last May.



WILL HIS NEW SONG BECOME A NATIONAL ANTHEM?

Daniel M. Henderson, whose patriotic poem, "The Road to France," won the National Arts Club \$250 prize in competition with four thousand poems submitted, is a native of Maryland, U. S. A. It was in CURRENT OPINION that he first saw the announcement of the prize offered by the Arts Club which resulted in his writing the successful verses.

THE LIFE OF AUGUSTIN DALY. By Joseph Francis Daly. The Macmillan Co.

RECOLLECTIONS. By Viscount Morley. The Macmillan Co. 2 vols.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By Earl Buckle, in succession to W. F. Monypenny. Vol. V. The Macmillan Co.

IN THE WORLD. By Maxim Gorky. The Century Co.

THE LIFE OF JOHN FISKE. By John Spencer Clark. Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols.

THESE MANY YEARS. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. Little, Brown & Co.

LIFE, ART, AND LETTERS OF GEORGE INNESS. By George Inness, Jr. The Century Co.

RICHARD STRAUSS: THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By Henry T. Finck. Little, Brown & Co.

JOURNALS OF LEO TOLSTOY. Tr. with int. by Rose Strunsky. With copious explanatory notes by V. G. Chertkov. First Vol. Knopf.

LIFE OF HENRY D. THOREAU. By Frank D. Sandborn. Houghton Mifflin.

MY REMINISCENCES. By Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan.

ROBIN: THE MAN AND HIS ART: WITH LEAVES FROM HIS NOTE-BOOKS. Compiled, with int., by Judith Cladel. Fifty ill. Century.

### ECONOMICS.

THE FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL PROSPERITY: STUDIES IN THE CONSERVATION OF PERMANENT NATIONAL RESOURCES. By Richard T. Ely, Ralph H. Hess, Charles K. Leith, and Thomas Nixon Carver. The Macmillan Co.

### EDUCATION.

THE ADVANCED MONTESSORI METHOD. By Maria Montessori. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 2 vols.

## ESSAYS AND CRITICISM.

**BOOKS AND PERSONS.** By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Co.  
**GOETHE.** By Calvin Thomas, head of German Dep't, Columbia Univ. Holt.  
**BRIEUX AND CONTEMPORARY FRENCH SOCIETY.** By William H. Scheifley. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**POLITICAL IDEALS.** By Bertrand Russell. The Century Company.

**TENDENCIES IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY.** By Amy Lowell. The Macmillan Co.

**ESSAYS ON MODERN DRAMATISTS.** By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Co.

**A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH NOVEL.** By George Saintsbury. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co.

**UNICORNS.** By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons.

**A BOOK OF PREFACES.** By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf.

**FIGURES OF SEVERAL CENTURIES.** By Arthur Symons. Dutton.

**LIFE AND LITERATURE.** By Lafcadio Hearn. Edited by Prof. John Erskine, of Columbia University. Dodd, Mead.

**SWINBURNE.** By Edmund Gosse. Macmillan.

## FICTION.

**THE RISE OF DAVID LEVINSKY.** By Abraham Cahan. Harper & Bros.

**THE COMING.** By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton & Co.

**THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT.** By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co.

**THE SOUL OF A BISHOP.** By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.

**LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS.** By Thomas Burke. Robert M. McBride & Co.

**OUR SQUARE AND THE PEOPLE IN IT.** By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin Co.

**THE WANDERERS.** By Mary Johnston. Houghton Mifflin Co.

**MISSING.** By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Dodd, Mead & Co.

**Beyond.** By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

**A DIVERSITY OF CREATURES.** By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page.

**AN ALABASTER BOX.** By Mary Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley. Appleton.

**A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.** By James Joyce. Huebsch.

**BAB: A SUB-DEB.** By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doran.

**BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1916.** Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard.

**BROMLEY NEIGHBORHOOD.** By Alice Brown. Macmillan.

**CHANGING WINDS.** By St. John G. Ervine. Macmillan.

**CHRISTINE.** By Alice Cholmondeley. Macmillan.

**HIS FAMILY.** By Ernest Poole. Macmillan.

**LOST ENDEAVOR.** By John Masefield. Macmillan.

**IN THE WILDERNESS.** By Robert Hichens. Stokes.

**SUMMER.** By Edith Wharton. Appleton. **THE BANKS OF COLNE.** By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan.

**THE IVORY TOWER.** By Henry James. Unfinished novel. Scribner.

**THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING.** By Irving Bacheller. Bobbs, Merrill.

**THE PARTY AND OTHER STORIES.** By Anton Chekhov. Macmillan.

## GOVERNMENT

**PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.** By John Bassett Moore.

## HISTORY.

**DIPLOMATIC DAYS.** By Edith O'Shaughnessy. Harper & Bros.

**A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME.** By Guglielmo Ferrero, assisted by Corrado Barbagallo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols.

**ALSACE-LORRAINE UNDER GERMAN RULE.** By Charles Downer Hazen. Henry Holt & Co.

**HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865.** By James Ford Rhodes. The Macmillan Co.

**JOSEPH H. CHOATE: NEW ENGLANDER, NEW YORKER, LAWYER, AMBASSADOR.** By Theron G. Strong. Dodd, Mead & Co.

**A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER.** By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Macmillan Co.

**MODERN RUSSIAN HISTORY.** By Alexander Kornilov. Professor of History at Polytechnic of Peter the Great, Petrograd. 2 vols. Knopf.

## HUMOR

**AMONG US MORTALS.** By Franklin P. Adams and W. E. Hill. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

**THE RIDDLE OF IRELAND.** By Francis Hackett. B. W. Huebsch.

**THE FIGHT OF THE REPUBLIC IN CHINA.** By B. L. Putnam Weale. Dodd, Mead & Co.

**THE REBUILDING OF EUROPE: A SURVEY OF OLD EUROPE AND THE PROMISE OF THE NEW.** By David Jayne Hill. The Century Co.

## JUVENILE.

**ABIGAIL ADAMS AND HER TIMES.** By Laura E. Richards. D. Appleton & Co.

**INSECT ADVENTURES.** By J. Henri Fabre. Dodd, Mead & Co.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**GREAT POSSESSIONS.** By David Grayson. Doubleday, Page & Co.

**HISTORY OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM.** By James Melvin Lee. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

**NIETZSCHE THE THINKER.** By William M. Salter. Henry Holt & Co.

**CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE.** By John Dewey and others. Holt.

**GOD THE INVISIBLE KING.** By H. G. Wells. Macmillan.

**RAYMOND; OR, LIFE AND DEATH.** By Sir Oliver Lodge. Doran.

**TREITSCHKE: POLITICS.** Translated by Blanche Dugdale and Torben de Bille; with introduction by Arthur James Balfour and foreword by A. Lawrence Lowell. 2 vols. Macmillan.

**WHY MEN FIGHT.** By Bertrand Russell. Century.

## POETRY AND DRAMA.

**DRAMATIC WORKS.** By Gerhart Hauptmann. B. W. Huebsch.

**GREENSTONE POEMS.** By Witter Bynner. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

**MRS. FISKE: HER VIEWS ON ACTORS, ACTING, AND THE PROBLEMS OF PRODUCTION.** Recorded by Alexander Woolcott. The Century Co.

**THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, 1904-1917.** The Macmillan Co.

**LOVE SONGS.** By Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Co.

**POEMS.** By James Stephens. The Macmillan Co.

**THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE.** By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Co.

**PEACOCK PIE.** By Walter De La Mare. Illus. by W. Heath Robinson. Holt.

**THE NEW POETRY: AN ANTHOLOGY.** By Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, editors of *Poetry*. Macmillan.

## SCIENCE.

**THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF LIFE.** By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons.

**LIFE OF THE GRASSHOPPER.** By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Texeira de Mattos. Dodd, Mead.

## SOCIOLOGY.

**HISTORY OF LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES.** By John R. Commons, Prof. of Political Economy, Univ. of Wisconsin, President American Economic Association. Macmillan. 2 vols.

## TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

**VAGABONDING DOWN THE ANDES.** By Harry A. Franck. The Century Co.

**RUSSIA IN 1916.** By Stephen Graham. Macmillan.

## THE WAR.

**MILITARISM.** By Karl Liebknecht. By B. W. Huebsch.

**ON THE EDGE OF THE WAR ZONE.** By Mildred Aldrich. Small, Maynard & Co.

**THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME.** By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.

**A STUDENT IN ARMS.** By Donald Hankey, a writer for the London *Spectator*, killed in October, 1916. Dutton.

**GERMANY, THE NEXT REPUBLIC?** By Carl W. Ackerman, correspondent of the United Press in Berlin. Doran.

**INSIDE THE GERMAN EMPIRE.** By Herbert Bayard Swope, Century.

**MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.** By Ambassador Gerard. Doran.

**OVER THE TOP.** By Arthur Guy Empey. Putnam.

## NATIONAL ARTS CLUB NOTES

At the first fall meeting of the Poetry Society of America, in the galleries of the National Arts Club, New York, a group of poems entitled "Songs on the Mohawk Trail," by Grace Hazard Conkling, and a single poem, "Belief," by Hortense Flexner of Louisville, Kentucky, were voted to be the most meritorious among some twenty unpublished poems (selected from about a hundred sent in) read before the Society. Announcement was made that the sum of \$250 would again be available this season for prizes for the unpublished poems adjudged best among those that shall attain a reading at the monthly sessions of the Society.

Lord Aberdeen, formerly Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Aberdeen were guests of honor at a recent reception arranged by the Committee on Extension, especially for the members who have come into the National Arts Club during the past year.

Another notable reception in November

was tendered the authors of the works included in the annual exhibit of the most important and significant books of the year, or, at least the books so adjudged by the jury of more than fifty critics. An interesting feature of the occasion was the series of brief addresses made in behalf of both authors and publishers in response to the question, "Can the Literary Publisher Survive?" Among the speakers were Edward C. Marsh, Henry Holt, Burgess Johnson, Douglas Z. Doty, Rupert Hughes, Amy Lowell and Ray Stannard Baker.

At an evening devoted to a discussion as to whether the illustrator shall illustrate the author or the magazine, arranged by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, J. T. Willing presided and among the illustrators who expressed themselves pro and con were N. C. Wyeth and F. Walter Taylor.

Captain A. Radcliffe Dugmore, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, well known through his photographs of African

wild animals, was recently an open-table guest at the National Arts Club grille and recounted his war experiences as an officer at the front. Another interesting guest at the club grille was Paule Leyssac, the Danish actor, who read some new translations from the Danish, showing the humor and irony of Hans Christian Andersen.

Prominent among the recent speakers at the National Arts Club was Sir George H. Reid, M. P., first premier of Australia and first Australian high commissioner, who expressed an optimistic view of things in general and of the war in particular. It was this "father of the Australian Commonwealth" who united the separate British antipodean colonies under a constitution modeled after that of the United States.

Among the December events of national interest at the National Arts Club will be the opening, private view and annual exhibition of the National Society of Crafts-men.

# VOICES OF LIVING POETS

**I**N the Boston *Transcript* for Oct. 20, Mr. Braithwaite gives us the list of 109 poems that are to form his Anthology for 1917, and names what he considers the best thirty poems of the year. In this smaller list four poets appear with two poems each—John Hall Wheelock, Eunice Tietjens, Louise Driscoll and James Oppenheim. The twenty-two others who have one poem each to their credit are: Lee Wilson Dodd, Louis Untermeyer, Orrick Johns, Amelia Josephine Burr, James E. Richardson, Odell Shepard, Arthur Davison Ficke, Sara Teasdale, Ridgely Torrence, Mary Carolyn Davies, Benjamin R. C. Low, Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Roscoe C. Jamison, Edward Ford Piper, Wallace Gould, Dana Burnett, Frederick Faust, Carl Sandburg, Bliss Carman, Edgar Lee Masters and George E. Woodberry. This gives us twenty men and six women, nearly all of them poets who have become known within the last five or six years.

One of the most striking poems of the month is published anonymously in London *Punch*. It is one of the few poems inspired by the war that is likely to live:

## A LOST LAND.

**A** CHILDHOOD land of mountain ways,  
Where earthy gnomes and forest fays,  
Kind foolish giants, gentle bears,  
Sport with the peasant as he fares  
Affrighted through the forest glades,  
And lead sweet wistful little maids  
Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,  
To princely lovers and a throne.  
Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,  
Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books  
And men with meditative looks,  
Who move in quaint red-gabled towns  
And sit in gravely-folded gowns,  
Divining in deep-laden speech  
The world's supreme arcana—each  
A homely god to listening Youth  
Eager to tear the veil of Truth;  
Mild votaries of book and pen—  
Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men!

A music land, whose life is wrought  
In movements of melodious thought;  
In symphony, great wave on wave—  
Or fugue, elusive, swift and grave;  
A singing land, whose lyric rhymes  
Float on the air like village chimes:  
Music and Verse—the deepest part  
Of a whole nation's thinking heart!

Oh land of Now, oh land of Then!  
Dear God! the dreams, the dreams of men!

Slave nation in a land of hate,  
Where are the things that made you great?

Child-hearted once—oh, deep defiled,  
Dare you look now upon a child?  
Your lore—a hideous mask wherein  
Self-worship hides its monstrous sin:—  
Music and verse, divinely wed—  
How can these live where love is dead?

Oh depth beneath sweet human ken,  
God help the dreams, the dreams of men!

In "The Neighborhood" series of poems which Edward Ford Piper is contributing to the *Midland*, we get the same charm of local color and the same pathos of a vanishing romance as in his notable "Barbed Wire" series. In the October number is this:

## HAVE YOU AN EYE?

BY EDWARD FORD PIPER.

**H**AVE you an eye for the trails,  
the trails,  
The old mark and the new?  
What scurried here, what loitered there,  
In the dust and in the dew?

Have you an eye for the beaten track,  
The old hoof and the young?  
Come, name me the drivers of yesterday,  
Sing me the songs they sung.

O, was it a schooner last went by,  
And where will it ford the stream?  
Where will it halt in the early dusk,  
And where will the camp-fire gleam?

They used to take the shortest cut  
The cattle trails had made;  
Get down the hill by the easy slope  
To the water and the shade.

But it's barbed wire fence, and section line,  
And kill-horse-travel now;  
Scoot you down the canyon bank,—  
The old road's under plow.

Have you an eye for the laden wheel,  
The worn tire or the new?  
Or the sign of the prairie pony's hoof  
Was never trimmed for shoe?

O little by-path and big highway,—  
Alas, your lives are done!  
The freighter's track is a weed-grown ditch  
Points to the setting sun.

The marks are faint and rain will fall,  
The lore is hard to learn.  
O heart, what ghosts would follow the road  
If the old years might return.

Miss Widdemer contributes a number of good lyrics to *Poetry*. This one is a little better than good:

## I DID NOT KNOW.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

**I**DID not know that I should miss you,  
So silver-soft your loving came—  
There were no trumpets down the dawning,  
There were no leaping tides of flame:

Only a peace like still rain falling  
On a tired land with drought foredone,  
Only a warmth like light soft lying  
On a shut place that had not sun.

I did not know that I should miss you . . .  
I only miss you, day and night,  
Stilly, as earth would miss the rainfall;  
Always, as earth would miss the light.

A volume of "Collected Poems," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, comes to us from Macmillan's. Mr. Gibson is still a young man, but his work—or that part which he wishes to preserve—already bulks about as large as Alfred Tennyson's, if the latter's dramas be not considered. He has written in different veins; but his most characteristic work consists of his narrative poems, and it is impossible to read them without noting the close relationship between this part of his work and the work of Robert Frost. Gibson has not written the best poem of the present war, but he has written the best series of poems on the war. They have been widely copied by us as well as by others. The narrative poems are too long for reprint here. We reproduce his prelude to the section entitled "Daily Bread"—one sentence twenty lines long:

## AS ONE AT MIDNIGHT WAKENED.

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

**A**S one, at midnight, wakened by the call  
Of golden-plovers in their seaward flight,  
Who lies and listens, as the clear notes fall  
Through tingling quiet of the frosty night—  
Who lies and listens, till the wild notes fail;  
And then, in fancy, following the flock  
Fares over slumbering hill and dreaming dale,  
Until he hears the surf on reef and rock  
Break, thundering; and all sense of self is drowned  
Within the mightier music of the deep,  
And he no more recalls the piping sound  
That startled him from dull, undreaming sleep:  
So I, first waking from oblivion, heard,  
With heart that kindled to the call of song,

The voice of young life, fluting like a bird,  
And echoed that wild piping; till, ere long,  
Lured onward by that happy, singing flight,  
I caught the stormy summons of the sea,  
And dared the restless deeps that, day and night,  
Surge with the life-song of humanity.

The eagle has been given to us by the poets in many idealized and symbolic forms; but we don't remember any who has given us a more realistic picture of the eagle as a bird of prey than we get in the *Century*:

## THE BALD EAGLE.

BY JAMES CHURCH ALVORD.

**F**ROM his brood, from his nest, He comes; from tattered pines which tassel out the crest Of blue Virginia mountains. Swinging on tilted wings He blacks the west.

He glides along the glitter of the air, A white head silvered like an evening star, a glare Of greedy beak. Remorseless, noiseless, he hangs against the sun, A splendor, a despair.

Then all the little creatures flock and whimper round their dams. The ewes stand ringed in woolly phalanx, and the rams Shake braggart horns up to the sky Or down across the lambs.

The woodlands hush their chatter and their song. The robins creep into thick cedars where along The branches they are lost in the shadows and hunched with waxwings, jays, And cardinals, a shivering throng.

The brown hare huddles on the brown floor of the fallen leaves, His round eyes tremulous with tears. The squirrel breathes Only in gulps of pain behind his oak trunk. While the quail Whir, like spent bullets, to the barley sheaves.

Even the gaunt rattler on his ledge of clay, Snoozing away the sultry morning, flats down his dumpy body in dismay, Until his striped and mottled ugliness fades into rock-tints Sternly gray.

The wide plantation gasps, a dour, beleaguered town; The silence aches as, from the crown Of the glad morning, in narrowing, narrowing circles, Death swoops down.

If we wished to be meticulous we would suggest to Ella Wheeler Wilcox that one does not exactly "hurl" a spade into the ground. One places the foot

on it gently but firmly and presses it down vigorously but not explosively. But maybe Mrs. Wilcox has her own way of spading as well as of writing poetry. Be that as it may, this from the *N. Y. American* is well worth while:

## THE SPADE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

**S**EEING my garden running all amuck And weeds evicting flowers from their home, Into the root-bound soil my spade I struck To bring out strength and beauty from the loam; To bring from chaos order, and to right The wrongs that had grown boastful in their might.

Then suddenly I saw a world in arms— A world of busy ants whose citadel My spade had overthrown. Oh, what alarms— What wild, pathetic efforts to expel The base intruder from their dear domain— What consternation! What despair and pain!

My heart went out to them; I knew their grief, I knew how base, how cruel and unkind Must seem my spade—a vandal and a thief. Who, without cause, their city undermined, Their homes destroyed, their cunning, patient toil, Flung down beneath the debris of the soil.

Perchance from their ant-souls wild prayers arose For mercy or for vengeance. But intent Upon the beauty of my garden close I did not hear them if such prayers were sent. The place must be made over for the bee And butterfly, and for the joy of me.

I could not leave the ant-hills unmolested— I could not save the insects from their fate However much they prayed or they protested; The spring was here, the garden could not wait! Its future meant new beauty in the world; Again my spade into the sod was hurled.

When dreadful war or earthquake shock or flood Or tidal wave destroys what man has made, May not the purpose be for larger good, Tho' continents go down before the spade? The ant in some new form will live again, And find a fairer world—and so will men.

From *Contemporary Verse* we take a well-wrought poem on a subject that might make even an ill-wrought poem a success:

## TO A TEAR-BOTTLE.

BY THEDA KENYON.

**M**UTE witness of a grief of other times, How cold you lie within your little case— Labeled and indexed for our curious eyes— You, who have known the burning, tear-gaunt face Of misery that we can never trace!

You hid your sorrow for unnumbered years, In spice-sweet cloths, with jewels, and beaten rings Of ancient metals, in a vault of kings, Treasured with all those little, precious things That she had touched, and loved—an earthen toy, A strange, wild-headed animal of clay, A string of blue-green beads, and beetle-seals To keep her spirit safe—and you alone Pointed the sadness of the burial; Right next her breast you lay, Bound in the stuffs that wound her slim, girl-form— You held the proof of love that followed her Close to her, 'till her smooth cheek shrank and dried, And her pale fingers crumbled, till rare stones That studded them hung loosely, from brown bones. . . .

Ages have passed since then, but you would tell Anew to us, who stare and pass you by, The silent weeping of the ones who loved—

Lost them in all the solemn circumstance Of bright-eyed women, wailing erily, Moving in stately splendor in their dance Of death, invoking spirits they knew not, And spreading gentle fragrance, daintily . . .

She was well mourned by them, for lavish pay Secured sure grief upon her funeral day.

But those who followed her, with hearts too full To utter their last prayer of sad farewell, Left you to tell her of their agony When she had passed beyond the mourners' spell— When Time had stilled the clamor of the rite, And she was lost to them in endless night.

Yeats is "coming back." There is the old magic in this from the London *Sphere*:

## BROKEN DREAMS.

BY W. B. YEATS.

**T**HREE is gray in your hair, Young men no longer suddenly catch your breath When you are passing; But maybe some old gaffer mutters a blessing

Because it was your prayer  
Recovered him upon the bed of death.  
But for your sake—that all heart's ache  
have known,  
And given to others all heart's ache,  
From meagre girlhoods putting on  
Burdensome beauty—but for your sake  
Heaven has put away the stroke of her  
doom,  
So great her portion in that peace you  
make  
By merely walking in a room.

Your beauty can but leave among us  
Vague memories, nothing but memories.  
A young man when the old men are done  
talking  
Will say to an old man, "Tell me of that  
lady  
The poet stubborn with his passion sang  
us  
When age might well have chilled his  
blood."

Vague memories, nothing but memories,  
But in the grave all, all, shall be renewed.  
The certainty that I shall see that lady  
Leaning or standing or walking  
In the first loveliness of womanhood,  
And with the fervor of my youthful eyes,  
Has set me muttering like a fool  
And made me dizzy; but oh, stately one,  
Your body had a flaw.  
Your small hands were not beautiful,  
And I am afraid that you will run  
And paddle to the wrist  
In that mysterious, always brimming, lake  
Where those that have obeyed the holy  
law  
Paddle and are perfect; leave unchanged  
The hands that I have kissed  
For old sakes' sake.

The last stroke of midnight dies.  
All day in the one chair  
From dream to dream and rhyme to  
rhyme I have ranged  
In rambling talk with an image of air;  
Vague memories, nothing but memories.

Here is another war-poem that appeals to us. We find it in the New York *Times* and we reprint it omitting a very commonplace fourth stanza.

#### THE HIGHLANDERS.

BY MINNA IRVING.

**A**BOVE the rolling drums is heard  
The tune of Bonny Doon,  
And Annie Laurie keeps her tryst  
Beneath the misty moon.  
The Flowers of the Forest fall,  
And rocky road and glen  
Are ringing to the tramping feet  
Of Cameron's marching men.

The Campbells they are coming, too,  
By gloomy lochs and braes,  
And Afton Water gently flows  
Through Summer's golden haze.  
The melancholy pibrochs call  
The scattered clans again  
From miles of heather wild and wet,  
And sheep-folds gray with rain.

For lo! the pipes are all awake  
And playing as of yore  
They played before the Highland chiefs  
On Scotia's ancient shore.

The flash of tartan plaid is seen  
Along the front in France  
Wherever hearts beat high and strong,  
And dauntless troops advance.

The following poem was recently read to the assembled veterans of the Southern Confederacy in Washington, by their commander. It carries a thrill in almost every stanza and it marches on to a fitting climax. It is written by a well-known writer of Memphis, Tenn.

#### UNION.

BY VIRGINIA FRASER BOYLE.

**O**UT of the mists and the storms of  
the years,  
Out of the glory of triumph and  
tears,  
Out of the ashes of hope and of fears,  
The Old South still leads on.

She is bringing to-day what her hands  
have wrought,  
What her mother's heart at her knee has  
taught—  
Her treasure of time that her blood has  
bought—  
To lay at the Nation's feet.

Not the tattered things which she waves  
to-day—  
Not the Stars and Bars she has laid  
away,  
Nor the bended forms in their coats of  
gray—  
Her wondrous pledge to the past;

But the spirit that stirs through the dust  
of the grave,  
Wherever the flags of the Union wave;  
The valor the God of her heroes gave  
To freedom and liberty.

She comes with the cry that led her on,  
When freedom and liberty first were  
born—  
And the name of her peerless Washington—  
The rugged strength of her days.

She has kept unmixed, through her years  
of pain,  
America's blood in its purest vein;  
As she gave to the past, she gives again  
For the glory of her land.

With a patriot's faith in the days to be,  
She is pressing the seal of destiny  
With the fame of her Jackson and her

The heritage of her sons.

And she sees in her ruddy boy to-day,  
In his khaki coat, her lad in gray,  
And back of the drums her heartstrings  
play,  
When the bugles shout and call.

But her mother love is not dismayed—  
She has laid her treasure unafraid  
On the shrine where the sad-eyed Lincoln  
prayed  
That the Union might not break.

How they troop, that host that can never  
die!

A nation's heroes passing by—

The spirits that brook nor earth nor sky—  
For the deathless dead have heard:

They are marching out with a shadowy  
lance,  
With the sons of sons to the fields of  
France;  
And they stand at the guns while the  
bullets glance,  
Where England fights to win.

Oh! hallowed earth of the brave and the  
free—  
Oh! pledges of life and liberty—  
They are keeping the tryst on the land  
and the sea,  
Of a nation forever one!

We shall miss the *Masses* if, as  
seems likely, it is to be repressed  
permanently. We didn't like its obvious  
disloyalty, but we did like its clever-  
ness and the courage it displayed in ad-  
vocating its rebellious principles, and  
we liked much of its poetry. Here is  
a little gem from one of the latest—  
and last—issues:

#### EARTH AND STARS.

BY ROSE HENDERSON.

**I**HAVE looked at the stars too long,  
I think,  
For my soul hangs lonely above the  
brink  
Of a wild, bright chasm, a strange, far  
sea  
Where only my dreams float out to me.  
There is light and splendor and lifting  
wings  
But the aching wonder of untouched  
things.

Night wind, blow me a breath of soil,  
Fresh-turned by the plowman's eager toil,  
Of blossomy hedges with birds asleep,  
Of mint-grown gardens where house  
cats creep,  
Of a rose-wreathed porch and a lover's  
song.  
I have looked at the stars too long.

None of the group of loyal writers  
known as the Vigilantes has done  
better work in verse than that done  
by Amelia Josephine Burr. It has had  
snap and has carried conviction. Here  
is something of hers that we take from  
the *Outlook*:

#### A POET ENLISTS.

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

**A**ND all the songs that I might sing—  
Madness to risk them so, you say?  
How is it such a certain thing  
That I can sing them if I stay?

The winds of God are past control,  
They answer to no human call,  
And if I lose my living soul  
That is—for me—the end of all.

Better to shout one last great song,  
Dying myself, to dying men,  
Than crawl the bitter years along  
And never sing again.

## PARADIS POLISHES THE BOOTS—AN IDYLL

### BY HENRI BARBUSSE

Paradis is the name of a French soldier. The boots belonged to a girl he never saw. Barbusse tells the story in his remarkable book of war stories "Under Fire" (Dutton & Co.), which the London *Observer* says is "already a classic." Most of the stories are grim and some of them are grisly. This one is delectable.

"**R**EALLY and truly," said Paradis, my neighbor in the ranks, "believe me or not, I'm knocked out—I've never before been so paid on a march as I have been with this one, this evening."

His feet were dragging, and his square shoulders bowed under the burden of the knapsack, whose height and big irregular outline seemed almost fantastic. Twice he tripped and stumbled.

Paradis is tough. But he had been running up and down the trench all night as *liaison* man while the others were sleeping, so he had good reason to be exhausted and to growl "*Quoi?*" These kilometers must be made of india-rubber, there's no way out of it."

Every three steps he hoisted his knapsack roughly up with a hitch of his hips, and panted under its dragging; and all the heap that he made with his bundles tossed and creaked like an overloaded wagon.

"We're there," said a non-com.

Non-coms always say that, on every occasion. But—in spite of the non-com's declaration—we were really arriving in a twilight village which seemed to be drawn in white chalk and heavy strokes of black upon the blue paper of the sky, where the sable silhouette of the church—a pointed tower flanked by two turrets more slender and more sharp—was that of a tall cypress.

**B**UT the soldier, even when he enters the village where he is to be quartered, has not reached the end of his troubles. It rarely happens that either the squad or the section actually lodges in the place assigned to them, and this by reason of misunderstandings and cross-purposes which tangle and disentangle themselves on the spot; and it is only after several quarter-hours of tribulation that each man is led to his actual shelter of the moment.

So after the usual wanderings we were admitted to our night's lodging—a roof supported by four posts, and with the four quarters of the compass for its walls. But it was a good roof—an advantage which we could appreciate. It was already sheltering a cart and a plow, and we settled ourselves by them. Paradis, who had fumed and complained without ceasing during the hour we had spent in tramping to and fro, threw down his knapsack and then himself, and stayed there awhile, weary to the utmost, protesting that his limbs were benumbed, that the soles of his feet were painful, and indeed all the rest of him.

But now the house to which our hanging roof was subject, the house which stood just in front of us, was lighted up. Nothing attracts a soldier in the gray monotony of evening so much as a window whence beams the star of a lamp.

"Shall we have a squint?" proposed Volpatte.

"So be it," said Paradis. He gets up gradually, and, hobbling with weariness, steers himself towards the golden win-

dow that has appeared in the gloom, and then towards the door. Volpatte follows him, and I Volpatte.

**W**E enter, and ask the old man who has let us in and whose twinkling head is threadbare as an old hat, if he has any wine to sell.

"No," replies the old man, shaking his head, where a little white fluff crops out in places.

"No beer? No coffee? Anything at all—"

"No, *mes amis*, nothing of anything. We don't belong here; we're refugees, you know."

"Then, seeing there's nothing, we'll be off." We right-about face. At least we have enjoyed for a moment the warmth which pervades the house and a sight of the lamp. Already Volpatte has gained the threshold and his back is disappearing in the darkness.

But I espy an old woman, sunk in the depths of a chair in the other corner of the kitchen, who appears to have some busy occupation.

I pinch Paradis' arm. "There's the belle of the house. Shall we pay our addresses to her?"

Paradis makes a gesture of lordly indifference. He has lost interest in women—all those he has seen for a year and a half were not for him; and, moreover, even when they would like to be his, he is equally uninterested.

"Young or old—pooh!" he says to me, beginning to yawn. For want of something to do and to lengthen the leaving, he goes up to the good wife. "Good evening, gran'ma," he mumbles, finishing his yawn.

"Good evening, *mes enfants*," quavers the old dame.

So near, we see her in detail. She is shriveled, bent and bowed in her old bones, and the whole of her face is white as the dial of a clock.

And what is she doing? Wedged between her chair and the edge of the table she is trying to clean some boots. It is a heavy task for her infantile hands; their movements are uncertain, and her strokes with the brush sometimes go astray. The boots, too, are very dirty indeed.

**S**EEING that we are watching her, she whispers to us that she must polish them well, and this evening, too, for they are her little girl's boots, who is a dressmaker in the town and goes off first thing in the morning.

Paradis has stooped to look at the boots more closely, and suddenly he puts his hand out towards them. "Drop it, gran'ma; I'll spruce up your lass's trotter-cases for you in three secs."

The old woman lodges an objection by shaking her head and her shoulders. But Paradis takes the boots with authority, while the grandmother, paralyzed by her weakness, argues the question and opposes us with a shadowy protest.

Paradis has taken a boot in each hand; he holds them gingerly and looks at them for a moment, and you would even say that he was squeezing them a little.

"Aren't they small!" he says in a voice which is not what we hear in the usual way.

He has secured the brushes as well, and sets himself to wielding them with zealous carefulness. I notice that he is smiling, with his eyes fixed on his work.

Then, when the mud has gone from the boots, he takes some polish on the end of the double-pointed brush and caresses them with it intently.

They are dainty boots—quite those of a stylish young lady; rows of little buttons shine on them.

"Not a single button missing," he whispers to me, and there is pride in his tone.

He is no longer sleepy; he yawns no more. On the contrary, his lips are tightly closed; a gleam of youth and spring-time lights up his face; and he who was on the point of going to sleep seems just to have woken up.

And where the polish has bestowed a beautiful black his fingers move over the body of the boot, which opens widely in the upper part and betrays—ever such a little—the lower curves of the leg. His fingers, so skilled in polishing, are rather awkward all the same as they turn the boots over and turn them again, as he smiles at them and ponders—profoundly and afar—while the old woman lifts her arms in the air and calls me to witness "What a very kind soldier!" he is.

**I**T is finished. The boots are cleaned and finished off in style; they are like mirrors. Nothing is left to do.

He puts them on the edge of the table, very carefully, as if they were saintly relics; then at last his hands let them go. But his eyes do not at once leave them. He looks at them, and then lowering his head, he looks at his own boots. I remember that while he made this comparison the great lad—a hero by destiny, a Bohemian, a monk—smiled once more with all his heart.

The old woman was showing signs of activity in the depths of her chair; she had an idea. "I'll tell her! She shall thank you herself, monsieur! Hey, Josephine!" she cried, turning towards a door.

But Paradis stopped her with an expansive gesture which I thought magnificent. "No, it's not worth while, gran'ma; leave her where she is. We're going. We won't trouble her, *allez!*"

Such decision sounded in his voice that it carried authority, and the old woman obediently sank into inactivity and held her peace.

We went away to our bed under the wall-less roof, between the arms of the plow that was waiting for us. And then Paradis began again to yawn; but by the light of the candle in our crib, a full minute later, I saw that the happy smile remained yet on his face.

## TAKING IT STANDING—THE LETTER THAT TOM RECEIVED FROM HIS MOTHER

Grace S. Richmond, of the Vigilantes, tells of Tom, his mother, and her struggle in writing the letter. There are many thousands of American mothers who have gone (and are yet to go) through the same kind of struggle. Let us hope they may meet it with the courage that Tom's mother displayed.

**S**HE had had a letter from her only son that morning. It was the sort of letter which ought to make any mother's heart leap with pride. But it was such startling news that pride was instantly overcome by fear.

"Mother Dear:

"I want to enlist. I know you were glad I wasn't called in this first conscription—and I thought I was glad. Somehow, after a little, I wasn't. I've been going round feeling like a sneak. Every time anybody congratulates me on having escaped I wish to heavens I hadn't. But now—I'm glad I did, so I can do the thing myself."

"I hope this won't break you all up. You don't want me to go on feeling like a sneak, do you? I don't think it's good for a fellow to feel that way. Maybe it's not good for his country either. Please write at once and tell me how you feel.

"Lots of love,

"Tom."

The first letter she wrote in answer to this began in this way:

"Dearest Tom:

"I certainly want you to do what is right—but I am not at all sure that it is right—in your case. You have never been remarkably strong, tho I think perhaps you are as well as the average young man who spends his hours behind an office desk. Then, I remember how, as a boy, you dreaded the sound of a gun. Do you think you could bear it to kill men—you, who cried your heart out over a dead bird? Oh, do think twice about this thing—"

**T**HEN she remembered that he must have thought twice—ten times—a hundred times—before he came to

this decision. She tore up the letter and began another.

"I don't know what to say to you. Of course I want you to do what is right. I wish your father were alive—the responsibility is so heavy for me. If you should enlist, do you suppose you could get a position where you wouldn't have to go to the actual front? Just as useful a position, but where I needn't feel that your life was in danger every hour. I don't know how I could bear that. I—"

But she didn't like the look of it. After long thought she started another sheet.

"I have tried to write to you in a way that would influence you against enlisting, but I am afraid that I ought not to do that. I have hoped I might escape the awful sacrifice of seeing you go to war. But if you feel that it is surely your duty, I know I must bear my part. You can little imagine what it is to me—"

At this point she broke down and cried—of course. One can't write about one's awful sacrifices without feeling much worse the moment one sees the words upon paper. That's a fixed psychological law. But by and by she wiped her eyes. She wasn't a coward, and she felt that the words were cowardly. She tried again.

"I think it is very brave of you to want to enlist, when you still might escape the draft. I want you to do your duty. Of course I shall be very anxious and lonely, but I know I must do my part. I don't want you to feel like a sneak—tho I do think there are others—great strong fellows whose mothers are not widows—who could go much better than you. But if you feel that you must go, I shall not hold you back—"

**A**ND still it wouldn't do. Her heart was aching desperately, but suddenly she began to think about Tom's feelings when he should read her letter. Those wailing words about her loneliness—and her anxiety—and her reluctant willingness to do her duty! Was that the way to send her boy off, with his heart heavy with fear for her, that she couldn't bear it? Just because she was a woman *must she pull on a man?*—make him feel as badly as she could?—make him wonder if he should be doing right if he left her? Why couldn't she put spirit into him, since he had so much of his own? If she wrote with a fine courage, if she said nothing about what it was going to cost her, was there any danger of his thinking she didn't really care? Hardly!

Once more she began the sheet—and at last she wrote as she must write if she would really do her part at bracing his manhood.

"You're the real thing, and I'm so proud of you I'd like to hug you! Of course you don't want to go on feeling like a sneak—and I should feel like one myself if I let you. Go ahead and enlist, dear—and I'll enlist with you—for the duration of the war," as the phrase is."

It was the next day that she had her telegram from the boy. He couldn't wait to write the words of glowing pride in her. And as she read it she realized, once for all, that the way to face things is to face them standing—not cowering—or stooping—or evading, but *standing*—head up, shoulders square, eyes front. The blow doesn't hit so hard that way!

"*You are the real thing yourself. Will enlist to-day. Love.* Tom."

## NERO WAS THERE

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* relates a pleasing little incident that occurred in connection with the return of French refugees to their homes in the reconquered territory of northern France.

**O**N the road leading from Villers-Cotterets to Crepy-en-Valllois I overtook, one golden autumn day, early in the war, two women and a little girl who were walking wearily along a path which had been newly made by the feet of the scores of thousands of folk who had fled before the first German advance. I asked the driver of the equipage which I had rented in Villers-Cotterets to take them with us, and with pleasure he did so.

"We are going back to Senlis," explained one of the tired women who was the mother of the little girl. "The Germans were very close when we ran away and some of the town was burning. For two weeks now we have been gone from home, living like vagabonds, but we hear that the Germans have gone from Senlis and so we are going back to see if we

still have a home." Now and then they wished to talk. The child's aunt was full of hatred for the Germans. The mother was stolidly content with the prospect of getting back home; but Yvette:

"Mama! Will it be that the candy-shop is open? Will Nero be watching the house? Do Germans take dogs like Nero? Wouldn't Nero bite a German?"

"If the house is still there we shall find Nero," the mother would answer. "If the candy-shop is there it will be open, you may be sure."

We passed through Crepy and moved slowly on toward Senlis.

"There! Voilà!" exclaimed the mother suddenly. "I see the tower of the church. Perhaps it is not so bad with our house as we feared."

The driver whipped up the two tired horses. He and I knew what great curi-

osity was straining the hearts of the women. We rattled into the main street and passed the partly ruined church.

"Turn here!" they all cried as we came to a narrow, winding side-street. The houses were all intact. The women leaned out in an effort to see around a turn in the road.

"Nero! Nero!" shouted Yvette from her high seat beside the driver.

A little brown dog came bouncing across the street; we passed the turn in the road, and, with the little dog barking and trying to jump into the coach, Yvette and her mother and her aunt all laughed, with tears in their eyes, and said to the driver:

"Stop here! This is our house!"

While neighbors came running up to welcome my fellow-travelers the driver gave the horses a flick with his whip and we moved off to the hotel.

# THE △ INDUSTRIAL △ WORLD

## GIGANTIC TASKS THAT AWAIT OUR ARMY CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY IN THE WAR ZONE

THAT modern warfare is a complex problem involving the industrial no less than the military genius of the nations under arms is becoming more apparent every day. Just how vast and complex is the industrial side of a military advance somewhere in France, for instance, is beyond ordinary conception. It is seldom described so comprehensively as in a message to American engineers which Captain G. P. Capart, of the French General Staff, sends to *Industrial Management*. The railroads and highways leading to the areas of battle may be compared to a great system of arteries supplying the fighting blood for the troops. An elaborate network of railways is constantly growing and spreading behind and through the armies to supply food and munitions, to move troops from one point of the line to another, and to bring into action heavy artillery mounted on railway trucks. The maintenance of these lines and the construction of new ones daily becomes a matter of greater importance. As a heavy body of troops moves forward, as the length of the supply line increases along with the volume of traffic for both up-keep and new construction, a highly trained personnel is required simply for railroad operation. Furthermore, says Captain Capart:

"Narrow gage railways, cableways and telpherage systems have given extraordinarily valuable service. A single telpherage installation at one point on the French front took the place of six hundred mules. Similar installations have been used with great success by the Italians amid the mountains and valleys of the area where their offensive has been going forward. The automobile

needs hardly to be mentioned, for its employment has been one of the spectacular features of army transport. Pleasure cars, heavy trucks and tractors all have their place. Thousands of drivers, and more thousands of mechanics and repair men to keep these vehicles in running order, have now become an important part of the army. It is unnecessary to add to the list of mechanical devices and technical and industrial services needed behind an army such as is now fighting in France and such as the United States is rapidly creating. All the mechanical work that needs to be

ordinary degree along these lines that hundreds of American officers and engineers are preceding the main body of our army to France.

"With the army at the front must be engineer regiments that may properly be called divisional engineers. In the rear of the army must be numerous industrial regiments which, with equal propriety, may be designated supporting engineers. The point of difference in these two types of service is found in the nature of the work that they are expected to do. The divisional engineers are called upon to perform work of a more or less improvised nature or of a temporary character, such as the bridging of streams, building temporary roads, throwing up fortifications and work of demolition. The supporting engineers at the rear are concerned with industrial operations of a more permanent nature, such as the upkeep of railways and highways, and the multitudinous repairs of the fighting machinery, which wears out with amazing rapidity.

"In the American military organization regiments of engineers (divisional engineers) have always been present and have been trained to perform the most valuable of technical services. The work of the supporting engineers was never appreciated or needed until the present war created a demand. Thus with the exception of units for railroad building and lumbering but little has been done in the United States to develop regiments of supporting engineers, which is essentially an industrial problem. All of the men must be specialists drawn from the best that industry can provide. It is perhaps not unwise to suggest that without delay there might be created a military department known as 'The Department of Supporting Engineers,' at the head of which should be a general accustomed to handling huge industrial and engineering projects."



A MILITARY CABLEWAY THROUGH A FOREST IN ALSACE

done in a modern city must be performed in elaborate detail for the millions of men at the front."

One of the oppressing technical problems at the present time, we read, is the liaison (keeping in touch) with troops under fire; for the degree in which they are kept in touch determines the control of their maneuvers. Every means known to science—mechanical, optical, acoustic and electrical—is applied to secure the sure and rapid liaison between the various units. It is to study the apparatus and methods developed to such an extra-



BUILDING A RAILROAD BEHIND THE TRENCHES IN NORTHERN FRANCE

An elaborate network of railways is constantly growing and spreading behind and through the armies to supply food and munitions, and to quickly move troops and artillery from one point of the line to another. One of the phases of work for our army engineers at the front.



A year ago, we read, the increase of the armies and the expansion of material resources had taxed the highways and railroads on the British front to their extreme capacity, with the result that the former, especially, suffered fearfully. This made it necessary to build still more military railroads, and a new network of them was decided upon. Before these lines had been completed, however, the Germans retired from a large section which they had occupied from the beginning of the war, destroying railways, bridges, highways, every means of communication; and the British army faced the stupendous task of gridironing this additional area with means of transportation. The fact that it has been accomplished, and with such rapidity and thoroughness, constitutes one of the remarkable achievements—either military or industrial—of the war.

Eulogizing this and other work done by British engineers and directors of transportation (as a model for American army engineers to study in the war zone), the *New York Sun* goes on to say:

"All kinds of railroad material, rails, ties, bridge-building materials, locomotives, cars, tools, huge repair shops, have been sent to France and put into service on the lines of communication. Thousands of miles of railroad track, hundreds of locomotives for use on both broad and narrow-gauge track, tens of thousands of cars have been pouring in a steady stream into France and the stream still flows. About half of the cars and more than half of the larger locomotives now operating in the sector of British operations in France were taken from the British railways. This of course necessitated the imposition of rigorous restrictions upon traffic at home."

"After restricting travel in Great Britain to the utmost, it was still impossible to spare as many locomotives and cars for service in France as were necessary. So the Colonials were called upon and immense amounts of rolling stock have been sent from them. Thousands of cars have been specially constructed for the military work of this country. Hospital trains and armored trains have been built, and special trucks have had to be constructed for the movement of heavy artillery. The ordinary railway freight car in England is built to carry not more than fifteen tons. More handle twelve tons, and therefore special arrangements were required when it became necessary,

for example, to move a piece of ordnance weighing as much as a dozen cars would be expected to carry.

"Another difficulty in connection with transporting military supplies by rail is confronted in connection with the movement of very heavy ordnance, for the bridges on military railways—despite that they must be constructed in great haste and of such materials as may be brought together on short notice—are nevertheless required to be stronger than bridges designed for the ordinary traffic of peace time."

Captain Capart is hopeful that, in so far as "American industries are the most highly developed and command master-minds among both engineers and industrial managers, the United States can profit by the experiences and mistakes of the other belligerents, and her resources can supply every bit of technical material that is needed—which advantages mean that the technical services of the American army in France will be the first in the world."

In the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad are men of forty-two different nationalities, besides native-born Americans; and members of thirty alien races were included among its buyers of Liberty Bonds to the amount of \$3,400,000.

## HOW FAST DO BUSINESSES DIE AND WHAT ARE THE DISEASES THAT KILL THEM?

**I**NSURANCE men know a great deal about the rapidity with which human beings die; but, strange to say, business men know next to nothing about the business death-rate. The human death-rate shows more or less accurately how many people die of each principal disease. The causes behind these diseases are of course well understood in many instances. Records being compiled each day indicate whether the human death-rate is increasing or decreasing. If it is increasing, the causes are at once determined—and usually it is not difficult to apply a remedy. Certain diseases that used to cause epidemics are today seldom heard of, simply because medical men have learned the causes and the remedies; and that has made the world a much healthier place.

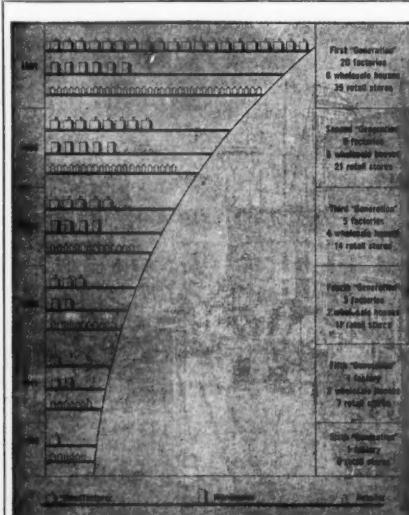
Is not logical, asks a writer in *System*, to suppose that in much the same manner a great work can be done for business? In other words, if we knew more or less accurately how fast concerns die, the common causes behind such failures, and the methods most effective in fighting them, we would be forearmed in an important way. How fast, then, do businesses die; and what are the diseases to which they are most commonly subject? *System* has recently completed an extended investigation in a representative American city and the figures

are not only interesting in themselves, but, as showing whether business concerns are dying faster to-day than they did twenty-five or thirty years ago.

On the accompanying chart appears the death-record of sixty-one concerns that started in business in this representative city before 1891—twenty factories turning out lumber and tim-

ber products, six wholesale and thirty-five retail concerns. In 1896 only eight of the twenty factories were in business—twelve had died. Of the wholesale houses five were in business and one had died. Of the retail stores twenty-one were in business and fourteen had died. Briefly, twenty-seven, or nearly half of the sixty-one concerns that had started, dropped out within the five-year period. Ten years later only one factory, two wholesale houses and seven retail stores were left, and in 1916 only the factory and six of the retailers had survived, the last of the wholesalers having disappeared. To summarize, fifty-four out of the sixty-one concerns that started in business about 1886, or at least some time prior to 1891, died within thirty years; and of the total number nearly one-half collapsed during the period in which occurred the panic of 1893. We read:

"The investigation indicates that the business death-rate is high in normal times; that it is higher in abnormal times; that it may be even higher for concerns starting in business in the days of prosperity than for those starting in the days of reaction; and that the speed with which business houses die is just as startling as the actual number that die—all of which are considerations of serious importance to every concern in the country."



A CHART OF BUSINESS MORTALITY  
Six in every ten concerns that start in business are sure to "die" within thirty years, most of them in less than eight years. This chart shows how rapidly sixty-one concerns that were started in 1886 succumbed to one "disease" or another.

A clear idea of the death-rate for manufacturing concerns, in fourteen lines, listed according to the value of their products, is gained in the following table:

## DEATH-RATE IN MANUFACTURING

The rate is given as the percentage of failures to the total in business during a period of 30 years:

LINE	RATE %
1 Furniture	53.7
2 Flour and grist mill products	53.0
3 Iron works products	58.9
4 Printing	48.2
5 Lumber and timber products	75.0
6 Boots and shoes	57.1
7 Cigars and tobacco	75.4
8 Hosiery and knit goods	30.0
9 Creamery products	56.5
10 Brass, bronze, and copper products	52.1
11 Clothing	43.3
12 Drugs	68.1
13 Automobiles	57.1
14 Carriages and wagons	71.6
Death-rate for 14 leading lines	57.1
Death-rate for 199 other lines	66.9
Death-rate for 1,327 factories in 213 lines	62.0

Expressed in another way, the death-rates for factories mean that through a thirty-year period more than sixty per cent. of all concerns that started in business died out; that practically

three-fourths of all the cigar and tobacco manufacturers, manufacturers of lumber and timber products, and makers of carriages and wagons, who started in business during the thirty years, failed. Bear in mind that these concerns were not in business through most of the thirty-year period. Instead, the majority went under, were sold out, went into bankruptcy or died off in some way within five years after they were started. The figures are suggestive of conditions prevailing in the various lines. For example:

"The high death-rate for carriage and wagon factories is due largely to the growth of the automobile industry—not only because of the relatively decreasing number of carriages and wagons in use but also because quite a few manufacturers of carriages and wagons attempted to produce automobiles or automobile accessories themselves. It was often a question of taking on more than they could handle. Similarly the high death-rate for cigar and tobacco manufacturers indicates the tendency in that business to move frequently from one location to another; and the rate for lumber and

timber products suggests a lack of co-operation.

"Again, in spite of the fact that the furniture industry predominates in this city and almost any furniture company in difficulty may usually gain some sort of substantial protection from other furniture companies, the death-rate for thirty years is over 50 per cent. The high rate for manufactured drugs—68.1 per cent.—is determined by the large number of companies making patent medicines which live for only a day and then pass on."

To sum up, manufacturers have the highest death-rate—62 per cent.; retailers are next, with 58.6 per cent.; and wholesalers are last, with 51 per cent. And, we are informed, the general business death-rate is increasing rather than decreasing in practically every line of commercial endeavor in this country.

Vast quantities of smokeless fuel are believed to be available for the United States Navy by the discovery that anthracite culm mixed with twenty per cent. of soft coal burns fiercely and produces none of the smoke which soft coal, now generally in use in the service, gives forth.

## SUGAR-FARMING IN CUBA AS A NEW AND SURE WAY TO GET RICH QUICKLY

CUBA is the new El Dorado. Fortunes are being made with such rapidity and steadiness in the sugar industry as to constitute a growing wonder of the industrial world. Cuban plantation values are increasing enormously. In many cases they have doubled and trebled; in spite of which an acre of good sugar land will often produce at present prices more than the land itself is worth. Frequently the crop is worth twice or three times as much as the land it comes from. One American of his acquaintance, reports George F. Worts in the *Review of Reviews*, recently bought a huge plantation and sugar mill, paying an exorbitant price for the property. Yet his profits at the end of the year overbalanced the entire cost. Penni-

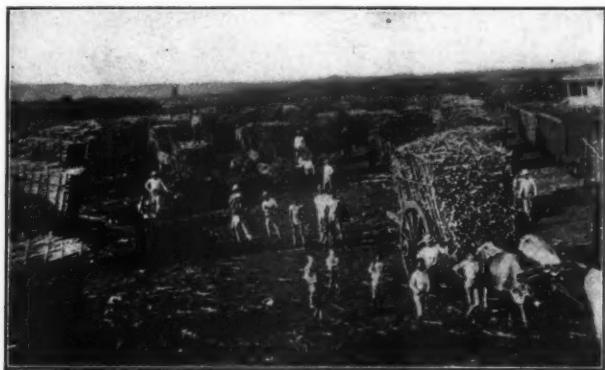
less young Cubans by the score have become wealthy in cabalistic fashion.

Consider the business romance of it. Nearly all mills own large plantations. They provide one of the chief sources of the cane, but are often inadequate to meet the demands of the machinery. In order to operate the mill continuously the owner resorts to a plan which is a faint echo of feudalism. For instance, he owns great tracts of arable land which have not been cleared of jungle growth. If a young Cuban in his employ is intelligent and honest, he will lease the land to him at a low rental, often for nothing at all, and lend him enough money to clear the tract and plant his first crop.

In return the young Cuban delivers his cane for extraction to the mill of

his benefactor, receiving half of the yield, which he sells at the market price, while the mill owner keeps the other half in payment. We read:

"Small fortunes have resulted to the young plantation lessee through this reciprocal arrangement. Within the past five years many energetic Cubans have realized as much as \$250,000 on initial investments of from \$15,000 to \$20,000, all of which was borrowed. Most of these young men have added to their wealth by re-leasing, for large sums, to corporations. As a result, much of the money now invested in Cuban sugar projects can be traced directly to the United States. When the sugar tariff next comes before Congress the fact that many American citizens are interested in Cuban sugar projects will complicate a problem which has always been a hard one to solve."



SUGAR-FARMING IS MAKING CUBA AN ISLAND OF MILLIONAIRES

Since the outbreak of the war many of the natives have realized as much as \$250,000 on initial investments of from \$15,000 to \$20,000, while the sugar barons proper are amassing wealth at a rate that would make a Yukon prospector green with envy.



In more ways than the mere inflation of land values, we are informed, Cuba is reflecting the conditions of our California gold-rush days. Fortunes are being made in other mediums than first-grade sugar, just as fortunes during the gold rushes were made in other ways than the mining of gold. Second-grade sugar, for example, is now made into alcohol and shipped in great quantity to France for use in the manufacture of explosives. Molasses, another by-product, is sold at large profit to rum distilleries. In fact, says this investigator, all Cuban industries have been stimulated by the abnormal activity of the sugar market, and hundreds of men, with small and large capital, have gone in to make quick fortunes.

The only cog in her industrial system which seems to have slipped is the railroad. A few years ago the

single-track roads were sufficient. But prosperity has come with such haste that it has been impossible for the railroads immediately to rise to the occasion. Cuban jungles present no ordinary construction difficulties, and months are required for the delivery of rolling stock from the United States, whose steel mills have had eyes glued to the profitable shrapnel industry. However:

"The demands made upon the sugar-mills themselves were met with greater agility. The struggling mill-owners did not lose their heads when prosperity arrived. The majority of them had been suffering from lack of proper equipment and wisely reinvested their first profits in better machinery. As a result, these mills will be able to extract sugar from cane at a profit when prices fall in the future. . . . Attention has lately been turned to the electrified mill. American electrical engineers have already installed

nearly thirty electrical equipments in the one hundred and eighty-eight mills now in operation. The chief advantages of electricity in mills is its dependability. A mill break-down during the busy season costs \$6 a minute, or over \$8,000 a day. Either with electrical or improved steam machinery, the mill-owner is preparing himself against the drop in prices which will result when the war is over and Germany reenters the field."

Meanwhile, the attitude of Cuban business men towards Americans is increasingly friendly. The younger generation of Cubans is receiving higher education in this country. The war has acted as a cement in uniting the sympathies of the two republics and, as a Havana sugar merchant, who has made over a million dollars in the past year, naively confesses, "nearly all this tide of money that has been breaking over Cuba is flowing on or back to the United States."

## WHO GETS THE PREFERENCE WHEN THERE IS NOT ENOUGH RAW WAR MATERIAL TO GO ROUND?

THE capacity of the Bingville Chain Company is one thousand feet of steel chain a day. On a certain date John Jones wants thirty thousand feet of steel chain. So does the War Department, likewise the Coast Guard, also the Mudhonk Dredger Company. At the same time a foreign government, a ship-building concern, a chain hoist company and a big building contractor also have instant need of thirty thousand feet of steel chain. They all want it delivered day after to-morrow. John Jones may almost get it, because he wants it badly enough to pay the regular price, plus the bonus offered by the foreign government, plus five per cent. for being given preference over the dredger company, a regular customer, plus another five per cent. for haste. But when he is about to take possession of his chain, the Navy Department offers a still higher price and receives the goods.

Imagine such a state of affairs multiplied in the case of ten thousand factories—imagine army and navy and civil government departments all bidding against each other, each competing not only with its own multitudinous units but with the commercial world, and it will be readily seen that not only would price chaos result but that war work would be disorganized. Complicate matters by supplying the United States with a lot of allies, all of whom want everything this country wants, and want it as fast or faster, and the reason for the Priorities Committee of the War Industries Board of the Council of National Defense is at once plain.

If, pursues C. F. Claudy in the *Scientific American*, there is a reason why the navy ought to have a ton of dynamite or a load of coal or a bale of hay before anyone else, some one must have the deciding power as to the validity of that reason. If there is a necessity for the army to have some artillery wheel spokes or some optical glass or a million yards of silk or all the tent pegs in the world before anyone else, some one must decide the fact. The manufacturer cannot. He has his hands full manufacturing. The head of the particular bureau which places the order cannot—he is convinced beyond all argument that no one needs that material half as badly as he does. The question can-

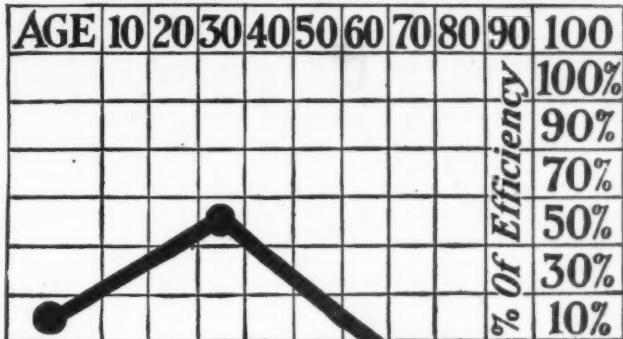
not be settled by any single purchasing agent or any single manufacturer, because, while the man who makes range-finders, for instance, might agree that the navy's needs were greater than the army's, it doesn't follow that all the people who make the material which enter into range-finders would see that the Jonestown Range Finder Company had a greater need for brass and copper and leather and steel than that of all their other customers. So the matter of *who gets what and when he gets it*, is all-important and accounts for the Priorities Committee, composed of Judge Lovett, Chairman; Major-General Aleshire, Rear-Admirals Mason and Zane, George N. Ormsby, Edwin B. Parker and J. Leonard Rep-

(Continued on page 426.)



ACCORDING TO POPULATION—NOT SQUARE MILES

This map shows how the United States would look if the size of the States corresponded to their population. It makes one realize the immense importance, in population, of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Observe the Great Lakes hanging midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific, instead of being far to the east where they belong. This map, copyrighted by O. A. Owen, and published in *System*, is a valuable guide for sales managers in coping with the problem of national distribution.



# You Are Slumping!

**You Are Slumping And Do Not Know It. You Are Half Alive And Do Not Realize It. You Are Only Half as Efficient As You Could Easily Be and Do Not Know What To Do About It. You Are Living An Inferior Life—You are Taking Far Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure. I Have Shown Over 262,000 Men and Women from 7 to 97—Including Millionaires and Paupers—How to Acquire New Life, New Vigor, New Energy and a Higher Realization of Life and Success.**

## Do Not Deceive Yourself

There is no fraud like self-deception. You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic and happy, yet when compared with other men or women you are ill, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to use your powers. The truth, if you will only acknowledge it to yourself, is that you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you could easily become a giant—only thru conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ of your body.

### You Are Only Half Alive

If you possess only sufficient energy and vitality to carry you thru each day—if you are normal in health only under the most favorable conditions—if you are not full of "pep," energy, confidence and ambition every moment of your life—if you are unable to abuse yourself without flinching—if you are over-tired mentally or physically—you are only half alive—you are not thoroughly qualified to win against the competition you are up against.

### Some Parts of You Are Dead

The body is made up of billions of tiny cells. These cells are of varied degrees of activity. Some are alive, some are weakened, some are practically lifeless and some are totally dead. When your stomach troubles you, when your heart bothers you, when your liver complains, when your intestines protest, when your bones ache,

when your brain becomes cloudy or foggy, it is a sign that the inactive, non-alive cells have secured the upper hand. Only through Conscious Evolution of the cells can you bring them to the point of efficiency and energy that should rightfully be yours.

### What Is Conscious Evolution?

Conscious Evolution is a simple, scientific, practical, convenient and easy method of developing every cell in the body to its highest pitch of vitality and energy. Without drugs, medicines, apparatus—without electricity, cold baths, massage or dieting—without asking you to deprive yourself of any of the pleasures of habits that you enjoy—without asking you to do anything you do not like to do. Conscious Evolution will give you energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, youth to spare, living power to spare and organ of your body.

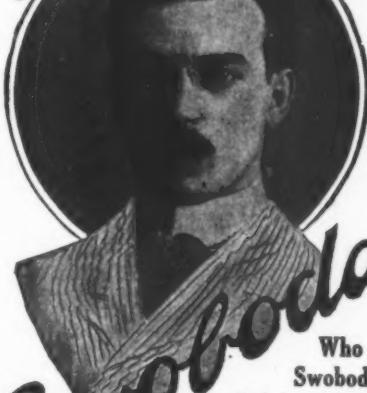
### Become Superior to Others

The Swoboda System makes you a better human being than others, physically and mentally. It enables you to dominate others—it enables you to out-think others—it enables you to endure more—and it vitalizes every organ, cell and tissue so as to make the mere act of living a joy. It gives you a thrilling and pulsating nature—it can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. Read my guarantee and learn what I mean by permanent.

### Your Earning Power

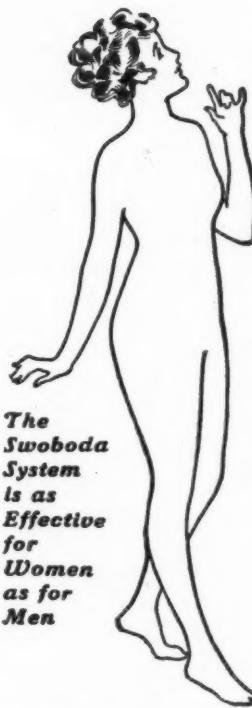
Your success depends entirely upon your health, vitality, memory and will-power. Without these all knowledge becomes of small value. It cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will-power and make you physically just as you ought to be.

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Who Is  
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Swoboda, himself, is a wonderful example of what Conscious Evolution can accomplish. As Swoboda gains in years he grows older in enthusiasm, younger in vitality, younger in health; he is becoming stronger, more energetic, more confident, more dominant and more alive by capitalizing his creative powers through Conscious Evolution. What Swoboda is accomplishing for himself you too can accomplish—every individual can accomplish for every individual is governed by the same laws and principles, and every individual has it within himself to make use of these laws and principles.



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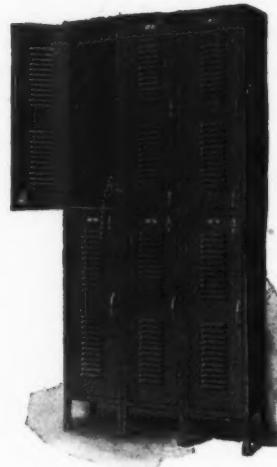
(Continued from page 424)  
logie, with Executive Secretary R. T. Demsey. We read:

"This is a working committee, which meets daily in Washington. It is interlocked with the War Industries Board, the Raw Materials Committee and the office of the Statistician of the Council, so that it is in complete touch with the demand for war material of all kinds. As this is written there are in the mails some twenty-five thousand copies of an important letter of instructions to manufacturers and suppliers of raw materials of all kinds, in which the Committee on Priorities advises that, during the war in which the United States is now engaged, all individuals, firms, associations, and corporations engaged in the production of iron and steel, and in the manufacture of products thereof, are requested to observe certain regulations respecting priority. These regulations first divide all orders and work into three general classes A, B and C, and each class into small numbered sub-classes. . . . Class A consists of war work—orders for war material or material urgently necessary in carrying on the war. Arms, ammunition and ships are examples. In Class B are orders and work, which, while not primarily needed in the conduct of the war, are yet of public interest, essential to the national welfare or otherwise of exceptional importance. A new dredge on the Panama Canal may be of extreme importance, yet not to be considered as a Class A order, since it has no direct bearing on the war."

It will at once occur to the layman to wonder what power the committee wields to make its rulings regarded as mandatory. The answer is—patriotism. The manufacturer and producer of raw materials have thoroughly shown that they want to help the United States. It is known that the President is solidly back of the Council of National Defense, the War Industries Board and all its ramifications. Therefore, argues the manufacturer, these certificates really come from the President. But there are other answers:

"Not all manufacturers are patriots before they are business men. Some are provided with instincts more highly developed commercially than in any other direction. To these there is the irresistible appeal of more orders. Manufacturers who do what they are told will of course be given preference in future orders over those who follow their own sweet will and pleasure in filling government contracts. Finally there is the freedom from responsibility which comes to the manufacturer who fills orders according to priority certificates. He is assured of getting his materials. He cannot be troubled by those who order from him with Class B certificates or whose orders, not accompanied by any certificates, are necessarily Class C. The United States will see that, so far as subsidiary certificates specifying the class of the materials he needs can go, he will get them, and he needs no excuse for failure to comply with the terms of a

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### TAMMANY HALL

was mainly responsible for the grossest abuses of the naturalization laws, which became so glaring that in 1835 a new party arose, which called itself the American Republican. Subsequently it assumed the name of Native American, the parent of a secret fraternity, the members of which were pledged by oath not to reveal its real name. The popular designation of the party as

"KNOW NOTHING"  
arose from the fact that its members replied to all inquiries concerning it with "I don't know." This movement formed the chief subject of discussion in the House of Representatives during the session of 1854-55, which was inaugurated with an attack on the party by Wm. S. Barry (Mass.) and replied to by Nathaniel P. Banks (Mass.).

This debate is timely and should be read by every thinking American. It is published in a neatly printed booklet, paper covered, which I will mail to readers of this magazine postpaid, on receipt of 25¢.

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contract calling for a delivery on a certain date, if the government itself has demanded that he lay aside this for Class A work."

With hundreds of purchasing agents and thousands of ramifications of the several great services of the government, all needing materials, with a dozen foreign governments drawing heavily upon us for all that is necessary to make war, from automobiles to zinc, from asbestos to zirconium, from artillery to zymometers, nothing but hopeless confusion could result without this industrial directing power to determine the order in which business shall be done.

#### MEAT IS COSTING TOO MUCH, ADMITS ARMOUR, AND HE TELLS WHY

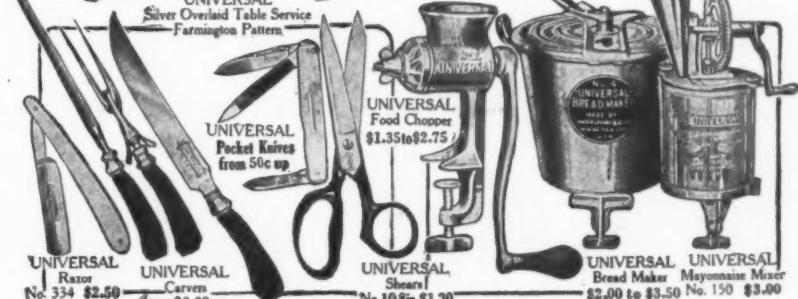
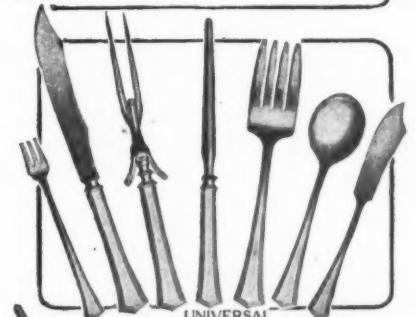
**M**EAT is such an important item on the American table that its increased cost has attracted attention and comment somewhat out of proportion to the rate of advance. Statisticians tell us that the average American family spends forty-three per cent. of its income for food and that nearly half of this amount goes for meat. Which explains why an average advance of fifteen or twenty per cent. in the price of meat causes more comment than thirty or forty or even fifty per cent. in the case of the remainder of the food list. Analyzing the reasons for the high prices of food-stuffs in general and meat in particular, and boldly declaring that "meat price increases are not due to big profits, so far as the meat purveyors are concerned," J. Ogden Armour asserts in *Collier's* that "high prices are as bad for the purveyor as they are for the consumer" and that "the problem of bringing about lower prices is of mutual concern." Furthermore:

"The packers are just as anxious for lower prices as is the public. The packer's profit on a steer or a hog or a sheep is about the same whether meat prices be high or low. But when the price is low, consumption of meat increases and permits the packer to do a larger volume of business, thereby increasing his profits in the aggregate without increasing his profit on the single animal. High prices compel him to lessen his volume of business because as the demand for meat falls off it automatically limits the business in by-products, and the by-products furnish both operating expenses and profits.

"To illustrate: hogs bought in July cost approximately fifteen cents a pound, live weight. The wholesale price-list contained some thirty-seven cuts and portions under the pork heading, and of these seventeen brought in less per pound than was paid for the live animal before the expense of dressing and distributing had been added. The more valuable cuts sold for enough to bring the average price per pound up to twenty cents.

"The story of the beef steer is essen-

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tially the same as the hog. The dressed meat of the animal is sold to the retailer for less than the live animal cost. A thousand-pound steer bought early in July cost from \$125 to \$140, whereas the meat from that animal, less than six hundred pounds being edible, sold for from \$100 to \$110. Sheep are handled on a similar basis. . . . The profits which enable packers to handle meat at less than cost are due to the utilization of those portions of the animals which until recent years were wasted or destroyed."

This statement does not accord with the general conception, admits the writer, who, nevertheless, maintains that "any charge against the packers as being responsible for or as unduly profiting by the high prices of meat is not supported by the facts." It is the stock-raiser, and incidentally the retailer who is benefiting more than the packer. It is his opinion, in this connection, that "before the price of meat and of other food products as well can be materially reduced, there will have to be a far-reaching change in the demands made by the public upon the retail trade. The retail dealer is the last link in the long chain extending from the farm to the table, and, while he does nothing other than act as a distributor, he is compelled to charge in the neighborhood of twenty per cent. of the price of each article or each pound of meat in order to cover the cost of doing business." Nevertheless, we are surprised to read that "the great majority of retailers are the victims of high prices rather than beneficiaries thereof." Armour believes that the great bulk of the retailers will welcome a change in the present expensive method of retailing that will enable them materially to reduce their cost of doing business.

"In the first place, there are too many stores. It is obvious that if there were only a third as many as now exist, each one would do about three times the volume of business it is now doing, and a huge amount of overhead and fixed expense would be cut off, making it possible to sell goods on a much smaller margin than is now the case. Those merchants who are now doing a legitimate business should be aided, but I believe the public has the same right to limit the number of stores as a means for reducing prices as it has to limit the number of saloons as a means for combating the liquor evil. . . . Neither can the retailers reduce overhead expenses while the customers demand four or five deliveries a day and extra fine wrapping paper and colored string and all that sort of thing. In the days when prices were low deliveries were a matter of once a day or maybe only twice a week.

"If the people of to-day would but adopt the cash-and-carry system of purchasing instead of clinging to the credit and delivery plan, it would be a boon to both dealer and consumer."

## A NEW INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTHWEST THAT DEVELOPS FORTUNES FROM WEEDS

TIME was, until recently, when the surface of Texas and northern Mexico, equaling western Europe in area, was overrun with a scourge of weeds that corresponded in the vegetable kingdom to the Huns of Attila. This weed, the candelilla plant, still flourishes in immense quantity, but its growth is now encouraged instead of being lamented—and many great land-barons are finding in it a long-neglected source of wealth. Science recently surprised them with the information that the one-time candelilla pest was a blessing in disguise, in so far as it yielded an immensely valuable wax of use in the manufacture of phonograph records, varnish, chemical mixtures, linoleum compounds, celluloid articles, lubricating oils, belt dressing and as a compound in the manufacture of rubber and rubber substitutes. Several companies, writes Ralph H. Butz in *Munsey's*, have been organized for the purpose of manufacturing candelilla wax and a number of factories are already operating profitably. To quote:

"The candelilla plant is an annual that grows profusely over a large area of northern Mexico and extends into Texas for a distance of about two hundred miles. It belongs to the spurge family, some smaller members of which are familiar as roadside weeds in the eastern States. It grows from one to three feet in height, and as many as five thousand stems come from a single root. In western Texas alone there are millions of acres completely covered with this growth. It has been estimated that five million tons of the weed are available for manufacturing purposes each year. The State of Texas owns hundreds of thousands of acres of candelilla land. Some of this has already been leased for the purpose of harvesting the weeds. The growth is so thick that an acre will produce ten tons of weeds, and in some localities the yield is even greater.

"Refined candelilla wax has the delicate odor of beeswax, and resembles it in color. It has a market value of from \$400 to \$600 a ton, depending upon the quality. It takes from forty to fifty tons of weed to manufacture one ton of wax. It is confidently expected, however, that present methods of manufacture will be improved to such an extent that not more than thirty tons of weed will be necessary to produce a ton of wax."

The usual process of manufacture is to boil and steam the weeds until the wax has been dissolved from the fibers of the plant. The mechanical method of beating them to a pulp has also been employed, but the boiling and steaming process is claimed to be the most satisfactory method yet de-



## The Fate of the Unprepared

Among the remarkable events of this war no fact stands out more startlingly than the tragic sacrifice of Russia's unequipped soldiers.

The army has been victimized by intrigue and treachery. Guns were sent to the front without ammunition and ammunition without guns. Supplies were provided that when unpacked proved to be rubbish. Left stranded by communications that broke down under slight pressure the brave Russian troops hurled themselves again and again against foes perfectly prepared.

From the very verge of victory they doggedly fell back fighting with stones and clubs and iron bars, resisting heroically but ineffectively.

No thought can be more abhorrent to Americans than that of our

boys ruthlessly slaughtered because of lack of equipment or support which it is the first business of us at home to supply.

Our Government, never before so powerful, is working prodigiously in the preparation of armies and means of warfare. Throughout the nation there is a unity of purpose that is piling on the altar of liberty every personal ambition and corporate gain.

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vised. We read further that plans are under way to get paper manufacturers interested in this material, for an annual supply of five million tons of candelilla pulp would go far toward remedying the growing scarcity of paper, besides helping to check the annual consumption of wood pulp, for which the forests are being depleted.

### LEATHER FROM THE SEA TO SUPPLANT COWHIDES IN BOOTS AND SHOES

**T**HIS is a new kind of shark story. Heretofore the tales heard of sharks have been confined mainly to harrowing reports of their vicious attacks on man. They are now to help cut down the cost of living, by supplying us with millions of feet of leather. So says a writer in *Popular Science Monthly*, who goes on to describe the preparation of shark leather for the market:

"First the salted skins are soaked in fresh water until the salt is removed. They are then stretched on frames and dried, after which the scales or spikes are carefully scraped off. Next the skins are softened in lukewarm water and worked over a beam. The hides are then ready for a three-day bath in another special solution. When that is finished they get another three-day bath in a solution of water and slaked lime. Now comes a short bath of water and hydrochloric acid. This is followed by bathing the skins in a mill containing water, poultry dung and a chemical bathing compound. Once more they get a lukewarm water-bath followed by another bath in a solution of hydrochloric acid and water. Next they are treated with a solution of salt and tanning material. Finally they receive a six-hour bath of sumach and water. The next step in making fish-hide leather is to color the skins, smear them with oil, dry them, damp them again, smooth them out well, polish and bleach them. After this they are rubbed well with albumen and water or skimmed-milk, which makes them very supple. They are then glazed and grained."

Shark-leather may be used for practically everything now made of cattle leather, the hides having, however, one great advantage over cowhides in that the "splits" are amazingly strong. A split is simply a peeling of the hide—something like the veneer cut from a slab of wood.

An advantage possessed by the shark-hide is that, as contrasted with cowhides, its grain runs in such a way as to form what might be termed a web, which prevents the splits from cracking. A split of shark-hide may be creased, folded, flattened and pressed down, yet it will retain all the smoothness of the outer layer. As a result, shark-leather costs about fifty per cent. less per foot than cow-leather—and \$3 will buy a very substantial, if not fancy, pair of shark-leather shoes.

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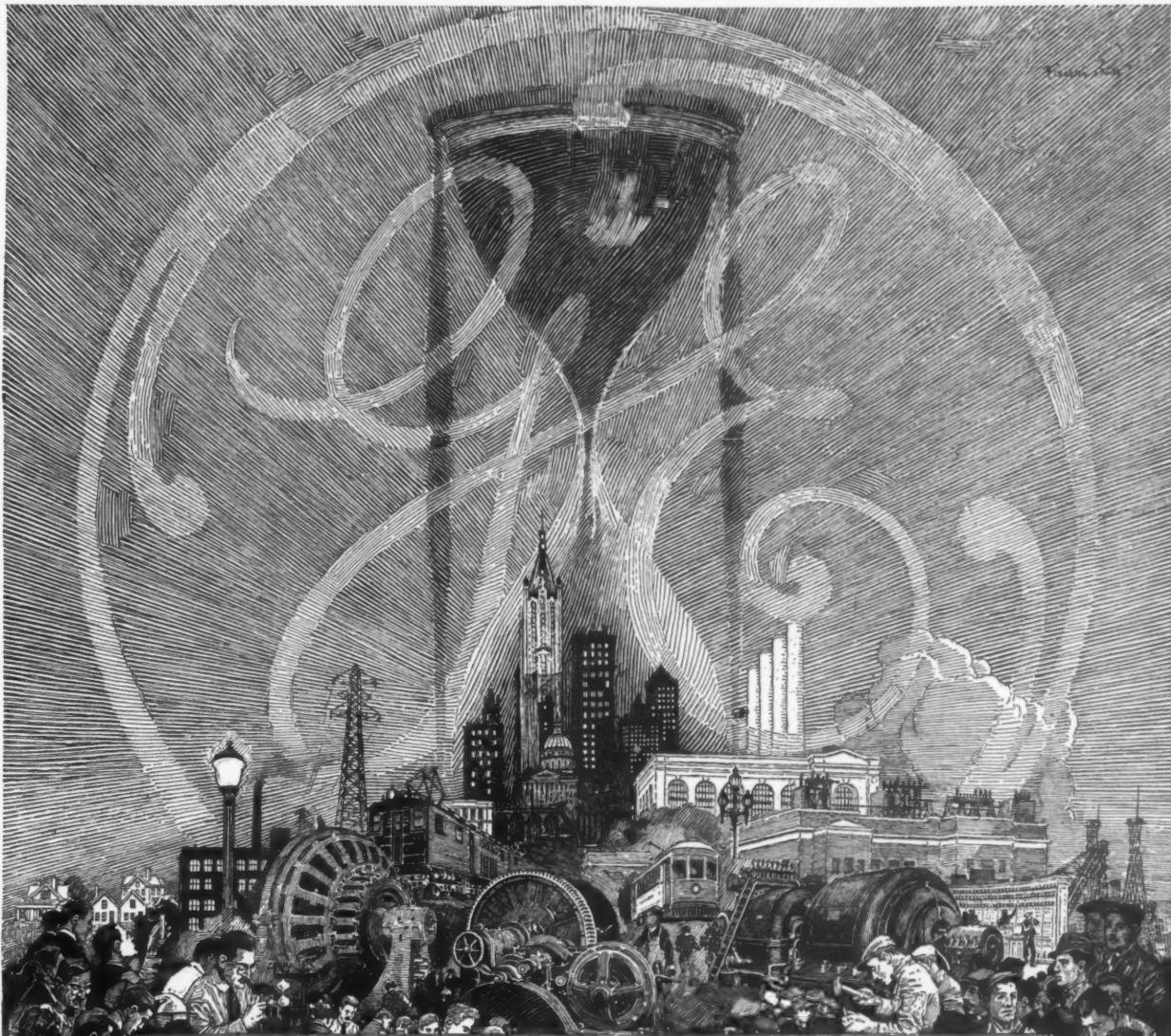
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ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.**

Of "Current Opinion," published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York, ss.: Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Beverly Winslow, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice-President of the Current Literature Publishing Co., Publishers of "Current Opinion," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Current Literature Publishing Co., 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Edward J. Wheeler, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Edward J. Wheeler, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Adam Dingwall, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: Current Literature Publishing Company, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.; Wm. Beverly Winslow, 55 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.; Adam Dingwall, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.; Edward

J. Wheeler, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.; Leonard D. Abbott, 65 West 36th St., New York, N. Y.; E. W. Ordway, 1093 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sarah Mauldin Ford, 1412 N St., N. W., Washington, D. C. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Current Literature Publishing Co., Wm. Beverly Winslow, Vice-President. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1917. [Seal] P. B. Turner. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

**Shear Nonsense**

**For Reprisals.**

In the London *Times* occurs this amusing advertisement by an obviously much-tried man:

Wanted—a loud, second-hand gramophone—for reprisals.

**A Theological Controversy Settled.**

When I was running a daily newspaper, says E. W. Howe, in his *Monthly*, a controversy arose over the question: "Why don't God kill the devil?" And one of the answers came from an uneducated man who wrote: "Because there ain't none."

**Two Sides to Every Question.**

"This question has two sides," said Senator Newlands, in a recent argument. "It's like the young ladies' matrimonial argument.

"I," said the first young woman, "don't intend to marry till I'm thirty."

"And I," said the second, "don't intend to be thirty till I'm married."

**A Premature Question.**

Tommy had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"

At this, Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: "Ain't been home yet."—*Tit-Bits*.

**He Wanted to Be Honest.**

A Congressman who sent free seeds to a constituent in a franked envelope on the corner of which were the usual words, "Penalty for private use, \$300," received, a few days later, says the *Guide to Nature*, a letter that read:

"I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is \$300 fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public. I want to plant them in my private garden. I can't afford to pay \$300 for the privilege. Won't you see if you can fix it so I can use them privately?"

**At the Old Man's.**

A newly married lady, according to the San Francisco *Argonaut*, was being interviewed by a reporter of the local newspaper just after the ceremony. "And after the honeymoon, where do you intend to settle down?" was his final question. "At the old manse," said the bride, as she hurried away. The reporter thought it sounded unusually familiar, but he decided to use it, so when it appeared in print the report finished up: "After the honeymoon the happy couple intend to live at the old man's."

**For a Perch.**

A teacher in a lower grade, we read in *The Truth Seeker*, was instructing her pupils in the use of the hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was the word "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage.'"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the startling rejoinder.

**Readily Explained.**

An Irishman employed in a large factory had taken a day off without permission and seemed likely to lose his job in consequence. When asked by his foreman the next day why he had not turned up the day before, he replied:

"I was so ill, sir, that I could not come to work to save me life."

"How was it, then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman.

Pat was slightly taken aback, then regaining his presence of mind, he replied:

"Sure, sir, that must have been when I was going for the doctor."—Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph*.





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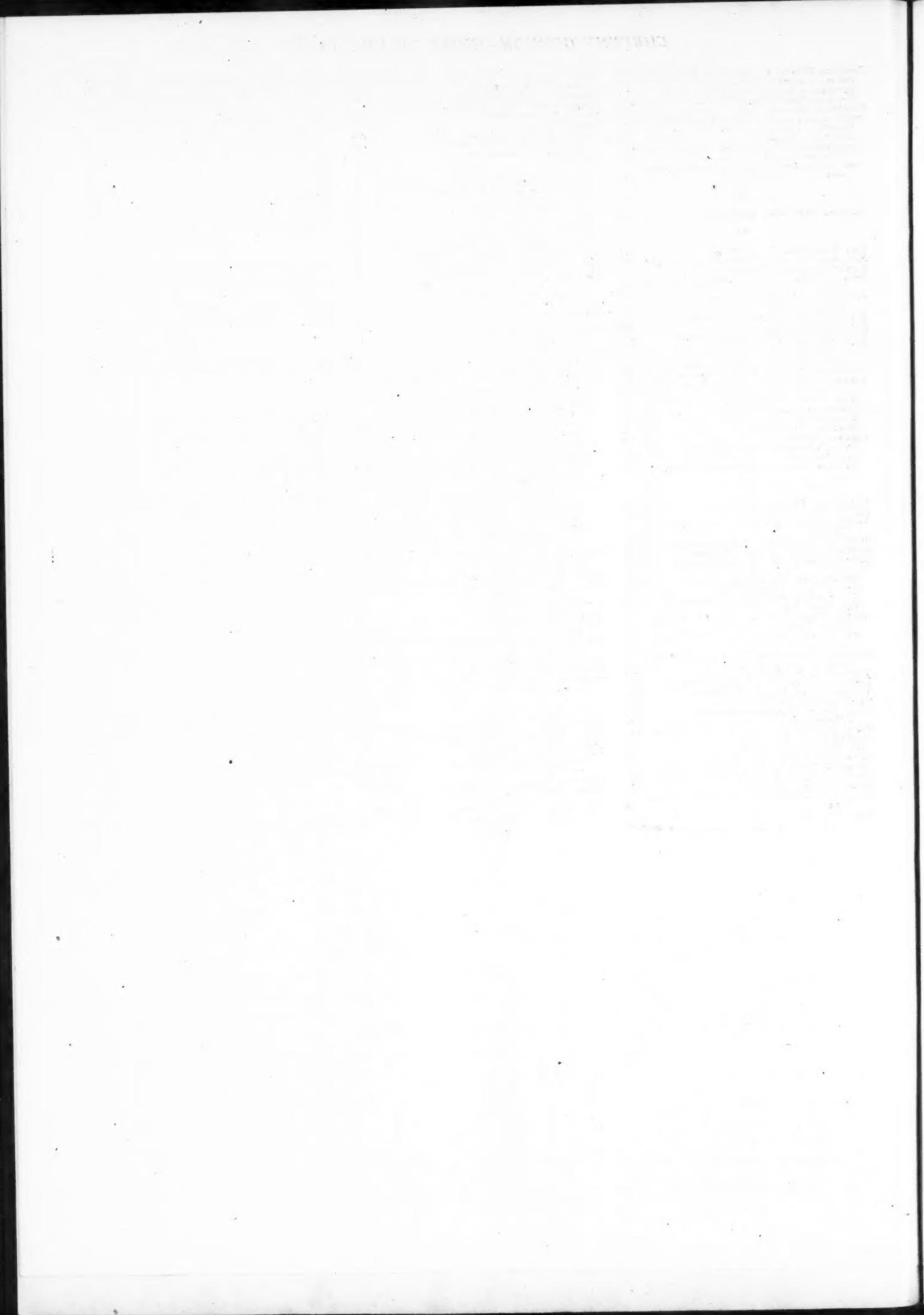
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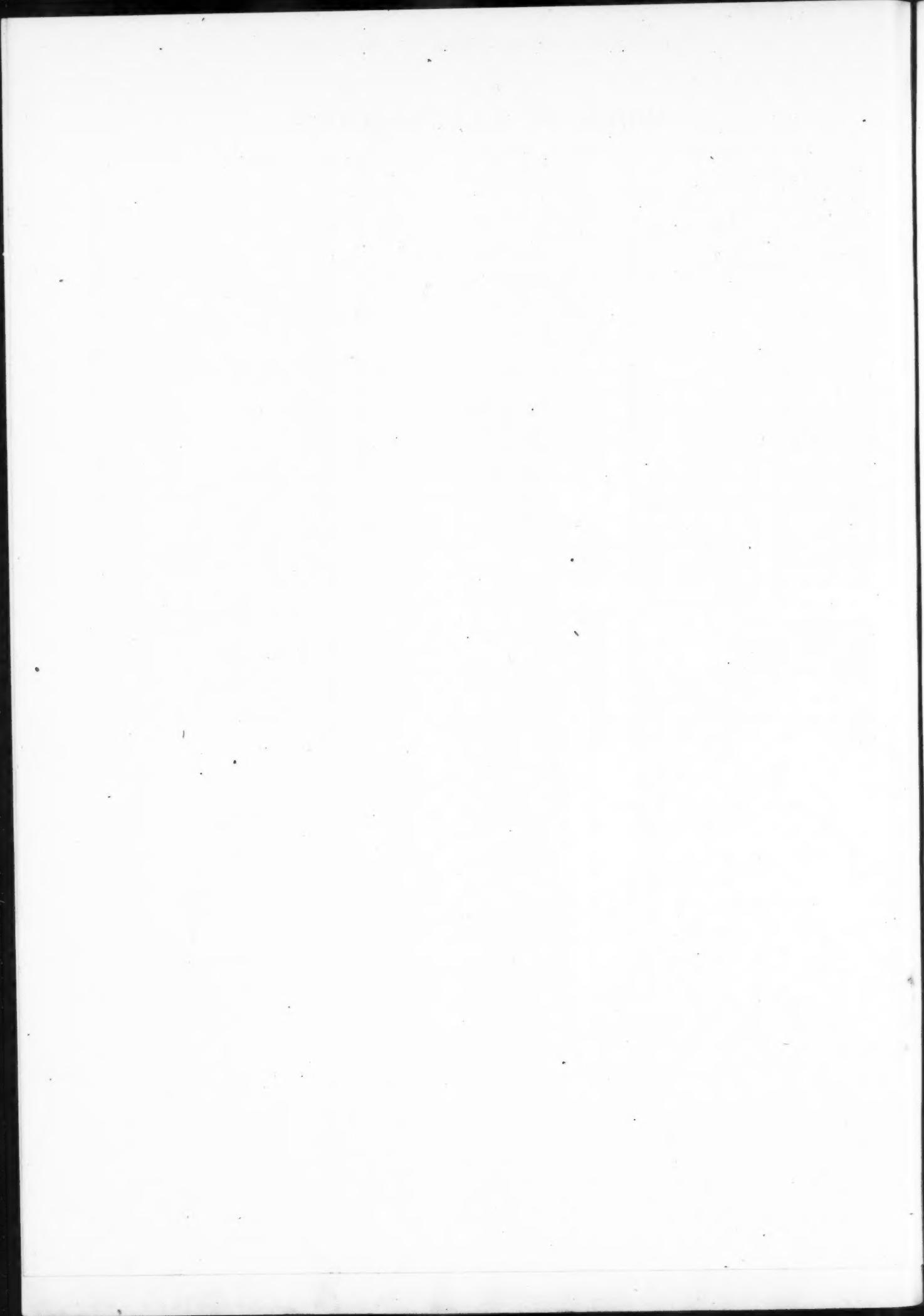
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THEY are going.

And there is something very fine about the quiet way in which these boys have taken to their unpleasant task. There has not been any enthusiasm. That was right. A war like this does not ask for words but for silent deeds. Our boys seem to understand it. At odd moments they drop into the office. There is very little talk.

"Going away?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Army or Navy?"

"I don't know yet. I called up my people on the long distance 'phone last night. They said it was all right. So I am going to New York to-night and then home to say good-by."

"Want to go?"

"Not particularly. But I suppose it is the only thing to do."

And that is all.

They are going, and many of them never will come back. The pleasant life of mediocre endeavor has come to an end. To be sure we had never looked at them in the light of heroes. They were nice, lovable fellows. Their outlook upon life was simplicity itself. Graduation and a job. Then, after a few years another job, a little higher up. Finally a home of their own and some nice girl to be their wife and a few babies and a car and two weeks' vacation to go hunting and fishing. Here and there a man with a hobby or the ambition to do, or write, or build, or achieve some particular purpose.

To most of them, however, life meant a cheerful gift to be enjoyed as the faithful days came along. There was no searching for hidden motives or for an ulterior purpose. The amiable Divinity of Things-as-they-are ruled their realm. They accepted whatever came with a smile, and they did not ask questions.

And now, without a word of warning, they have been asked to face the Invisible Mystery. There was no complaint. They packed their trunks and God bless them.

They are going.

Thus far they have been my students. But now, in an humble fashion, I am grateful that I have been their teacher.

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### ONE WOMAN'S VIEW OF WAR

[Patriotism is a sentiment and the women of any country are the real repositories and guardians of its sentiment. If the women of the country have no patriotism, it is ten to one that the men will have none. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the writer and playwright, has three sons, one of them old enough to take his place in military service. She writes (in the *Saturday Evening Post*) of the situation as it affects the mothers of the land called upon to contribute their sons to the service of their country.]

WAR is a great adventure, the greatest adventure in the world. The adventurers go forth to battle, eyes ahead. Mostly they are boys who go, because war is the young man's game, the young man's call.

No woman has the right to hold her son back if he desires to go to war. It is the fruition of the years in which she sought to make him a man. It is the vindication of his manhood. It is the crystallization of those very ideals which she taught him with his prayers. I decline to believe that there are mothers who will not let their boys strike back when they are attacked.

But it is hard. Always the relation between mother and son is very close. As the boy grows up the mother faces this—that he needs more than she can give him. He is still her world, but she is no longer his. Life calls, work and play and love, and sometimes battle. And the mother cannot hold him.

Everywhere are mothers, women who have patched small garments and tied up little wounds, who have built up a house of life out of millions of loving services, whose world has been the four walls of home. To such women comes the call for their sons, who are still to them, the men grown, but the little boys of the stockings, and the small wounds, and Christmas trees, and the Fourth of July.

I do not fear for these women, but we cannot minimize what they do. They will send their sons, because they know that a nation is but a great home, consisting of many small ones. Homes are the units of a nation, as men of an army. And these women know that our homes are only safe as long as the country is.

PERHAPS my own experience will be helpful. I am a home woman, altho now and then my profession has called me to strange places. Our family life has been very close. And, tho I have little fear for myself, I am a coward for my children.

When, some weeks ago, war began to come near, I weakened, and I wrote my eldest son a letter. I was willing to have him do his duty, but I asked him to wait. Womanlike I wanted time. I felt that surely this cross was not for me to bear so soon.

Then—and may he forgive me for telling this, because of its purpose—after a day or two he wired, asking his father and myself if we wanted him to be a quitter. I came to my senses then, and the necessary permission to enlist was signed and sent. Then I sat down and wrote to him, and said we would stand squarely behind him in whatever he did.

Easy? It was the hardest thing I have ever done. But I am glad now. I should never have forgiven him, I think, had he failed his country. But I nearly failed him.

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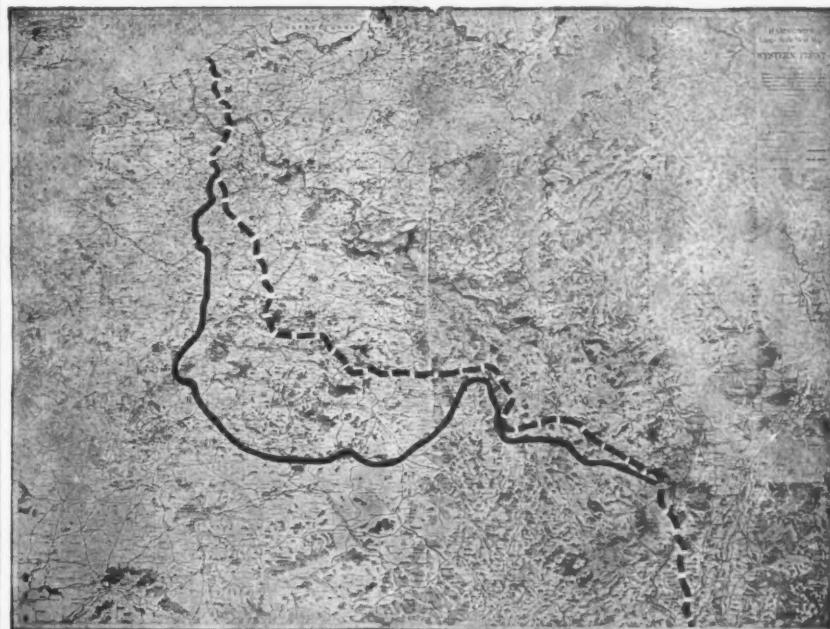
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## THE BOMB THAT BOUNCED

**N**OT long ago the *Youth's Companion* related the amazing part played by football during the battles of the Somme, when British troops actually kicked their ball before them across the battlefield during a victorious charge upon the German trenches. Now comes William Cooper Stevenson, in the *Outlook*, to show that not infantry alone has made the football field and the field of honor one: the field of the air must be considered also. He writes:

"It seems, indeed, that the air service preceded the land service in employing a football against the enemy. At least a certain audacious aviator, whose biplane bore his nickname of Syd conspicuously painted on its wings, found a use for one as long ago as April, 1916.

"The town of St. Quentin, held by the Germans, knew him well; it lay in his beat or district, and he flew over the place almost daily to observe what was going on and to upset as many plans as possible. The first of April was perfect flying weather, and the townfolk—all of them that remained—and their conquerors were equally on the lookout. At last a speck appeared in the western sky, growing rapidly larger and larger.

"'C'est le bon Syd!' cried the Frenchmen. 'Schweinhund!' growled the Germans, and 'Good morning!' boomed the anti-aircraft guns, filling the sky with white puffs like halos. And on came the Englishman, casual and indifferent.

"When directly over the *hôtel de ville* the visitor let fall a large, round object. There were frightened shrieks. 'Attention!' 'La Bombe!' and hasty bolts indoors. But Germans and Frenchmen alike who were away from the danger zone watched it descend in hypnotized silence. It landed in the middle of the street. And then—*sapristi!*—it bounced!

"Up higher than the roofs of the buildings it bounced; and then dropped to bounce again. The Germans waited to hear the awful crash that did not come.

"And then what shouts of laughter echoed through the streets of St. Quentin! The English aviator had dropped a Rugby football. The saucy Syd, at the risk of his life, had successfully April-fooled the enemy."

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magazine, and author of *The Book of the Short Story* (Appleton). References: Julian Hawthorne, Winston Churchill, ALEXANDER JESSUP 500 Fifth Ave., New York City

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## A DAY OF TERROR IN A U-BOAT

[That all is not smooth sailing for the German submarines in waging ruthless warfare is apparent in the following account, taken from "The Adventures of U-202" (Century Company), by Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim, its commander, of a dramatic day passed by himself and crew while being stalked by a British destroyer. The U-boat had gone aground on a sandbar.]

**T**HE roaring breakers made so much noise we could hear them through the thick metal wall. Every new, onrushing wave tossed us higher and higher on the reef. Exposure was our greatest danger. Already the top of the conning tower and the prow projected above the surface—but a moment more and the entire boat would be plainly visible. Then we would surely be lost. As a helpless wreck, we would become a target for the destroyer.

"Fill the ballast tanks," I called down to the "Centrale." "Fill all the tanks full, Herr Engineer. Do you hear? We must not under any circumstances rise any higher!"

The filling of the tanks had the desired effect. The boat lay down heavily on the reef and spurred the wild waves to greater efforts, and, tho we did not rise any further, the jolting increased in violence because of its added weight.

The mate who, over my shoulder, was keeping watch on the destroyer through the window on the port side, suddenly said, in his hearty, Saxon dialect:

"He is turning!"

Was it possible that he did not see us, when, according to my estimation, he was only about eight hundred meters away? Could the mate be right, and the foolish destroyer have only searched the passage in accordance with his schedule? He was right.

The valves were quickly opened. At once the boat came up. The terrific jolting ceased. The hand of the manometer moved upwards, and, after a few seconds, the boat's broad, dripping back broke through the surface.

There is the buoy! Now full speed ahead! We'll be soon there—now but a few hundred meters more and then the game is ours—a game on which life and death depended; a game which would have turned our hair white if we had not been so young.

As soon as we had placed ourselves on the right side of the longed-for buoy we again hurled ourselves deep down into the cool sea as happily as a fish which for a long time had been on dry land, and suddenly gets into its own element again. . . .

This day continually brought us new and unexpected surprises, so that, at last, we had a gruesome feeling that everything had united itself for our destruction.

At a distance of five hundred meters a scouting fleet was moving about. At the same time on our starboard bow a French torpedo boat with four funnels was cruising around.

I had a desire to fire a shot at this enemy, but the fact that such a shot would send the whole lurking fleet at us restrained me.

I have to admit that it was hard to hold back from taking the chance, and it was with a heavy heart that I gave orders to dive again. But this, however, saved us. If we had traveled at the periscope level for only a few minutes more, I

# Does Red Meat Cause Rheumatism?



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

By R. L. Alsaker, M. D.

Author of "Maintaining Health"

DEAR DOCTOR ALSAKER: I am 43 years old. Have hardly had a sick day in my life, except the usual diseases of childhood and an occasional cold in the fall or spring, when most people seem to catch cold. For the past three years I have had occasional pains in the shoulder, the knee joints, and in the little finger of the left hand.

My doctor tells me that I have rheumatism and that I must stop eating meat—especially red meat—beef, lamb, etc. I eat very little meat. My breakfast consists of bacon and eggs or one mutton chop, rolls and occasionally wheat cakes (never more than three), or toast and a cup of coffee. And I eat a little fruit and oatmeal with cream and sugar. For lunch a couple of soft boiled eggs and a piece of pie or cake and a glass of milk. Sometimes I take Boston baked beans instead of eggs and tea instead of milk. For dinner we have soup, a roast of some kind, or broiled or baked fish, with potatoes and other vegetables, and occasionally a salad, but I don't care much for raw food, and always a dessert—ice cream, stewed fruit, pie or cake—and after dinner coffee.

If red meat causes rheumatism, why should I have it and the other members of the family, who eat meat as frequently as I do, be free?

W. J. L.

**T**HIS gentleman seems to think that he has been quite well, though he and real health have not been on speaking terms for some years. Those who are well do not have colds. Colds are a warning, a danger signal, showing that the body is full of impurities and waste.

Pains that travel from joint to joint, usually called rheumatic pains, are another sign that the blood is charged with impurities.

This gentleman seems to think that he has been prudent about his eating, when in fact he has been careless. At 43 everybody owes it to himself and family to know how to eat so as to have health. Eggs, meat, fish and milk are proteins (albuminous foods). The body needs a limited amount of these foods, but if they are taken in excess, as they are when eaten at every meal, they build rheumatism, catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, colds, Bright's disease and other ills.

Why does not every member in this family have rheumatism? Because individuals differ, and what will express itself as rheumatism in one may take the form of a different disease in another individual. I do not know this family, but without knowing them, I am sure that there is not a healthy member in the household. Each and every one who lives in this manner must from time to time have some kind of physical trouble.

Red meat does not in itself cause rheumatism, though overeating of meat often helps to build the trouble. I have to fall back on experience and say that I have had numerous cases of rheumatism of all kinds—gout, lumbago, muscular rheumatism, rheumatism of the joints, chronic and acute—and every case, without exception, has recovered, when they followed directions. Many of these patients had had rheumatism from ten to thirty years, during which time they had consumed vast quantities of drugs and had gone to springs and had been boiled out, without special benefit.

In only one case was meat taken away temporarily, yet all the rest recovered, so red meat does not cause rheumatism.

**PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT:** R. L. Alsaker, M.D., is an eminent authority on the subject discussed in the above article. His patients come from all corners of the globe and they learn from him how to get well and stay well. He has put the net result of his many years of professional experience with sick people into his writings and it is a real pleasure for me to recommend them, because I know from personal experience and observation, that good results always follow an observance of his simple instructions. Don't risk another day's sickness; send \$1.10 at once for Getting Rid of Rheumatism and learn quickly how you can prevent further sickness and get back to health and happiness. Money returned if you follow instructions for one month and are not entirely satisfied with your improvement in health. Frank E. Morrison, Publisher, Dept. 73, 1133 Broadway, New York.

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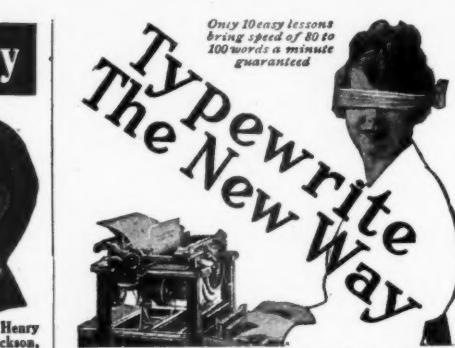
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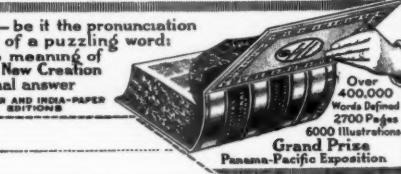
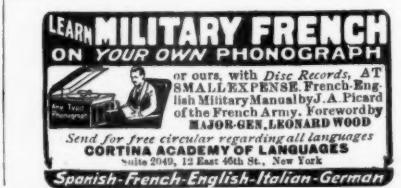
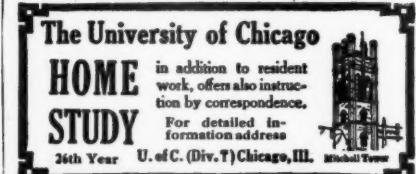
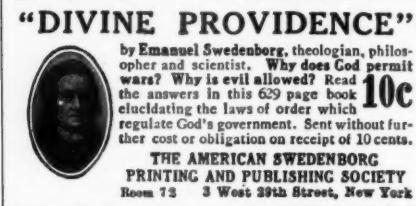
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would not be sitting here to-day, smoking my cigar and writing down the story of our adventures.

We were submerging, and the manometer showed seventeen meters. Then, suddenly, it was as if some one had hit each one of us at the same minute with a hammer. We all were unconscious for a second and found ourselves on the floor or thrown prone in some corner with our heads, shoulders, and other parts of our bodies in great pain. The whole boat shook and trembled. Were we still alive or what had happened? Why was it so dark all around us? The electric lights had gone out.

"Look to the fuse!"

"It's gone!"

"Put in the reserve fuse!"

Suddenly we had our lights again. All this within a few seconds

What had happened? Would the water rush into the ship and pull us to the bottom? It must be a mine—a violent mine detonation had shaken us close by the boat.

Then the boat unexpectedly began to list. The bow sunk, and the stern arose. The ship careened violently, altho the diving rudder was set hard against this.

Gröning, who was in charge of the diving rudder, shouted, "Something has happened. The boat does not obey the rudder. We must have gotten hooked into some trap—a line or maybe a net."

"Listen," I called down. "We must go through it. Put the diving rudder down hard! Both engines full speed ahead! On no condition must we rise! All around us are mines!"

The engines were going at top speed. The boat shot upwards and then bent down, ripped into the net, jerked, pulled and tore and tore until the steel net gave way from the force of the attack.

"Hurrah! We are through it! The boat obeys her diving rudder!" Gröning called out from below. "The U-202 goes on her way!"

"Down, keep her down all the time. Dive to a depth of fifty meters," I commanded. "This is a horrible place—a real hell!"

I bent forward and put my head into my hands. It was rocking as if being hit by a trip hammer. My forehead ached as if pricked with needles and my ears buzzed so that I had to press my fingers into them.

It took some time for me to remember chronologically what had happened. Yes, it certainly was lucky that we, at the right moment, had submerged deep. We had been at a depth of about seventeen meters when our prow collided with the net, and the detonation followed. The more I thought of it the plainer everything became.

As we had run against the net it had stretched and that had set off the mine. The mines are set in the nets at the height at which the U-boats generally travel, which is the periscope level. If we had tried to attack the torpedo boat or, for any other reason, had remained for a few minutes more at the periscope level, we would have run into the net at a point where our enemies had hoped we would—namely, so that the mine would have exploded right under us. Now the mine, on the contrary, had exploded above us, and its entire strength went in the direction where the natural resistance was smallest—which was upwards. Without causing us any greater damage than a fright and a few possible scars on the thin metal parts, which might have scratched the paint, we had escaped.

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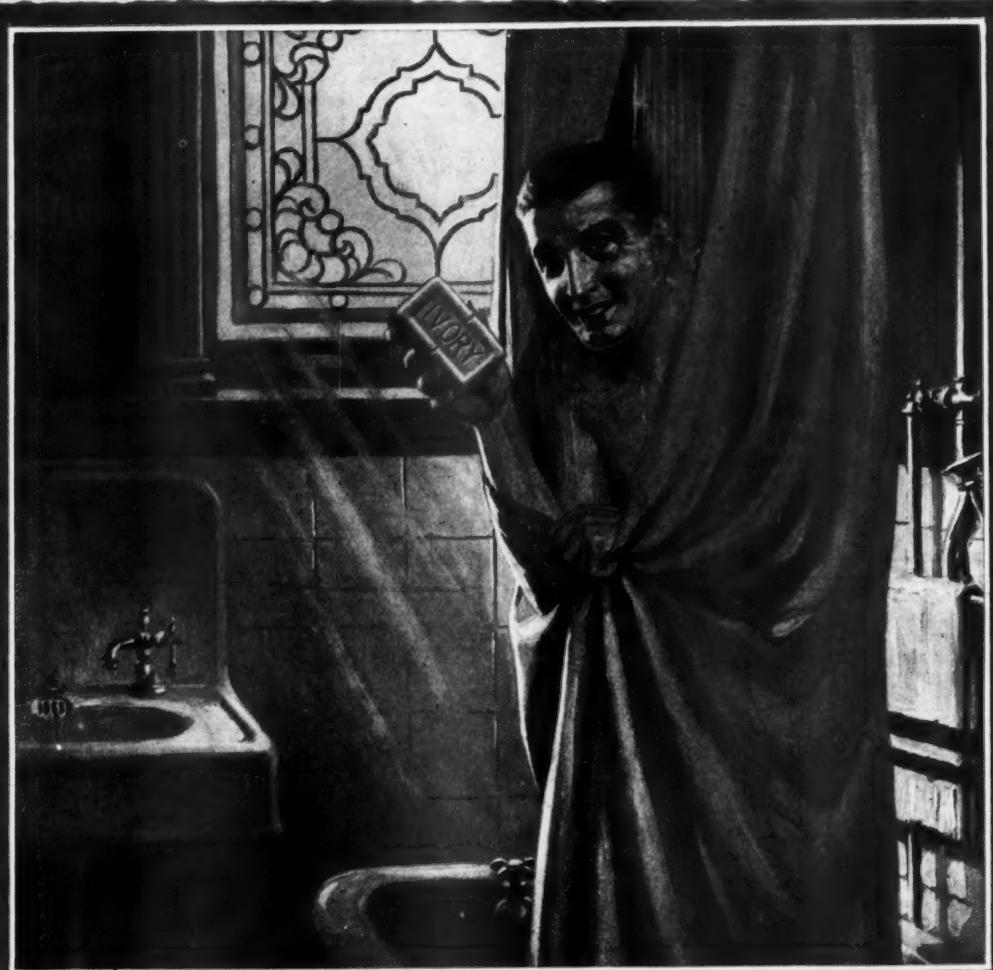
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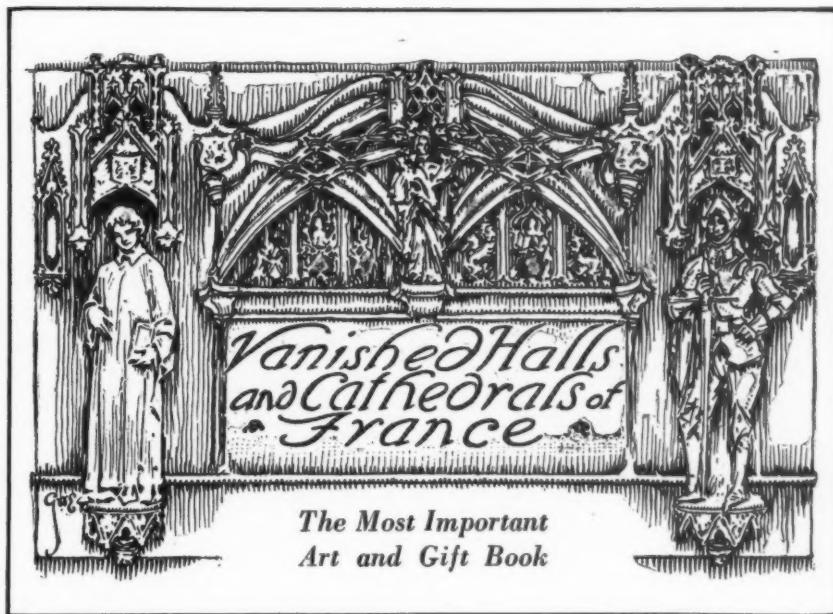


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## LETTERS WRITTEN UNDER FIRE IN THE TRENCHES

[The following letters from the trenches by Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, Canadian Field Artillery, author of *The Garden Without Walls* and other popular novels, were not written for publication. His father, W. J. Dawson, of Newark, to whom many of them are written and who publishes the letters under the title "Carry On" (John Lane), excuses their publication on the ground that "the spirit and temper of the writer might do something to strengthen and invigorate those who, like himself, are called on to make great sacrifices for high causes and solemn duties."]

November 15th, 1916.

**D**EAR Father:—I've owed you a letter for some time, but I've been getting very little leisure. You can't send steel messages to the Kaiser and love-notes to your family in the same breath.

I am amazed at the spirit you three are showing and almighty proud that you can muster such courage. I suppose none of us quite realized our strength till it came to the test. There was a time when we all doubted our own heroism. I think we were typical of our age...

I know men out here who are the dependable daredevils of their brigades, who in peace times were nuisances and as soon as peace is declared will become nuisances again. At the moment they're fine, laughing at Death and smiling at the chance of agony. There's a man I know of who had a record sheet of crimes. When he was out of action he was always drunk and up for office. To get rid of him, they put him into the trench mortars and within a month he had won his D. C. M. He came out and went on a spree—this particular spree consisted in stripping a Highland officer of his kilts on a moonlight night. For this he was sentenced to several months in a military prison, but asked to be allowed to serve his sentence in the trenches. He came out from his punishment a King's sergeant—which means that whatever he did nobody could degrade him. He got this for lifting his trench mortar over the parapet when all the detachment were killed. Carrying it out into a shell-hole, he held back the Hun attack and saved the situation. He got drunk again, and again chose to be returned to the trenches. This time his head was blown off while he was engaged in a special feat of gallantry...

One talks about splendor—but war isn't splendid except in the individual sense. A man by his own self-conquest can make it splendid for himself, but in the massed sense it's squalid. There's nothing splendid about a battle-field when the fight is ended—shreds of what once were men, tortured, leveled landscapes—the barbaric loneliness of Hell. I shall never forget my first dead man. He was a signaling officer, lying in the dawn on a muddy hill. I thought he was asleep at first, but when I looked more closely, I saw that his shoulder blade was showing white through his tunic. He was wearing black boots. It's odd, but the sight of black boots have the same effect on me now that black and white stripes had in childhood. I have the superstitious feeling that to wear them would bring me bad luck.

February 4th, 1917.

**M**Y Dearest Mother: Somewhere in the distance I can hear a piano going and men's voices singing *A Perfect Day*. It's queer how music

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(Continued from page ii)

creates a world for you in which you are not, and makes you dreamy. I've been sitting by a fire and thinking of all the happy times when the total of desire seemed almost within one's grasp. It never is—one always, always misses it and has to rub the dust from the eyes, recover one's breath and set out on the search afresh. I suppose when you grow very old you learn the lesson of sitting quiet, and the heart stops beating and the total of desire comes to you. And yet I can remember so many happy days, when I was a child in the summer and later at Kootenay. One almost thought he had caught the secret of carrying heaven in his heart . . .

You can't hear the most distant sound of guns, and if it wasn't for the pressure of study, one would be very rested.

Sunday of all days is the one when I remember you most. You're just sitting down to midday dinner,—I've made the calculation for difference of time. You're probably saying how less than a month ago we were in London. That doesn't sound true even when I write it. I wonder how your old familiar surroundings strike you. It's terrible to come down from the mountain heights of a great elation like our ten days in London. I often think of that with regard to myself when the war is ended. There'll be a sense of dissatisfaction when the old lost comforts are regained. There'll be a sense of lowered manhood. The stupendous terrors of Armageddon demand less courage than the uneventful terror of the daily commonplace. There's something splendid and exhilarating in going forward among bursting shells—we, who have done all that, know that when the guns have ceased to roar our blood will grow more sluggish and we'll never be men again. Instead of getting up in the morning and hearing your O. C. say, "You'll run a line into trench so-and-so to-day and shoot up such-and-such Hun wire," you'll hear necessity saying, "You'll work from breakfast to dinner and earn your daily bread. And you'll do it to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow world without end. Amen." They never put that forever and forever part into their commands out here, because the Amen for any one of us may be only a few hours away. But the big immediate thing is so much easier to do than the prosaic carrying on without anxiety—which is your game. I begin to understand what you have had to suffer now that R. and E. are really at war too. I get awfully anxious about them. I never knew before that either of them owned so much of my heart. I get furious when I remember that they might get hurt. I've heard of a Canadian who joined when he learned that his best friend had been murdered by Hun bayonets. He came to get his own back and was the most reckless man in his battalion. I can understand his temper now. We're all of us in danger of slipping back into the worship of Thor.

I'll write as often as I can while here, but I don't get much time—so you'll understand. It's the long nights when one

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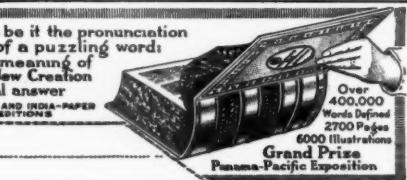
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DEAR Mr. B.:—I have been intending to write to you for a very long time, but as most of one's writing is done when one ought to be asleep, and sleep next to eating is one of our few remaining pleasures, my intended letter has remained in my head up to now. On returning from a nine days' leave to London the other day, however, I found two letters from you awaiting me and was reproached into effort.

War's a queer game—not at all what one's civilian mind imagined; it's far more horrible and less exciting. The horrors which the civilian mind dreads most are mutilation and death. Out here we rarely think about them; the thing which wears on one most and calls out his gravest courage is the endless sequence of physical discomfort. Not to be able to wash, not to be able to sleep, to have to be wet and cold for long periods at a stretch, to find mud on your person, in your food, to have to stand in mud, see mud, sleep in mud and to continue to smile—that's what tests courage. Our chaps are splendid. They're not the hair-brained idiots that some war-correspondents depict from day to day. They're perfectly sane people who know to a fraction what they're up against, but who carry on with a grim good-nature and a determination to win with a smile. I never before appreciated as I do to-day the latent capacity for big-hearted endurance that is in the heart of every man. Here are apparently quite ordinary chaps—chaps who washed, liked theaters, loved kiddies and sweethearts, had a zest for life—they're bankrupt of all pleasures except the supreme pleasure of knowing that they're doing the ordinary and finest thing of which they are capable. There are millions to whom the mere consciousness of doing their duty has brought an heretofore unexpected peace of mind....

February 6th, 1917.

MY Very Dear M.:—I read in today's paper that U. S. A. threatens to come over and help us. I wish she would. The very thought of the possibility fills me with joy. I've been light-headed all day. It would be so ripping to live among people, when the war is ended, of whom you need not be ashamed. It's so easy to find excuses for not climbing to Calvary; sacrifice was always too noble to be sensible. I would like to see the country of our adoption become splendidly irrational even at this eleventh hour in the game; it would redeem her in the world's eyes. She doesn't know what she's losing. From these carcass-strewn fields of khaki there's a cleansing wind blowing for the nations that have died. Tho there was only one Englishman left to carry on the race when this war is victoriously ended, I would give more for the future of England than for the future of America with her ninety millions whose sluggish blood was not stirred by the call of duty. It's bigness of soul that makes nations great and not population. Money, comfort, limousines and ragtime are not the requisites of men when heroes are dying. I hate the thought of Fifth Avenue, with its pretty faces, its fashions, its smiling frivolity. America as a great nation will die, as all coward civilizations have died, unless she accepts the stigmata of sacrifice, which a divine opportunity again offers her....

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and statesmen of to-day but the rulers and statesmen of the half-century preceding the great catastrophe.

The story of the great Victorian Era, dominated largely by the mind of the great Disraeli, will be examined, scrutinized by all those who would understand the stupendous facts of our times, and the testimony of one of the chief actors in this great drama will constitute one of the most illuminating as well as the most fascinating chapters of evidence.

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ghanistan and again before Constantinople, brought back "peace with honor" from the Congress of Berlin, and thus consolidated the British Empire of to-day.

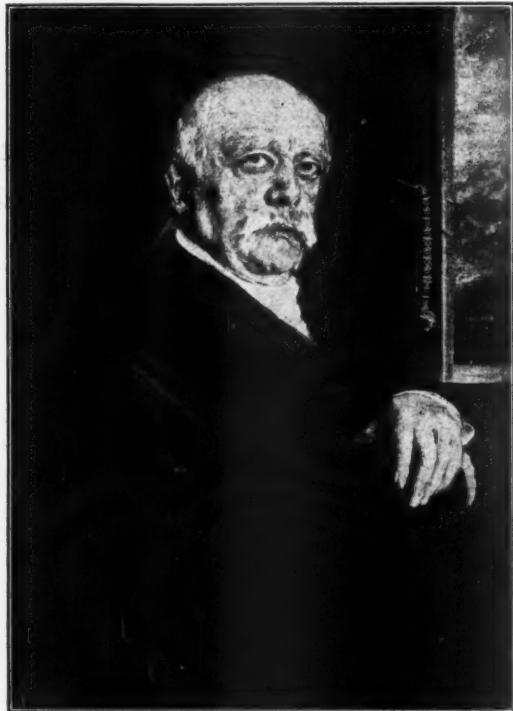
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# To the Reading Public

IT appears to us that the postal rider to the War Revenue Bill, passed at the last Congress as a war measure, as applicable to second-class matter, is not only iniquitous and unfair, but also that it was passed as a punitive measure leveled primarily at independent periodical publications.

We believe that if it is carried out it will result in disaster to a very large number of periodicals, and inasmuch as the majority of American authors are dependent upon American periodicals for their livelihood, anything which threatens them, also threatens the great body of American writers. It is because of this fact, and the great menace to other lines of industry, that the Authors' League of America, representing the literary workers of this country, is vitally interested in the fight for a repeal of this postal regulation, which is scheduled to go into effect July 1, 1918.

As it is true that the zone rate, as recently adopted, will result in the destruction of many periodicals, and in a vast increase in the subscription prices of others, it seems to us that it constitutes a threat directed not only at the publishers and authors themselves, but also at the vast reading public of the country, and we feel that it is to this public that our appeal should be made.

This new law threatens the destruction of American literature and the home reading circle, with all that such a catastrophe would mean; this in itself should excite sufficient general interest to prompt an overwhelming demand for the repeal of the measure. But further than that it appears to us that this vindictive attempt to throttle the independent press of the United States is a matter of such sinister significance that the people of the country will refuse to tolerate it, once they are acquainted with its true character.

Inasmuch as the Constitution of the United States was drafted with the idea of fostering arts and sciences, and inasmuch as this ill-considered increase in postal rates was jammed through Congress not primarily as a method of raising war revenue but, so far as we can learn, as the result of personal animosity on the part of certain public men, the genesis of which can be traced back to the first "muckraking" magazine articles, it is plain to us that we should demand its immediate repeal.

Now, above all times, the public must be assured of a national, not a sectional, press, and one that is removed from all political influence.

**The Authors' League of America, Inc.**

**REX BEACH, President**

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